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THE

LIFE AND WORK

OF THE SEVENTH

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

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ÆTAT 81.

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THE

LIFE AND WORK

OF THE SEVENTH

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

BY

EDWIN HODDER.

With Portraits.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

For many years Lord Shaftesbury resisted every appeal that was made to him to allow his biography to be written. "No one can do that satisfactorily but myself," he said, "and I have neither the time nor the inclination." Towards the close of his life, however, it became apparent to him that a biography was, to use his own word, "inevitable," and it was then his wish that it should be written with his co-operation. "If the story, such as it is, must be told," he said, "I should like it to be told accurately. That cannot be done unless I furnish the means."

He accordingly placed at my disposal a mass of material, and, in addition, he was good enough to allow me for many months to be in frequent personal communication with him, when, pen in hand, I took down the record of his life as he narrated it. His memory to the very last was surprising, and as the scenes of his earlier life passed before him, he would recall facts and figures, dates and words, with such accuracy, that

although, at his request, I subsequently verified them, it was almost unnecessary to do so.

The conditions imposed upon me were simple and explicit, and were expressed as nearly as possible in these words :—

"I will give you every assistance in my power; place letters, books, and documents in your hands, give you introductions to those who know most about me, and tell you, from time to time, what I can remember of my past history. I will answer any questions and indicate all the sources of information available to you. But I will not read a word of your manuscript, nor pass a sheet for the press. When the book is issued to the public I will, if I am alive, read it, but not till then. All I ask is, that the story of my life be told in its entirety—political, social, domestic, philanthropic, and religious."

I was aware that Lord Shaftesbury had kept voluminous Diaries, and, from the first, was anxious that these should be placed in my hands. "They are of no value to any one but myself," was his reply; "they have never been seen by anybody, and they never will be. They are a mass of contradictions; thoughts jotted down as they passed through my mind, and contradicted perhaps on the next page—records of passing events written on the spur of the moment,

and private details which no one could understand but myself."

In these circumstances I felt that I could not urge Lord Shaftesbury to entrust them to me, but he promised that he would, if possible, go through them and furnish me with some extracts if he found any that were "worth putting into print." But neither time nor opportunity came for this; the busy life was busy to the last, and increasing weakness made any effort of this kind impossible.

For six months I continued my work, and in many long and intensely interesting interviews gained much information and many important details of his personal life. But I was conscious that, without the aid of the Diaries, I stood only on the threshold of the subject, and he was conscious of this too. I, therefore, lost no opportunity of urging him to let me have access to them.

In June, 1885, warned by continued failure in health that the end was not far off, Lord Shaftesbury yielded to these entreaties and placed the first volume of his Journals in my hands, promising to let me have the remainder in succession.

"It was never my intention that a page, or a line, should ever be published," he said to me; "but I have been looking through them again, and I think it is

possible that there are some portions of them that may do good. At all events I do not see how you can perform your task without them, for I cannot give you the personal assistance I could have wished. Besides, all that I could tell you, and much more, is written here, and I must leave it to your discretion to make what use of them you like. You will find they were written in hurried moments, just as thoughts or events arose. They were true at the time, but I may have changed my opinions, or have found afterwards that I had taken a wrong view of things. You are at liberty, of course, to take any view you like of my actions, and to praise or blame them as you will, but do not attempt to represent me as always in the right or you will inevitably break down in your task. You will find that the movements in which I was engaged brought me at times into opposition with all classes, even with those who were working with me, oftentimes with men I loved dearly and greatly admired. I did not seek this opposition; I could not help it; but do not represent me as having been always a man of a cantankerous disposition because of this, unless you find the evidence overwhelming that such was the case. Above all things—and this is one of my strongest motives for placing these volumes in your hands—try to do justice to those who laboured with me. I could never have done the few things I

have, had I not been supported by true, zealous, earnest men, who gave me their time and their brains to help forward the different movements. My religious views are not popular, but they are the views that have sustained and comforted me all through my life. They have never been disguised, nor have I ever sought to disguise them. I think a man's religion, if it is worth anything, should enter into every sphere of life and rule his conduct in every relation. I have always been, and, please God, always shall be, an Evangelical of the Evangelicals, and no biography can represent me that does not fully and emphatically represent my religious views."

For the selection of the quotations from Lord Shaftesbury's Diaries I am alone responsible. My object has been to make them illustrate, as much as possible, every phase of life and opinion. If it should appear that, in some instances, I have inserted passages which are of too purely a domestic character, I can only plead that I have acted in the spirit of the instructions given to me by Lord Shaftesbury. For example, on one occasion he had been narrating to me some incidents in the life of the late Countess of Shaftesbury, in connection with his factory labours, and lamented how little the factory people knew the extent to which they were indebted to "that blessed

woman," as he called her. Then he spoke of her death. "But you will find it all recorded in the Diaries," he said. "Those entries would be far too private and personal to put into print, would they not?" I asked. "Not at all," he answered, "I should like you to use them. I should wish you to use them. Her memory is far better worth preserving than mine." And then taking down from a shelf in the library the "Shaftesbury Papers," edited by Mr. Christie, he turned to a page in which the First Earl pays a tribute of affection to the wife whose loss he mourns. "There," said he, "that, in my opinion, is the best thing in the book."

In his Diaries Lord Shaftesbury has unconsciously done, what he so often said no one but himself could do satisfactorily—he has "written his own life." It was by a mere accident, however, that the whole of these valuable records were not destroyed. About the year 1880 he was suffering from illness which confined him to the house, and he determined to occupy his enforced leisure, in looking through and burning old papers. The Diaries were consigned to a heap awaiting destruction; but, in the meantime, health returned, the usual daily duties were resumed, and the books and papers were put away to await another pause, and so escaped the threatened fate.

Only a few of the bulky quarto Diaries of Lord

Shaftesbury, and four of his Journals of Travels, had been placed in my hands, when the news came from Folkestone of the alarming illness which terminated in his death. For the privilege of perusing and making extracts from the remaining volumes, for information supplying the defects of my own personal knowledge, for access to his correspondence, for reading the proofs and examining the extracts from the Diaries with the originals, and for other invaluable aid, I am indebted to the great kindness and courtesy of his son, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

Before Lord Shaftesbury gave me the first volume of his Diaries to peruse, he intimated that it would, in his opinion, be of special advantage to me in my labours to have the assistance of some one who, apart from his own family, had known him for many years, and in whose judgment he could repose the fullest confidence. To this end he asked me to place myself in communication with Mrs. Corsbie, the daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Haldane, one of his most intimate friends, with whom for thirty years he had been in almost daily correspondence. To her careful and valuable assistance in reading the proofs for the press, and for the kindness which placed at my disposal the voluminous letters of Lord Shaftesbury to her father, I am under the deepest obligation.

The sources from which much of the information in this work has been drawn have been extremely various, and I have to express my hearty thanks to the Secretaries of Societies with which Lord Shaftesbury was connected; to co-workers with him in various departments of labour; to personal friends and others, who have given me ready access to whole libraries of reports, minutes, pamphlets, and other records, and have rendered me important service in many ways.

It has been my endeavour to let the record of Lord Shaftesbury's whole life-work be told, as much as possible, in his own words; and in doing so I have not added to his opinions or founded conjectures upon his plans. My aim has been to present him as he was; a Christian gentleman first, then a patriot, a statesman, a social reformer, and all that is implied in the word he liked so little—a philanthropist.

"I have no desire whatever to be recorded," he wrote shortly before his death; "but if I must, sooner or later, appear before the public, I should like the *reality* to be told, be it good, or be it bad, and not a sham."

I have made no endeavour, therefore, to tone down his strong Protestantism; his unshaken and unshakable belief in Scripture, in dogma, and in prayer. If he was wrong here, he was wrong throughout, for he was a

man with a single aim; his labours in the field of politics sprang from his philanthropy; his philanthropy sprang from his deep and earnest religious convictions; and every labour, political, benevolent, and religious, was begun, continued, and ended in one and the same spirit.

E. H.

21, CRAVEN PARK, WILLESDEN, N.W.,
October, 1886.

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THE

LIFE AND WORK

OF THE

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

In one of the most depraved quarters of London, not far northward from the foot of Holborn Hill, in a neighbourhood with a network of disreputable courts and alleys, the resort of notorious ill-doers, the dread of timid wayfarers, and the despair of the police, there sit, in an ill-furnished room, two or three men waiting anxiously. They are men belonging to humble but respectable walks of life, and have, it would seem, nothing in common with the people who pass along the uneven pavement of what is called by courtesy the "street"—the crop-headed jail-birds, the cunning-faced cadgers, the sickly, ill-clad women—hurrying away to creep into holes and corners for the night. The wind is in the east, and, although the spring of the year is approaching, it is as cold as in the depth of winter.

The street grows quieter; St. Paul's has some time since boomed out the hour of midnight, and there is silence, broken only by snatches of tipsy song from

some straggling reveller. Presently there is heard the firm steady tread of one who walks as with a purpose. The step is recognised; the door is thrown open, and the watchers stretch out their hands to grasp that of the stranger—a tall, thin, pale-faced man, with a sad and careworn expression of countenance. He returns the salutation cordially—although it is obvious that he belongs to a different rank from those with whom he is associated—and without delay proceeds to the business that has brought him to this strange place at this strange hour. A hurried conference is held, certain plans are discussed, there is a still and solemn silence for a few minutes, and then all the party rise, button up their stout overcoats, and sally forth, one of the number bearing in his hand a small parcel of candles! They walk in silence until they reach their destination—the Victoria Arches under Holborn Hill, known as the Vagrants' Hiding Place, when they light their candles and enter the dark, dismal vaults. As they enter, a few poor, miserable, hunted wretches brush hastily past and make their escape into the street, or plunge into the recesses of the Hiding-Place, conscience making cowards of them all. It is some time before the visitors can distinguish objects distinctly—the darkness is intense, and some of the arches are vast. As their eyes become more accustomed to the gloom, they see sights which cannot now, thank God, be seen, and will never more be seen in the great city where vice and misery are rampant still in the midst of luxury and high civilisation. There, spread on the dank floor, on layers of rotten

straw filled with vermin of all kinds, lie wretched human beings whose poverty, occasioned by the wrong-doing or misfortune of themselves or others, has deprived them of every other resting-place. As the light falls upon their faces some of them start up with the keen, cunning look of those who know that they have broken the laws and must depend upon their wits to escape the penalty; others turn over with a sigh of weariness, and draw around them the scanty garments that scarcely cover them; while others break out into foul imprecations upon the intruders. Everywhere, in holes and corners, some almost burrowing into the soil, others lying closely side by side for the sake of warmth, are to be seen these poor outcasts, sheltering in the only place on earth where they can rest—this hiding-place of sin and misery, of filth and rags. Terrible are the faces that meet the gaze of the visitors—faces that bear indelible marks made by vice, disease, or sorrow—that haunt the imagination long afterwards, and re-appear as spectres in the visions of the night.

Not to gaze and moralise, but to work, is the object of the visitors; not to pity only, but to help; and by two o'clock in the morning they have taken thirty of these wretched outcasts, and have brought them from the cold and darkness of the arches into the light and warmth of a comparatively cheerful room used as a Ragged School. Among the rescued are two boys—mere skin and bone in bundles of rags—whose sunken jaws and sparkling eyes tell the story of their sickness, and want, and premature decay. They are seated on either

side of the tall, slight man, whose sorrowful eyes have grown more sorrowful, as he looks upon them through the mist of his tears. His heart has been torn by the revelation those boys have made to him of their hapless lot. They are brothers in affliction, who have been drawn together by mutual need, for both are orphans. One of them has seen better days, and can remember a bright and cheerful home; but "when father died" and the home was broken up, he was left friendless and destitute, and in his misery found a shelter in the dark arches, where his companion had slept alone every night for a whole year, until this comrade in misfortune came to share the straw and the rags that made his bed. But the dawning of this day has brought with it the dawning of hope; the "kind gentleman," beside whom they sit, has spoken to them words of tenderness and pity which seem like the echoes of words spoken in childhood, when happiness had a meaning; and when they learn from him that they need no more go back to the arches, but may find comfort, and help, and home in a Refuge for the Homeless, the floodgates of their tears, closed since their young hearts had grown hard and cold with the world's neglect, are opened, and they weep for very joy.

As their rescuer returned towards his home that morning, his head was bowed, and his heart was heavy. He knew that there were hundreds, and it might be thousands, of boys in the great city in as hopeless a case, who were drifting from bad to worse until they should be past hope—sunk into irremediable depravity;

and he knew not how they were to be reached. By day and night the wailing of the world's sorrow haunted him; the cry of the children rang ceaselessly in his ears; and it was no figure of speech he used when those who saw his cheeks grow paler, and his face more sad, asked him of the cause, and he answered with choking voice: "I have been in a perfect agony of mind about my poor boys!"

Turn now to another scene. It is the month of May. The busy Strand is unusually crowded; men and boys are distributing handbills concerning every philanthropic and Christian organisation under the sun. Multitudes are pressing in at the open doors of Exeter Hall. A group of foreigners, on the opposite pavement, are looking on in blank astonishment; they are gazing at a sight which is more characteristic of English life and feeling than can be seen at any other place, or at any other season. It is the Festival time of England's great Religious Societies. There are assembling, from all parts of the earth, those who have been fighting throughout the year a hard battle with the world's sin, and misery, and want, and who have come to tell of their victories or defeats, to hear of the conquests of others, and to gather up strength for further conflict. From this centre will issue forth mighty waves of influence that will reach to the uttermost parts of the earth, and affect the condition of the ignorant, the needy, and the oppressed, from the rising to the going down of the sun.

Enter the building. It is thronged in every part. The vast area of the hall presents at the first glance a motley, indistinguishable mass; examine more closely, and there will be seen a larger proportion of earnest-looking faces than are commonly met with in so great an audience. There is an air of soberness and sedateness —perhaps of demureness—over the many, although scattered here and there are groups of friends who are exchanging cordial greetings. The vast orchestra, with the exception of the two front rows, is packed, for the most part with men, many of whom are attired in clerical garb.

Presently the organ ceases to play, and there is a stir and a flutter in the audience, as divines, philanthropists, and social or religious leaders drop in by twos or threes, and take up their position on the platform. But the signal for a spontaneous burst of enthusiastic greeting is given when the secretary precedes a tall, slender, pale-faced man, who gazes for a moment with cold passionless eyes upon the sea of heads and the waving handkerchiefs, as he holds the rail of the platform nervously, and then, after a formal bow, buries himself in the depths of a huge arm-chair. Every person in that hall has recognised him; every person claims to know and revere him, and every person represents a constituency of some kind, each member of which would greet him as heartily on the ground of knowing and revering him.

The preliminaries of the meeting over, the chairman rises to speak, and again the hall rings with repeated

cheers. He stands unmoved—still as a statue: there is a far-away look in his eyes; he seems almost unconscious that he is the object of attention. As the cheering continues, he seems almost displeased at the demonstration, for no shadow of a smile passes over the strongly-marked lines of his face. Then, when the echoes of the thunderings have died away, he draws his slight, but graceful form to its full height, grasps firmly the rail of the platform, and in a loud, but rather indistinct, voice, commences his speech.

It proceeds on a somewhat dead level, although uttered with great dignity, until he adverts to certain philosophical works that have recently issued from the press, and have disturbed men's minds by their tendency to teach that the Bible is unsuited to the present times. Then the whole manner of the man is changed; the pale face kindles; the voice becomes clear and ringing the slender frame is all alive with strength and energy the whole man is transfigured.

Good Heavens! (he exclaims) were the truths of the Book prevalent in the hearts of men, should we be disturbed and frightened as we are day by day, by those gigantic frauds that are bursting out in every community, and which lead us to believe that all honesty in trade, all honesty in public life, all honesty in private life, have left the world for ever? Is it unsuited to the times in which we live, when, if its holy precepts and its Divine commands had been listened to, we should not have before us these gigantic evils. . . Ah! but now they come and tell us that the Bible is effete; that it is worn out, that it can do nothing; and that we must now have some new influence, some new principle by which to regenerate and guide man. Effete! Indeed I should like to know whether it is effete at this moment in India. Is it effete in the effect lately begun

to be produced in China? Is it effete in the islands of the Pacific Ocean? Is it effete in Madagascar? Is it effete in Italy? You see what a country Italy is now become; you see how the Italians are now grasping at the Word of God; and, although they have not thrown off the trammels of the Church of Rome, they have imbibed the first principles whereby their conduct in public and private life should be guided. The Bible lies at the root of their freedom, and they know it well enough to make it the basis of their hopes and fears. That is the Book that will guide them. That Book, so far from being effete, possesses at this moment a greater force—a greater power of giving life, if I may so say—than in any antecedent period of its history. I should like to know who are they who say it is effete? Do the priests in Spain think it is effete? If they think so, why do they prohibit it under such fearful penalties? Why do they incarcerate or confiscate the property of, or send into exile, those men who devote their energy and their time to the study of God's Word? Does his Holiness the Pope of Rome think it effete? Does he think it a harmless plaything, that may lie upon the tables of his subjects? Do the Neologists themselves think it effete? If so, why do they pass their nights, why do they sweat and toil over the midnight lamp, for the sole purpose of destroying a book that is so effete—that, if left to itself, would soon die, or become an object of general contempt? They do not think it effete. They know its power upon the heart and the conscience. They know that if left to itself, that good old Book must work its own way, and what they deny with their lips they confess with their fears. Effete? It is effete as Abraham was effete when he became the father of many nations, when there sprang of one, and him as good as dead, as many as the stars for multitude and the sand upon the sea-shore innumerable. It is effete as eternity, past, present, and future, is effete. It is effete—and in no other sense—as God Himself is effete, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Change the scene once more. It is the House of Lords. There is a stillness approaching to solemnity, broken only by the voice of a noble lord who is speaking, in a strain not often heard in that august Assembly,

upon a subject which has never been discussed there before. Every sentence he utters increases the spell by which he holds the House, and every development of his argument tends to move that stately assembly to a demonstration of feeling it is not wont to exhibit. For more than thirty years the speaker has been exposing the evils which beset operatives—especially children, young persons, and women—engaged in the manufacturing industries. He has carried measure after measure for their relief; inhuman hours of labour have been shortened; excess of physical toil has been abridged; oppression and cruelty, resulting in premature death, have been checked; and the means of education and mental improvement made possible. There are millions in the land who thank God for the voice that is now ringing in that august chamber; for it is the voice of one who has pleaded the cause of the poor and the oppressed as none other has done in the world's history. Rarely, however, has it been raised with greater effect than on this night, albeit his speech consists mainly of extracts from a Bluebook. For years he has been waiting until the set time should come when, strengthened by the success of former efforts, he may introduce that part of the great question of Protection which presented the gravest difficulties in the way of legislation; and now he is informing the House that the evils which were supposed to be peculiar to manufactures exist, even in a more aggravated form, in connection with the cultivation of the soil. He speaks of organisations of rural labour in many counties, known

as "agricultural gangs," a system of revolting cruelty under which the maximum of labour is obtained for the minimum of remuneration, by extortionate gang-masters who monopolise all the children in a district, in order that they may not be independently employed. The gangs are collected in the morning, marshalled by the gangsmen, and driven off into the fields to clear it of weeds, to spread manure, to "thin" the turnips and mangel-wurzel, to pick off stones from the land, or to gather in certain root crops. At a rapid pace they are driven long distances to the scene of their labour; the little footsore and weary children, not more than six or seven years of age, being dragged by their elders and goaded on by the brutal gangsmen. Year in, year out; in summer heat and winter cold; in sickness and in health; with backs warped and aching from constant stooping; with hands cracked and swollen at the back by the wind, and cold, and wet; with palms blistered from pulling turnips, and fingers lacerated from weeding among the stones; these English slaves, with education neglected, with morals corrupted, degraded and brutalised, labour from early morning till late at night, and, by the loss of all things, gain the miserable pittance that barely keeps them from starvation.

The plain unvarnished tale is told, and the sigh of relief is followed by a burst of genuine and unusual applause. Then, when the outlines of a Bill to remedy these frightful wrongs, and to affect the entire agricultural population of every county,

have been sketched, the speaker closes with this appeal:—

My Lords, in attempting to grapple with this evil I hope your Lordships will kindly aid me by your sympathy and support. In this way you will give the crowning stroke to the various efforts made for many years past to bring all the industrial occupations of the young and the defenceless under the protection of the law; and that, whether they are employed in trade, in manufactures, or in any handicraft whatever, every child under a certain age may be subjected only to a limited amount of labour, and be certain to receive an adequate amount of education. All that remains for your lordships now to do, as representing the landowners of the kingdom, is to embrace within the scope of your beneficent legislation the whole mass of the agricultural population. Then, I believe, we shall be able to say that no country upon the earth surpasses us in the care we take of the physical, the moral, and the educational well-being of the myriads of our humbler fellow-creatures. My Lords, the object you have in view is well worthy of all the time, the anxiety, the zeal, and the talents which can be bestowed upon it; and I am satisfied that your lordships will earnestly desire to see it accomplished.

The appeal was not in vain, the "crowning stroke" was given—and there was swept away from the face of the land the last of the long series of evils which could be dealt with by industrial legislation.

Last scene of all. The bright autumn sunshine is streaming in through the window-panes of a little village church, plain almost to meanness. Beside the entrance to a vault, made beautiful by evergreens, stands a coffin, covered and surrounded with floral tributes from princes and peasants, from nobles and costermongers. An aged man, of over four-score years, is being laid to rest in the burial-place of his fathers.

Only his sons and daughters, his relatives, friends, and tenants, stand around the bier, yet the whole nation mourns. But yesterday that bier had rested, on its way to this simple village church, in Westminster Abbey, and then all England stood around and wept. Each man, woman, and child of the thousands who had gathered there, felt that a personal loss had been sustained; every class in society, every section in the Church, every institution in the land, had been influenced by him. For sixty years he had been the champion in every battle on behalf of the poor and the oppressed; the friend and helper of all who were afflicted in mind, body, or estate; and, especially, the leader in every movement having relation to the claims and interests of the labouring classes. And while those who thronged the Abbey shed their tears, ten thousand times ten thousand of operatives whose labour he had lightened, of orphans he had sheltered, of outcasts he had rescued, of the oppressed he had set free, of ragged children he had clothed, of emigrants he had transplanted to new spheres, of Christian labourers whose zeal he had fostered, of young men he had warned of spiritual and fleshly dangers, paused in their daily tasks to share in the expression of universal grief, and to pray that "though God buries His workman He will yet carry on His work."

To tell the story of that life, in all its relations, religious, philanthropic, political, social, and domestic, is the task before us in these pages.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY AND HOME.

The Coopers and the Ashleys—Anthony Ashley Cooper—His College Days and Marriage—Sketch of his Career—Raised to the Peerage—Made Lord High Chancellor—Committed to the Tower—The Habeas Corpus Act—Indicts the Duke of York as a Popish Recusant—Flies to Holland—Death—Various estimates of his Character—The Second Earl—Education entrusted to John Locke—Letter from his Son—The Third Earl—Author of the "Characteristics"—Nature of his Philosophy—The Fourth Earl—Handel—Fifth and Sixth Earls—St. Giles's House, the Hereditary Seat of the Ashleys—The Park and Pleasure Grounds—St. Giles's Church—Its Monuments—Almshouses—Village of Wimborne St. Giles.

In the reign of James I., John Cooper, a descendant of an old and honoured family, dwelt in the picturesque manor house in the village of Rockborne, Hampshire, close to the borders of Wiltshire, and Dorsetshire. His father, Sir John Cooper, had been member of Parliament for Whitchurch, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and had inherited and amassed considerable wealth. Dying in 1619, he was succeeded by his son, John Cooper, who has been described as "very lovely and graceful both in face and person, of a moderate stature, neither too high nor too low, of an easy and affable nature, fair and just in all affairs."

At no great distance from Rockborne, there dwelt, at St. Giles's House, Cranborne, in the county of Dorset, Sir Anthony Ashley, who was knighted at the

taking of Cadiz, in 1597, where he served as Secretary-at-War, and was sent home to give to Queen Elizabeth an account of the battle. He was a man who "had been for wisdom, courage, experience, skill in weapon, agility and strength of body, scarce paralleled in his age; of a large mind in all his actions, his person of the lowest." The Ashleys were a younger branch of an ancient family which came originally out of Wiltshire, where they were lords of a manor named Ashley. They had been planted at Wimborne St. Giles since the reign of Henry VI.; and their ancestors, traced through heirs female, had been lords of that manor from before the reign of Edward I.* To Sir Anthony Ashley, the estate of Wimborne St. Giles came, when he was advanced in life, by virtue of the entail in his grandfather's will. He had an only child, a daughter, sole heiress. She was of small stature, "a modest and virtuous woman, of a weaker mould and not so stirring a mind as her father."

John Cooper, the Hampshire squire, married this daughter and heiress of Sir Anthony Ashley, and the pair took up their residence at St. Giles's House.

Their son was the first Earl of Shaftesbury.

In an autobiographical fragment he says:—

"My birth was at Wimborn St. Gyles, in the county of Dorsett, on the 22nd day of July, 1621, early in the morning; my parents on both sides of a noble stock, being of the first rank of gentry in those counties where they lived. My mother's name was Anne, the

* Hutchin's "History of Dorsetshire."

sole daughter and heir of Sir Anthony Ashley, knight and baronet, lord of the manor and place where I was born; my father, Sir John Cooper, knight and baronet, son of Sir John Cooper, of Rockborn, in the county Hamshyre. I was christened by the name of Anthony Ashley, for, notwithstanding my grandfather had articled with my father and his guardians that he should change his name to Ashley, yet, to make all sure in the eldest, he resolved to add his name, so that it should not be parted with."

In his ninth year he was left an orphan. He was precocious, however, and was so well able to take care of himself, that at the age of thirteen he undertook the management of his property, which had been allowed to get into confusion, and successfully carried a law-suit against his grand-uncle, Sir Francis Ashley, who had dealt unfairly by him. He was short in stature, and weak in body, but he managed to distinguish himself at Exeter College, Oxford, as the "leader of all the rough young men of that college, famous for the courage and strength of tall, raw-boned Cornish and Devonshire gentlemen, which in great numbers yearly came to that college, and did there maintain in the schools coursing against Christ Church, the largest and most numerous college in the University." "Coursing" was at one time a trial of learning, but in Ashley's day had degenerated into a trial of physical strength and annoyance. He succeeded also in causing "that ill-custom of tucking freshmen to be left off," a custom of great antiquity, but of great unpleasantness. It was,

it seems, the custom for the seniors to call up the freshmen and make them hold out their chins, "and they (the seniors) with the nail of the right thumb, left long for that purpose, grate off all the skin from the lip to the chin, and then cause them to drink a beer-glass of water and salt."

At the age of eighteen he married Margaret, a daughter of the Lord Keeper Coventry. In his nineteenth year he was elected Member of Parliament for Tewkesbury.

Henceforth his career was brilliant but erratic. During the great Rebellion he was a Royalist and a Parliamentarian by turns; "a kind of half Cromwellian, with monarchical leanings, under the Commonwealth; a courtier, a patriot, a member of the Cabal, and a fierce Exclusionist under the Restoration. He changed sides with an audacity, a rapidity, and an adroitness, that made it difficult, almost impossible, to decide whether he was corrupt or incorrupt, whether he acted upon principle or no principle, whether he adopted expediency, broad enlightened expediency, for the rule of his public conduct, or, in each successive crisis, simply waited for the tide, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." * His biographer, who dedicates to the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury the life "of his celebrated and much maligned ancestor," † says that "he lived in times of violent party fury; and calumny, which fiercely assailed him living, pursued him in his grave, and still

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 260.

† "Life of Anthony Ashley Cooper, First Earl of Shaftesbury." By W. D. Christie, M.A., Formerly Her Majesty's Minister to the Argentine Confederation and to Brazil. 2 vols., 1871.

darkens his name. He lived in times when the public had little or no authentic information about the proceedings of members of the Government or of Parliament, when errors in judging public men were more easy than now, and when venal pamphleteers, poets, and playwriters drove a profitable trade in libels on public men."

He played a very prominent and important part in the age in which he lived, and his vigilance in watching and taking advantage of every turn in the progress of events materially assisted in bringing about the Restoration. Honours were showered thick upon him; he was made, soon after Charles had come over, Governor of the Isle of Wight, Colonel of a regiment of horse, Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Dorset, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Privy Councillor. He was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles, in 1661; and in 1672 he was advanced to an earldom by the titles of Baron Cooper of Paulett, in the county of Somerset, and Earl of Shaftesbury. In the same year he was made Lord High Chancellor; and it was with reference to his integrity and ability as a judge that Dryden, who elsewhere in his "Absalom and Achitophel" has scathed him with severe and bitter satire, wrote:—

> "Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge;
> The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
> In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
> With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean
> Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
> Swift of despatch, and easy of access."

Shaftesbury only retained the seals until November 1673, when, through the influence of the Duke of York and the Romish party in the Cabinet, he was required to relinquish them. Immediately on his dismissal from office he openly joined the ranks of the opposition; and by raising the cry of "No Popery," soon regained his popularity among them. For declaring that a Parliament which had been prorogued for a year and three months was tantamount to a dissolution, and that there was no lawful Parliament in existence, he was committed to the Tower, where he remained for twelve months, and was only released upon submitting to the humiliation of begging pardon, on his knees, of the House of Lords and the King. After this he stood forth as the champion of Protestantism; and took an eager part in maintaining the truth of the story of Titus Oates and the alleged Popish Plot.

Among the many matters by which the first Earl of Shaftesbury has made himself to be remembered are his opposition to the Corporation and Uniformity Acts; his denunciation of the transfer of Dunkirk to the French; his counsel to Charles II. to suspend the execution of the penal laws against the Nonconformists and Recusants; and, especially, the introduction of the Habeas Corpus Act, the keystone of British liberty. It was with great difficulty he succeeded in passing the Bill; and its third reading "is said to have been carried by an accident, though strongly opposed by the Court of King Charles and by

the House of Lords. Bishop Burnet says Lords Grey and Norris were named to be tellers. Lord Norris, being a man subject to vapours, was not at all times attentive to what he was doing. So, a very fat lord coming in, Lord Grey counted him for ten, as a jest, at first; but, seeing Lord Norris had not observed it, he went on with his mis-reckoning of ten. So it was reported to the House, and decided, that they who were for the Bill were the majority, though it indeed went on the other side."*

Later on, Shaftesbury took the hazardous step of appearing at Westminster Hall to present to the Grand Jury, then sitting in the Court of King's Bench, an indictment of the Duke of York as a Popish Recusant. Shaftesbury's action on this occasion, and his subsequent efforts to exclude the Duke of York from the throne, resulted in his being seized on the 2nd of July, 1681, at his residence, Thanet House, Aldersgate Street, and carried to Whitehall, where he was brought before the King and Council, and committed to the Tower on a charge of high treason in conspiring for the death of the King and the subversion of the Government.

When, however, the bill of indictment was preferred against him at the Old Bailey on the 24th November, the Grand Jury ignored it, to the great joy of the people, with whom he was highly popular, and who celebrated his acquittal "by halloaing and shouting, by bell-ringing and bonfires, and such public rejoicing in the city," that, as the Duke of York is reported to have

* "Lives of Lord Chancellors," vol. iii., p. 276.

said, "never such an insolent defiance of authority before was seen."

After this Shaftesbury contemplated an armed insurrection, but not receiving the support he had anticipated, and feeling that there was no longer safety for him in England, he determined, as he was broken in health, and weary with incessant toil, to make his escape to Holland Disguised as a Presbyterian minister, he left Harwich on November 28, 1682, and soon after reached Amsterdam, where he took up his residence. But he had not been there many weeks before he was taken ill with gout; the malady flew to his stomach, and he died on the 21st January, 1683.

There are many opinions as to the character of the first Earl of Shaftesbury; there is only one opinion as to his genius and ability.

Hallam describes him as "a man destitute of all honest principle." * Macaulay says of him that "he had served and betrayed a succession of governments;" † and, when speaking of his death in Holland, adds that "he had escaped the fate which his manifold perfidy had deserved." Elsewhere he says, with intense bitterness, "Every part of his life reflected infamy on the other."

Hume recognises in him one of the most remarkable characters of his age, and acknowledges that whatever party Shaftesbury joined, his great capacity and singular talents soon gained him their confidence,

* "Constitutional History of England," vol. ii.

† "History of England," vol. i., 213.

and enabled him to take the lead amongst them; at the same time, he alleges that Shaftesbury's "eminent abilities, by reason of his insatiable desires, were equally dangerous to himself, to the prince, and to the people."

Much of the calumny that has lingered round the name of the first Earl of Shaftesbury is due to inaccurate statements, that have been weighed in the balances of more just criticism, and found to be wanting.

John Locke, who lived in confidential intimacy with Shaftesbury for nearly twenty years, and left a memoir of him full of glowing praise, admired in him "that penetration, that presence of mind, which always prompted him with the best expedients in the most desperate cases; that noble boldness which appeared in all his public discourses, always guided by a solid judgment, which, never allowing him to say anything but what was proper, regulated his least word, and left no hold to the vigilance of his enemies."* Even Dryden acknowledged him to be "incorruptible;" and Lady Russell bore witness to the perfect charity of "the great faulty human being in whom the faults are indissolubly blended with the greatness."

His biographer, says: "He was a man of eager temperament, great ability, and high mental cultivation; he was a man of the world, and free from hypocrisy and cant; he was outspoken, courageous, and honest. Honesty is a bad card in public life, where tact is more valued than truth, and servility than independence. Shaftesbury was fond of a simile

* Locke's Works, vol. x., p. 167.

from Sir Walter Raleigh's writings, that 'whosoever shall follow truth too near the heels it may haply strike out his teeth.'* Raleigh had applied this to the writing of contemporary history; Shaftesbury transferred it to a politician seeking truth and pursuing it, in opposition to power, and amid the hypocrisies, self-seekings, meannesses, and falsehoods of public men."

He was three times married, and, by his second wife, Frances, daughter of David Cecil, third Earl of Exeter, left a son, who succeeded him. Lady Frances Cecil was a direct descendant, through the Cecils, from Thomas of Woodstock, fifth son of Edward III., while "on her maternal side she was of kin, through the Egertons, the peerages of Derby and Cumberland, and the ducal house of Suffolk, to John of Gaunt. So that the descendants of the first Earl of Shaftesbury have Plantagenet blood in their veins, and are of the lineage of William the Conqueror himself."

The second Earl appears not to have been strong either in body or in mind. Although of singularly handsome features, his physical and mental powers were below the average, and it was with reference to these infirmities that Dryden wrote of the inheritance of the first Earl:—

> "And all to leave what with his toil he won
> To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a son,
> Got while his soul did huddled notions try,
> And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy."

At the age of seventeen he married Dorothy, third daughter of John Manners, first Duke of Rutland, the

* In the preface to Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World."

marriage negotiations having been entrusted to John Locke.

"My father," says his son, the third Earl, "was an only child, and of no firm health, which induced my grandfather, in concern for his family, to think of marrying him as soon as possible. He was too young and inexperienced to choose a wife for himself, and my grandfather too much in business to choose one for him. The affair was nice, for, though my grandfather required not a great fortune, he insisted on good blood, good person and constitution, and, above all, good education and a character as remote as possible from that of Court, or town-bred lady. All this was thrown upon Mr. Locke, who, being already so good a judge of men, my grandfather doubted not of his equal judgment in women. He departed from him, entrusted and sworn, as Abraham's head servant that ruled over all that he had, and went into a far country (the North of England) to seek for his son a wife, whom he as successfully found."*

There were seven children born of this marriage, and the eldest son, as third Earl of Shaftesbury, was destined to exercise a considerable influence in the world, and to hand down his name to posterity as the author of the "Characteristics." He was a great favourite with his grandfather, to whose guardianship he was formally made over when he was only three years old. It was arranged that his education should be under the absolute direction of John Locke; and,

* Letter from the third Earl of Shaftesbury to Le Clerc.

although the actual instruction was given, in the first instance, by a Mrs. Elizabeth Birch, a lady of great ability, Locke superintended everything. "To whom," his pupil confessed, "next my immediate parents, as I must own the greatest obligation, so I have ever preserved the highest gratitude and duty." Elsewhere he styles him his "friend and foster-father."

In November 1683, at the age of thirteen, Shaftesbury was sent to Winchester; but he did not remain there long, and completed his education by a few years of foreign travel in company with Sir John Cropley, to whom, throughout his life, he was warmly attached. He entered Parliament in 1693 as one of the members for Poole; but his political career was brief—cut short by serious ill-health consequent upon his assiduous attention to parliamentary duties, in which he signally distinguished himself. Owing to the failure of his health, he resigned his seat in 1698, and, assuming the character of a medical student, settled for a time in Holland, where he fell into the company of many distinguished literary men, and had a full opportunity of developing his own taste for literature.

With the exception of a short period towards the close of the reign of King William and the accession of Queen Anne, when he made himself conspicuous by his zeal in the House of Lords, he never again took any part in public life, but devoted himself exclusively to literature.

He published, in quick succession for those times, his "Letter on Enthusiasm;" "Moralists, a Philo-

sophical Rhapsody;" "Sensus Communis, or Essay on Wit and Humour;" "Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author," and other works, all of which, with one exception, were republished, shortly after his death at Naples in 1713, in three volumes, under the title of "Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times."

His treatises created considerable public interest on their first appearance, and won for him a large circle of enthusiastic admirers, notwithstanding the fact that they were written in a pompous, pedantic, and affected style—intolerable to the taste of the present day.

The letter which provoked the greatest amount of controversy was his "Sensus Communis," in which he promulgated his famous doctrine that ridicule is the test of truth.

In Ethics he maintained that everything is for the best, and that man is governed by a "moral-sense"—a natural sense of right and wrong, "as natural to us as natural affection itself, and a first principle in our constitution and make." In Religion the articles of his creed were few and simple. They may, says Mr. Fowler,* briefly be summed up as a belief in one God, whose most characteristic attribute is universal benevolence in the moral government of the universe, and in a future state of man making up for the imperfections, and repairing the inequalities of this present life.

The "Characteristics" provoked much controversy, and Shaftesbury's "system" became the object of severe

* "Shaftesbury and Hutcheson." By Thomas Fowler, M.A., LL.D.

attacks from Bernard de Mandeville, Butler, Berkeley, Warburton, and others. On the other hand Pope borrowed from him; Leibnitz, Diderot, and Lessing acknowledged their indebtedness to him, and Voltaire lauded him as "the boldest English philosopher."

Blair, in his "Lectures on Rhetoric," considers the author of the "Characteristics" as worthy of admiration for the beauty of his language, for the construction of his sentences, for cadence, for delicacy, and for refinement; while Warburton, who could not tolerate Shaftesbury's philosophy, bears this testimony to the man and his works: "The noble author of the 'Characteristics' had many excellent qualities both as a man and a writer. He was temperate, chaste, honest, and a lover of his country. In his writings he has shown how much he has imbibed the deep sense, and how naturally he could copy the gracious manner of Plato."

His only son, the fourth Earl, took very little part in public life. His delights were in literature and art, and society. Handel was his intimate friend; and a complete set of the great musician's oratorios in MS., bequeathed to him by the great composer, is still preserved at St. Giles's. He was married first to Susannah Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, and, on her decease, to Mary, daughter of Viscount Folkestone, by whom he had two sons and one daughter.

Antony Ashley Cooper, the fifth Earl, succeeded to the title when he was ten years old. He does not appear to have made any mark in the world, and his name does not occur in Hansard, except as a signatory,

with others, to a protest in the House of Lords. Samuel Jackson Pratt, a voluminous *littérateur*, dedicated to him "upon his return from a long residence in France," a poem entitled "The Contrast," and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1808, in reviewing it, quotes, without giving the authority, a description of Lord Shaftesbury's seat, and of the "humble dwellings whether situated in the adjacent towns and villages, or embosomed in the shades where the inhabitants are clothed, fed, or comforted by a benevolence that is hereditary in the Shaftesburys, and which has lost nothing of its genial glow by time or by descent."

The fifth Earl died without male issue on May 14, 1811, and the honours of the family devolved upon his only brother, Cropley Ashley (of whom we shall speak more hereafter), the father of the seventh Earl. He, for forty years, was "Chairman of Committees" in the House of Lords; and, during the great railway mania, his authority and impartiality in handling Bills which were brought before him were of great service to the State.

"After the third Earl," says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, "occurs a long interval, during which no lineal descendant rose to celebrity. But let not those who maintain the hereditary quality of genius or character despair; for in this instance we are reminded of the river which, after running many miles underground, emerges clearer, purer, and less turbid than at its source. After a noiseless descent of nearly two centuries, the name and honours of the Earls of Shaftesbury have

devolved upon one who inherits all the domestic virtues with much of the capacity, intellectual vigour, high courage, and eager animated eloquence of their founder —one in whom ambition is chastened by the pure aims which make ambition virtue—who has uniformly employed his advantages of rank, wealth, and station, to alleviate human misery, to improve the moral and material condition of the poor—who stands pre-eminent amongst British nobles for elevated, disinterested, untiring benevolence and philanthropy." *

Before proceeding to tell the story of the life of the seventh Earl it will be well, perhaps, having glanced at his ancestry, to introduce the reader to the ancestral home of the Ashleys.

The hereditary seat of the Ashleys is St. Giles's House, near Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, where, from the reign of Henry VI. the family has been planted, their ancestors, the Plecys, having been lords of the manor from before the reign of Edward I.

St. Giles is reached from London by the Exeter line of the South Western Railway as far as Salisbury, and thence by the branch line to Verwood or Wimborne. The village of St. Giles—or Wimborne St. Giles—is two miles west of Cranborne, and nine miles north from Wimborne, or Wimborne Minster, the market and union town and polling place for the county.

St. Giles's House was once strongly fortified and surrounded by a moat, but all traces of what it was in the troublous times of the Wars of the Roses have

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 260, p. 327.

long since disappeared, except the curious existence of a stream which passes right under the building. This water, diverted from the neighbouring river and returning to it again at a point lower down its course, served evidently to fill the ancient moat. When the latter was disused and filled up, the stream, instead of being cut off, was carelessly allowed to flow away by a central channel which still remains. The house is now a handsome mansion, approaching in form to a parallelogram, and built principally in the Elizabethan style. The towers in the Italian style, surmounted by Renaissance turrets, were added by the seventh Earl.

The apartments are worthy of a great English nobleman's house. Their contents are full of interest. We can only refer to them briefly in passing. In the large entrance hall is the round table on which Thomson wrote his "Seasons." The dining-room is admirably proportioned, at once so compact and spacious, that forty guests will not crowd it, nor will half a dozen seem lost in it. It was a favourite room of Lord Shaftesbury, and one of which he was especially proud, and, indeed, it would be difficult to find anywhere an apartment in which comfort and beauty are better united, and in which every detail combines to produce a more perfect harmony. The library—in which much of Lord Shaftesbury's time was spent, and which is one of the most cheerful and beautiful rooms in the house—overlooks the park and garden. It is between sixty and seventy feet long, though low in height, like most

ancient rooms, and the book shelves, which rise from floor to ceiling on all sides, are filled with a choice selection of ancient and modern works, many of them rare and valuable.

The most remarkable room in the house is the saloon or great hall. St. Giles's House was originally quadrangular in shape, and the central part was open to the sky. Now it is covered over and lighted by an oval lantern, and forms a large and splendid hall or saloon, with a gallery on three sides. The walls are hung with family portraits, while antiques and works of art are tastefully displayed on every hand. In this saloon there are an organ and a grand piano, and it was here that on Sunday evenings the family, the visitors, the servants, and many of the village folk assembled for a "service of song"—a pleasant homely service at which the Earl presided, and generally concluded by reading a chapter from the Bible and offering up a simple prayer.

St. Giles's House stands in a beautfully wooded park of 423 acres. A fine avenue of trees extends from the centre of the east front to one of the entrance lodges, a distance of about a mile; and another remarkably beautiful avenue of beeches, locally known as Brockington, was once one of the main approaches to the house. The clear sparkling stream, the Wim, or Allen, runs through the park, and forms, on the south side of the house, a lake of seven acres in extent, overlooking which is a summer-house, adorned with memorials of the poet Thomson, who died in a house at Richmond

afterwards bought and inhabited by the sixth Earl. They were brought here when that house was pulled down.

In the pleasure grounds on the south-east of the house is a remarkable grotto, probably the finest in England. It consists of two parts, the innermost and largest being composed principally of Indian shells, and the outer grotto of shells, ores, and minerals, collected from various parts of the world. The collecting of shells and minerals was a hobby of the fourth Earl, and when he had amassed an enormous number of specimens he had them arranged in their present form. The work was begun in 1757, and took two years to complete. The cost of collecting, building, and arranging has been variously estimated; but it is believed that at least £10,000 was spent upon it.

There are many fine old trees in the park; one, a magnificent yew, is said to be over two thousand years old.

The parish church of Wimborne St. Giles is on the north side of the village, close beside the gates of St. Giles's House. It is by no means a picturesque church, and the interior, consisting of a chancel and nave, is extremely plain. It was rebuilt and enlarged in 1732 by the fourth Earl of Shaftesbury; repaired and altered by his son about half a century later; and entirely remodelled and beautified by the seventh Earl in the year 1852.

Although the register dates only from 1652, the church is of much greater antiquity, and was probably the burial-place of the Malmaynes, the Plecys, and other lords of the manor, long before it became the

family burial-place of the Shaftesburys. In the chancel there is an effigy believed to represent Sir John de Plecy, a Crusader, who died in 1313.

On the north side of the chancel there is a fine monument, with full-length figures of Sir Anthony Ashley and his wife; the former in armour and bare-headed, the latter in her state gown; and both have the starched ruff round the neck.

At the side of this tomb is the monument of Anne Ashley, their daughter and only child—she who married Sir John Cooper of Rockborne (whence, as already stated, the double name in the Shaftesbury family of Ashley-Cooper is derived). The body of their son, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, who died in Holland, was conveyed across the Channel in a vessel hung with black and adorned with streamers and escutcheons. It was met at Poole by the principal gentlemen of the county, who formed a guard of honour for the funeral, which took place in this church.

There is a tablet on the north wall to the third Earl, who is described as "a celebrated author;" and on the south side is a beautiful marble monument, to the fourth Earl, "who, from a consistency of virtuous conduct in public and private, had as many friends and as few enemies as ever fell to the lot of man. Having lived in honour he died in peace; the result of a life well-spent and of hope grounded on the Redeeming mercy of that Adorable All-perfect Being to whom he looked up with incessant gratitude, of whose glory he was zealous, to whose creatures he was kind, whose will

was his study, and whose service was his delight." A simple slab of Caen stone to the memory of the father of the seventh Earl bears the inscription, "Cropley, Earl of Shaftesbury, born Dec. 21, 1768; died June 2, 1851. His own recorded wishes demanded the simplicity of this memorial."

In addition to these are many other memorials, to some of which reference will be made later on, as they are more immediately connected with the family of the seventh Earl.

Close to the church is a row of ten almshouses erected by Sir Anthony Ashley about the year 1624. A stone in the centre of the row bears the inscription, "Liberasti me, Domine, in Maxima Tribulatione."

Opposite the almshouses, protected by an iron railing, is a poplar tree which Lord Shaftesbury took pleasure in pointing out to his visitors, as it was planted by Dr. Livingstone, the famous African explorer and missionary, when on a visit at St. Giles's House in 1854.

The village is pleasantly situated, and has a population of about 500, an increase of 150 from the year 1801, the year in which Lord Shaftesbury was born, and in which the first census was taken. The cottages are mostly semi-detached and surrounded by pleasant little gardens, neatly kept, and abounding in fruit trees, vegetables, and flowers. These cottages, admirable in their construction, and consisting of five or six rooms, well planned for comfort, for convenience, and for health, are let at the low rent of one shilling a week,

or one-sixteenth of the average wages of the labouring men who occupy them.

The school-house stands in the middle of the village, and is the centre of many activities. The average school attendance in 1880 was one in four of the whole population.

Not only in this village, but in the villages round about, the care and kindness of Lord Shaftesbury were manifest, and the charge which is often brought against philanthropists, of caring for those afar off while neglecting those close at hand, could never be brought against him by any one who had paid a visit to Wimborne St. Giles.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY YEARS.

Birth—Home Influences—Maria Millis—The First Prayer—Dawn of Religious Life—Manor-House School, Chiswick—Harsh Treatment—His First Great Grief—Mistaken Views of Education—A sad Childhood—Removed to Harrow—New Influences—State of his Mind on Religious Questions—First Visit to St. Giles's House—Love of Country Scenes—Cranborne Chase—A Strange Scene at Harrow—Determines to Espouse the Cause of the Poor—An Autobiographical Fragment—Oxford—Takes First-Class in Classics—Extracts from an Early Diary—"Fugitive and Desultory Notes"—Elected Member for Woodstock at age of Twenty-five—Birthday Thoughts—In France—Supports the King's Government—Canning's Eloquence—Letter from Mrs. Canning—Friendship with the Duke of Wellington—Early Labours in Parliament—"Cursed with Honourable Desires"—Diary—Self-depreciation—Change of Ministry—Canning, Premier—Place Offered—Office Declined—Grounds of Refusal—State of Political Affairs—At Strathfieldsaye—Letter from Duke of Wellington—Death of Canning—In Wales—Studies Welsh—Misgivings as to Public Career—Letter from Lord Bathurst—Wellington, Head of New Administration—Appointed Commissioner of India Board of Control—Suttee—Schemes for the Welfare of India—Catholic Emancipation—Desires to Devote his Life to Science—Called to Another Career.

ANTONY ASHLEY-COOPER was born at 24, Grosvenor Square, on the 28th of April, 1801. His mother was the daughter of George, fourth Duke of Marlborough, and his father, as we have seen, was Cropley Ashley, who, in 1811, on the death of his brother, Antony Ashley, the fifth Earl of Shaftesbury, without male issue, succeeded to the title. The early home influences surrounding young Ashley were not in themselves favourable to the development of his character. His father was a

man of considerable ability—of keen sense, and of quick discernment; but he was engrossed in the cares and duties of public life. His mother was a fascinating woman, attached, after a certain manner, to her children; but too much occupied with the claims of fashion and of pleasure to be very mindful of their religious training and of their general welfare. It followed that the tone, the conversation, the amusements, the opinions, the spirit of the home, were all opposed to the early bent of his mind which, from his earliest years, was in the direction of the career he ultimately made for himself. He received no help from his parents in his religious life. His mother did not attempt to influence him in such matters; his father, on one or two occasions, asked him a question from the Catechism, and the answer would meet with approval or displeasure, according to the verbal accuracy with which it was given. For the rest, the boy was left to grow up in the old "high-and-dry school"—in the cold, lifeless, formal orthodoxy of the times.

But, although there was little in the home to foster, while there was much to discourage the growth of that piety which was to characterise so signally his after-life, one source of helpful and tender influence was preserved to him.

There was in the household a faithful old servant, Maria Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley's mother, when she was a girl at Blenheim, and who was now retained as housekeeper. She was a simple-hearted, loving, Christian woman; faithful in her

duties to her earthly master, and faithful in her higher duties to her heavenly Master. She formed a strong attachment to the gentle, serious child, and would take him on her knees and tell him Bible stories, especially the sweet story of the Manger of Bethlehem and the Cross of Calvary. It was her hand that touched the chords and awakened the first music of his spiritual life. Although not yet seven years of age, there was in his heart a distinct yearning for God; and to her he was indebted for the guidance and the training under which the longing of his heart was ultimately developed into a settled and intelligent faith.

She taught him a prayer—the first prayer he ever learnt; a prayer which he never omitted to use through all the trying days that were soon to come upon him. And in his old age, especially in times of sickness, he very frequently found himself in his prayers repeating those simple words.

It would have been interesting to have read the words of that prayer; it would, perchance, have been helpful to those who have the care and oversight of young lives, to know what simple words may be made instrumental in leading a life towards its highest aims. Almost the last promise made to the writer by Lord Shaftesbury prior to his fatal illness was that he would endeavour to find time to put down the words of that prayer in writing, but the intention was frustrated.

At the age of seven, young Ashley went to

school. There were, at the beginning of this century, certain schools to which children of the aristocracy were sent, such as, happily, would not be tolerated now under any circumstances. They were hot-beds of every kind of evil and mischief, where bullying, and many other forms of cruelty, were permitted, if not encouraged; where might was right, and the lives of weak and timid boys were made almost intolerable.

To such a school, at the Manor House, Chiswick, now an asylum for the insane, young Ashley was sent. It had a reputation, and a good one in some respects; it was eminently respectable, and the sons of noble families were sent to it. It was formerly a place of retirement for sick scholars from Westminster School; and in 1657 the famous Dr. Busby was living there with some of his pupils; but at the time of which we write it was in the occupation of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Horne. Dr. Horne was a good classical scholar, capable of imparting to his pupils plenty of Latin and Greek; but the art of education, in its wider sense, the training of character and disposition, the formation of principles, the cultivation of good habits—these were things neglected or ignored. Evil of every kind was rampant; there was neither proper supervision, nor proper food; cruel punishments were inflicted for slight offences; and great offences, such as bullying, foul language, or blackguardism generally—not coming within the range of school discipline—were left unchecked.

Says Crabbe, in his "Tales of the School":—

> "Oh! there's a wicked little world in schools,
> Where mischief's suffered and oppression rules;
> Where mild quiescent children oft endure
> What a long placid life shall fail to cure."

It was so in young Ashley's case. He lived in a state of constant terror from the cruelty of the elder boys, and suffered exquisite misery for years through the neglect and inhumanity of the principal of the school in failing to provide sufficiently even the necessaries of life.

The young days of his life, instead of being full of brightness and sunshine and merriment, were made utterly wretched. Even in old age he would say:—"The memory of that place makes me shudder; it is repulsive to me even now. I think there never was such a wicked school before or since. The place was bad, wicked, filthy; and the treatment was starvation and cruelty."

Young Ashley had not been long at the Manor House School when a great trouble befell him. Maria Millis, the faithful servant and friend, the one who alone in all the world had sympathised with his simple child-faith, and had been the means of giving it increased vitality, was called to her rest.

It was his first great grief, and it came at a time when he was least able to bear it. Boyish sorrow, although often very real and passionate, is commonly resisted and overcome by a nature full of life and of life's fresh and vivid interests. But Ashley was

feeling deeply the loneliness of a school life amidst uncongenial associates and under a system that offered no alleviation to one so tender and sensitive. He clung to his old friend, for she was the only grown-up person in the world he really loved; the only one to whom he had dared to speak of the misery of his school life; the only one with whom bright and beautiful memories of his earlier years were associated. And now that she was gone, there was no one to whom he could unbosom the great sorrow her loss had brought to him; his parents were not cast in a tender mould, they ruled by fear and not by love, and his three sisters were too young, and lacked the opportunity, to give him help. He felt that with his old nurse his last chance of happiness had gone; he mourned for her "with a grievous mourning," for she was more to him than all the world beside, and he felt a terrible loneliness which sent a chill through his life. Without a soul on earth to whom he could go for comfort, he turned with a child's simple faith to the old Book that she had loved, and spread his sorrows before the Heavenly Friend whom she had taught him to regard as full of pity and tenderness.

In her will she left him her watch—a handsome gold one—and until the day of his death he never wore any other. He was fond even to the last of showing it, and would say, "That was given to me by the best friend I ever had in the world."

In one less earnest and resolute, the spiritual life, thus deprived of its accustomed support, and left to be lived apart, might have been in danger of decline. But,

throughout the five years during which he remained at the Manor House, he persevered in his habit of praying and reading the Bible, despite the sneers and opposition of his fellows; and he never forgot the lessons he had learned from Maria Millis.

Of all the social changes of this century of change, perhaps there is none more remarkable than that which has come over the relationship of parents and children. It was once the almost universal practice for parents to rule their children by severity and fear, now the opposite extreme prevails; respect and reverence for parents have perhaps decreased, but affection has undoubtedly increased. In the case of many, the severity of home was bearable, inasmuch as it was of short duration, and the return to school was hailed with delight as a welcome relief. In young Ashley's case there was neither joy in going back to school, nor joy in coming home. His parents had a mistaken idea of education, of parental authority, rights, and obligations; and the fear with which Ashley regarded his schoolmaster and the bullies of the school was less than the fear with which he regarded his parents. There was no sympathy of any kind between them; no exhibition, in any way, of affection. His heart sank within him when the day came for him to go home for the holidays, and it sank within him when he had to return to school. Nor was it only the presence of his parents in the home that made life oppressive; their absence had exactly the same effect, for then he was left, with his sisters, to the tender mercies of the servants, and he knew, times without number,

what it was to be kept for days without sufficient food until he was pinched with starvation; and could recall many weary nights in winter when he lay awake all through the long hours, suffering from cold.

It is not well to dwell upon these details—it may be considered unwise to have referred to them at all. But they are necessary to the right appreciation of his subsequent career. No one who knew Lord Shaftesbury could fail to observe in him an air of melancholy, a certain sombreness and sadness, which habitually surrounded him like an atmosphere. It was no doubt to be attributed, in great measure, to the scenes of suffering and sorrow which were continually before him; but it was also largely due to the fact that there had been no light-heartedness in his childhood, and that the days to which most men look back with the keenest delight were only recalled by him with a shrinking sense of horror. But it is important to the understanding of his life in another aspect that this record of his unhappy childhood should be given. Those early years of sorrow were the years in which he was graduating for his great life-work. He had suffered oppression; henceforth his life would be devoted to fighting the battles of the oppressed. He had known loneliness, and cold, and hunger; henceforth he would plead the cause of the poor, the lonely, the suffering, and the hungry. He had known the loss of a happy childhood; henceforth he would labour, as long as life should last, to bring joy and gladness to the hearts and homes of little children.

At the age of twelve there came a change, a welcome change, in the life of young Ashley. He was removed from the Manor House School, sent straight to Harrow, and placed under the care, and in the house, of Dr. Butler, the Head Master. He soon found himself associated with a gentlemanly set of fellows, among whom was Sir Harry Verney, who, as is well known, has greatly distinguished himself by his large-hearted philanthropy.

No freed slave ever rejoiced in his emancipation, no over-worked factory hand ever hailed his "protection," no rescued outcast ever delighted in a newly found "Home," more heartily than did young Ashley rejoice in his transfer to Harrow. It was the beginning of a new life to him; whatever might happen now in vacation-time he would at least be able to look forward with pleasure to his return to school.

He was still, however, without those influences which are sometimes thought to be of first importance in the formation of a religious character; his conduct was regulated by Christian instincts, but not by any settled principles; he had floating impressions of good, but no fixed and steadfast purpose. Yet his eyes and his heart were opening gradually, and meanwhile he could say, as regarded the letter of the moral law, "all these things have I kept."

In speaking of these times to the present writer he said:—"I distinctly remember how often it was impressed upon my mind that the Bible Society, which was founded when I was three years old, was an evil

and a revolutionary institution, opposed alike to Church and State. I was brought up in the old 'high-and-dry' school, and believed it to be a meritorious thing to hate Dissenters. As to their doing any good in the world, the very idea seemed to be monstrous, if, indeed, it ever occurred to me. As to their having any views of their own worthy of consideration, it never crossed my mind, until one day I got hold of a copy of some Commentary, and after reading for a while with great interest, it suddenly struck me, 'The writer must have been a rank Dissenter!' and I instantly shut up the book, recoiling from it as I would from poison. One of the first things that opened my eyes was reading of Doddridge being condemned as a Dissenter, and I remember exclaiming, 'Good heavens! how will he stand in the judgment, at the bar of God, as compared with Pope Alexander VI.?' It was not till I was twenty-five years old, or thereabouts, that I got hold of 'Scott's Commentary on the Bible,' and, struck with the enormous difference between his views and those to which I had been accustomed, I began to think for myself."

Vast as was the improvement in his comfort at Harrow, the state of things was not in those days to be compared with these.

"A strange reminiscence of Harrow in the first thirty years of the nineteenth century was recounted by Lord Shaftesbury, when presiding at the Harrow Triennial Dinner, on June 18th, 1884. 'He recalled the case of a master who, being himself a bad sleeper, frequently called up his form—the Shell—at four o'clock

on a winter's morning, and relieved the tedium of the night by this very early first school.' The venerable philanthropist also spoke with horror of the unpleasant state of Duck Puddle in his time, when it swarmed with insects, reform having been brought about by the Earl's own ingenuity in selecting the subject for Latin verse composition."*

Although his father had succeeded to the Shaftesbury title and estates in 1811, it was not until some few years after that young Ashley paid his first visit to St. Giles's House. He went there from Harrow, to pass the summer holidays, and singularly happy days they were for him in comparison with those he had spent at the Richmond house, in summer, and the house in Grosvenor Square, in winter, when he had come home for his holidays from the Manor House School.

Even as a boy he was always an ardent lover of the country; and was never so happy as when rambling in the midst of forest scenery, or in rural haunts, where, to a contemplative mind, every sight and sound is full of suggestion. Harrow and its beautiful surroundings had done much to dissipate the gloom which had gathered over his childhood; and St. Giles's helped to finish what Harrow had begun. His mind was braced up and invigorated; new hopes and aspirations were kindled, old perturbations of spirit were allayed, and the prospects of life looked brighter than they had ever

* "Harrow School and its Surroundings," by Percy M. Thornton, p. 264.

done before as he viewed them under the influence of these country scenes.

He was a great lover, too, of natural history and the various sciences which reveal the wonders of the world around; and his rambles brought him every day in contact with these unwritten books of God, which he read with infinite delight. He explored every nook and corner of Cranborne Chase, an immense sylvan region, at one time comprising an area of eighteen square miles. As late as 1828 it contained 12,000 deer and as many as six lodges, each of which had its "walk" and was under the management of a ranger. "Nothing," says the poet Bowles, "can be more wild than this leafy labyrinth, opening at times and showing through the hollies, and thorns, and hazels some distant wooded hamlet in sunshine. On the bordering downs no object meets the eye except here and there, at a distance, a small round clump of trees on summits called by the people of the country appropriately *a hat of trees*." It was in Cranborne Chase that, after the battle of Sedgemoor, the Duke of Monmouth, disguised in rustic attire, was taken prisoner under the ash tree, which is still pointed out. The tree stands on the Shaftesbury estate.

Nor were the surroundings of St. Giles's deficient in objects of interest of all kinds. There was the old town of Cranborne—from which the Salisbury family take their second title—with its ancient church, one of the oldest and largest in the county, near which Edward Stillingfleet, the famous Bishop of Worcester, was born; and its picturesque Manor House, belonging to the

Marquis of Salisbury, with interesting historical memorials of kings and queens who used it as a hunting lodge when visiting the Chase.

A few miles further afield is the market town of Wimborne, or Wimborne Minster, with its exquisite and venerable collegiate church, where lie the remains of royal and noble personages.

But dearer than all was the "great house" which was now his home, with its treasures of art and literature, and its sumptuous and pleasant apartments. And dear, too, was the little village just outside the gates, where dwelt the simple country folk, in whose society, even as a boy, he found gratification.

Throughout his life Lord Shaftesbury had never the least hesitation in tracing the time when his spiritual history had a beginning. He unhesitatingly affirmed that it was when he was seven years of age under the influence of his nurse Maria Millis.

In like manner he used to say that he could remember the day and the hour in which he made his first start in a philanthropic career.

It was while he was at Harrow, and when he was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, that an incident occurred which, simple as it was in itself, influenced his whole after-life. He was one day walking alone down Harrow Hill when he was startled by hearing a great shouting and yelling in a side street, and the singing of a low Bacchanalian song. Presently the noisy party turned the corner of the street, and to his horror he saw that four or five drunken men were

carrying a roughly made coffin, containing the mortal remains of one of their fellows, for burial. Staggering as they turned the corner, they let their burden fall, and then they broke out into foul and horrible language. It was a sickening spectacle. No solitary soul was there as a mourner. A fellow-creature was about to be consigned to the tomb with indignities to which not even a dog should be subjected. Young Ashley was horrified, and stood gazing on the scene spell-bound. Then he exclaimed, "Good heavens! can this be permitted, simply because the man was poor and friendless!"

Before the sound of the drunken songs had died away in the distance he had faced the future of his life, and had determined that, with the help of God, he would from that time forth devote his life to pleading the cause of the poor and friendless.

It is a curious circumstance, that nearly seventy years after that day, Lord Shaftesbury was walking down Harrow Hill with Dr. Butler, the son of his old master, at that time the head master of Harrow School, and subsequently Dean of Gloucester.

"Can your Lordship remember any particular incident or occasion which induced you to dedicate your life, as you have done, to the cause of the poor and wretched?" asked Dr. Butler, in total ignorance of the circumstances of the case.

"It is a most extraordinary coincidence that you should ask me that question here," answered Lord Shaftesbury, "for it was within ten yards of the spot where we are now standing that I first resolved to make

the cause of the poor my own," and he then told him the above recorded incident.

In the beautiful park at Holwood, a few miles from Bromley, in Kent, there is a solid stone seat beside an old tree, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston. It was on that spot that Wilberforce stood in earnest conversation with Pitt, and determined, on the recommendation of his friend, to give notice on a fit occasion in the House of Commons, of his intention to bring forward the question of the Abolition of Slavery.

It would be well that some day there should be erected on Harrow Hill a suitable monument—perhaps a similar one—to mark the spot where the freedom of countless thousands of poor factory children, chimney sweeps, agricultural labourers, and others, had its origin.

But the work of life had not yet commenced—he was still a mere boy, with a great many floating impressions, and only a few determinations. It is no uncommon thing for earnest people to paint their own demerits in exceedingly dark colours, and in looking back across the many years of his life to this period, and on to the time when he took up the factory question, Lord Shaftesbury was wont to charge himself with "the besetting sin of idleness."

"Many excellent persons," says Lord Macaulay, "whose moral character from boyhood to old age has been free from any stain discernible to their fellow-creatures, have, in their autobiographies and diaries,

applied to themselves, and doubtless with sincerity, epithets as severe as could be applied to Titus Oates or Mrs. Brownrigg." *

It is not difficult to understand why it was that Lord Ashley was wont to charge himself with the sin of idleness, and bemoan, what he sometimes calls by a pardonable exaggeration, his misspent time. When once he was launched out into the full stream of labour, and was carried away with it so that he had to economise every moment of every day, he begrudged the years which he might, as he thought, have given to the help of his fellow-creatures.

But those years were not really idle; he was laying in a store of knowledge on which he could hereafter draw; he was drinking in influences which were to mould and discipline his future; and his character was forming, not by violent and abnormal means, but by the gradual, steady development which culminates in true and abiding strength.

A fragment written by Lord Shaftesbury towards the close of his life, and given to the writer merely as a memorandum, is partly an epitome of what has been already told :†—

Born 28th April, 1801, at 24, Grosvenor Square. Very little or no recollection of my earliest years. Remember that I soon passed under the special care of the housekeeper, who had been my mother's maid before her marriage. She was an affectionate, pious woman. She taught me many things, directing my thoughts to

* Macaulay's "Biographies." (John Bunyan.)

† This fragment Lord Shaftesbury took with him to Folkestone just before his last illness, intending to amplify the account of his early years.

highest subjects, and I can even now call to my mind many sentences of prayer she made me repeat at her knees. To her I trace, under God, my first impressions.

I and my sisters—all three of them older than myself—were brought up with great severity; moral and physical, in respect both of mind and body, the opinion of our parents being that, to render a child obedient, it should be in a constant fear of its father and mother.

At seven went to school — a very large one at Chiswick. Nothing could have surpassed it for filth, bullying, neglect, and hard treatment of every sort; nor had it in any respect any one compensating advantage, except, perhaps, it may have given me an early horror of oppression and cruelty. It was very similar to Dotheboys Hall.

Remained for five years, and then sent to Harrow and became the pupil and lived, with others, in the house of Dr. Butler, the Head Master of the school. Things were there on a very different footing compared with Chiswick.

Left Harrow soon after fifteen years of age. Had reached the Sixth Form and had learned very little. But that was my own fault. Though I obtained some prizes, I was, on the whole, idle and fond of amusements, and I neglected most opportunities of acquiring knowledge.

At about sixteen I went to reside with a clergyman in Derbyshire who had married my first cousin. I was sent there, in fact, to be got out of the way, for the clergyman never professed that he was able to teach me anything, nor, indeed, did my father require of him any such services. I had a horse, and there were dogs belonging to the house that constituted my great amusement; and a family in the neighbourhood showed me abundant hospitality.

I remained there about two years, and perhaps no two years were ever so misspent. I hardly ever opened a book, and seldom heard anything that was worth hearing; nevertheless, there were constantly floating in my mind all sorts of aspirations, though I never took a step to make their fulfilment possible.

My father had resolved to put me in the army, but he was dissuaded from that purpose by the influence, I believe, of a friend, of whose kind act I shall always think with the deepest gratitude.

My father then resolved to place me at Christ Church, Oxford, to which place he took me in 1819. The Rev. T. V. Short,

afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, was appointed to be my tutor: a kind man and a worthy, and a good one taken altogether. I remember well his first question, 'Do you intend to take a degree?' This was a strong demand upon one who had lost so many years in idleness and amusements, yet I answered at once, 'I cannot say, but I will try.'

He did try, and the result was that in 1822 he took a first class in classics. Referring to this in after-life, he said, modestly, "I have had a great many surprises in my life, but I do not think I was ever more surprised than when I took honours at Oxford." It was not a matter of surprise, however, to others, for he had entered upon his studies with the determination to succeed, and had worked with the vigour and concentration which characterised him in many other efforts in which he was similarly resolved.

A year or two before his death he met, on the platform of the Victoria Institute, Bishop Short, of Adelaide, who had not seen him since they were students together sixty years before. There were cordial greetings, and in his speech the Bishop referred to their college days. "I well remember," he said, "watching Lord Ashley day after day walking up the great hall of that ancient house on his way to lecture, assiduous in his duties, diligent in his studies; and I remember thinking, 'If that is a specimen of the English aristocracy, we have in the House of Lords an institution which has no rival throughout the world.'"

What were the thoughts and hopes and purposes, the plans and aspirations of Lord Ashley in this critical

period between his college days and his entry upon his political career, have been told, as no one else could tell them, by himself in a Journal of what he terms "fugitive and desultory notes," from which we make the following extracts :—

Aug. 13th, 1825.—First Discourse of Chalmers in Tron Church. (The power of man's reason and the bounty of God in the advance of his knowledge will be manifested even in this world towards end of existence. Monarchy is the great principle in physics; close relation of physics to morality. Solar system typical of government on earth. Argue that the circle or elliptic form is the most complete (being the most celestial figure). Form of bodies, course of bodies, &c., all round infer that morals will follow physics. Mankind began with monarchy and simplicity. It will return to the point from whence it started by a different route, which in morals is equivalent to a circle. Monarchy is the most perfect form, and will prevail again when man, as the planets, can perform his functions as simply and as truly.)

Aug. 24th. — Finished Chalmers; 'Bravo of Venice;' 'The Monk;' 'Lindley Murray's Grammar.' He seems in everything inclined to destroy peculiarities of English idiom.

Aug. 25th. —Versified half of the 27th Psalm.

Aug. 31st. — Read a French novel, 'Baron de Felsheim.' Walter Scott has taken his *Caleb* from the *Brandt* of that book. I remember observing when I read Fenelon's 'Existence de Dieu' that he could claim the original conception of the trope used by Canning, 'The sea which divides other nations,' &c., &c., &c.

Sept. 8th.—London. Talked about Woodstock with Forster.

To end of September at Stapleton and Chatsworth; no thinking or reading.

Oct. 8th.—Ossington. Macgregor comes from μακρηγορεῖν, from some rascally bore who talked at great length.

Oct. 10th, Sunday.—Feelings of a warm and generous nature may be oftentimes wounded on earth; nay, they may appear a curse, but they are not so; these sentiments shall be purified in Heaven; Divine intensity shall be added to their virtue, and their Lord shall

be God. God possessing all happiness Himself, has shown by His creation that it consists in the communication of happiness to others.

Oct. 12th.—It may be argued, that even by moral institutions, giving is more noble than lending. To be sure one reasons upon the vices of one's nature, but regard the effects of each: lend to a friend and you lose both friend and money; is it so when you give? Sometimes (for one benefited is occasionally humiliated), but not so frequently.

Oct. 13th.—I have a great mind to found a policy upon the Bible; in public life observing the strictest justice, and not only cold justice, but active benevolence. That is good towards individuals: is it so towards nations? It is certainly less practicable. Generosity in private affairs is strength to the giver with little hazard; in empires it confers the discreditable charge of imprudence with great danger, through the increased force of the rival nation, and no gratitude. But justice—raw justice—is the *Shekinah* of governments.

Oct. 14th.—People talk of being misunderstood, not known, little valued, or rewarded according to their merits. Is not God in every one of the cases a greater sufferer, if one may say so? He is absolutely forgotten. This has endured since the creation; nay, even in His own family, the Jews, He was as nothing. Can we not hold up, then, for the short space of some forty years?

Nov. 30th.—Stream of time, like waters of a loamy river, unceasingly depositing, acquiring, and confusing its alluvial soils, whose natures must be inspected in their progress before the particles are indiscoverably lost, or present, through amalgamation, an impossible analysis to the examiner.

Dec. 1st.—Public opinion is like the power of steam: it has always existed, has always in some measure acted, although unknown to those influenced by its force. The greatest despots have bowed to popular superstition, which, however mistaken, is, for the time, universal sentiment. Its exertions are irresistible, and its consequences lasting. The discovery of the tremendous physical engine and the widened and established influence of public opinion, are twin children from the union of nature and modern morals. We can as yet but just imagine the effects upon the material and intellectual possessions of mankind.

1826, April 5th.—People talk of the divine right of kings. No

man has a divine right to anything except salvation, and that he may lose by his own negligence.

At the age of twenty-five Lord Ashley did what at that time was considered proper for a young man to do who had finished his college course, obtained a good degree, and, as eldest son of a peer, was possessed of influence and position—he entered Parliament.

On the day he attained his twenty-fifth year he wrote in his Diary :—

1826, 28th April.—My birthday, and now I am twenty-five years old—a great age for one who is neither wise, nor good, nor useful, nor endowed with capability of becoming so. People would answer me, 'Why, you have not lost your time, you have always been engaged;' quite true, but always upon trifles; indeed, since my quitting Oxford, a space now of three years, I have absolutely done harm to my intellects, by false reasoning which, however rare it may have been, is the only exercise which has disturbed my mental indolence. What might have been performed in three years? but not a study commenced, not an object pursued; not a good deed done, not a good thought generated: for my thoughts are too unsteady for the honour of that title. Visions without end, but, God be praised, all of a noble character. I fancy myself in wealth and power, exerting my influence for the ends that I sought it for, for the increase of religion and true happiness. No man had ever more ambition, and probably my seeming earnestness for great and good purposes was merely a proof of hotter ambition and deeper self-deception than exists in others. That I am not completely in despair must come from God who knows, '*quæ sint, quæ fuerint, quæ mox ventura trahantur*,' and who, if He wanted me, or knew that I could be useful, would doubtless call me forward. All that I can remark then is, that I will entreat Him to raise up for Old Britain young and aged saints and sinners, high and low, rich and poor, who may act as well for her interests as I always fancied I wished to do; but as I said before, that was likely to be a self-error. Nor did I leave the world out of my calculations. England was to have been the

fountain, and our globe the soil to have been watered by her; may she do it yet, though I fear, unless God administer the healing branch, the stream will be very corrupt! But He has perhaps other nations in view for the honour of vicegerency; let us hope 'not;' nay, I may say, 'let us try not:' for His blessings are still here, and as God is never capricious, He will not remove them without a cause. But, happen what may between now and the fulfilment of all things, He will eventually restore happiness to the world, and may He do it by the services of our country! Latterly I have taken to hard study. It amuses me and prevents mischief. Occasionally the question '*cui bono*' sours my spirit of application; but generally speaking, I have stilled the passions. An attachment during my residence at Vienna commenced a course of self-knowledge for me. Man never has loved more furiously or more imprudently. The object was, and is, an angel, but she was surrounded by, and would have brought with her, a halo of hell.

On the 11th June, 1826, the excitement among the electors of Woodstock—the pocket borough of the House of Marlborough—ran high. The candidates were the Marquis of Blandford, Lord Ashley, Mr. J. H. Langstane, and Mr. R. McWilliam. Lord Ashley put up for Woodstock for family reasons, and to restore the family interests. He was the grandson of the old Duke of Marlborough, and was put forward with Lord Blandford, the son of the existing Duke.

John Bull, in reporting the state of the poll on that date, after commenting on the excitement in the borough, owing to the "nearly equal strength and high respectability of the candidates," said, "The several candidates addressed the crowd, and the speech of Lord Ashley was distinguished by eloquence and sound judgment, and breathed a spirit of regard for our glorious

Constitution which should animate the hearts of all electors and elected at this crisis, when the demon of Popery is struggling to raise its accursed head."

The election resulted in the triumphant return of Lord Ashley. Before entering upon his new duties he spent some time in France.

27th Sept.—14th Oct.—Paris. Until France be as England, willing and able to judge for herself without the guidance of the Capital, I fear there is no hope of real improvement and steadied feeling. It should be the policy of every minister to untie these bonds of prejudice, and to teach the Provinces that there is an abstract 'good' which they of themselves can know, and ought of themselves to follow. I become too much of a patriot by living in France; it raises in me a feverishness of would-be superiority in all the most important things, as well as in the meanest trifles that can make up life.

Nov. 16th.—England. Took the oaths of Parliament with great good-will; a slight prayer for assistance in my thoughts and deeds.

When he entered Parliament his future had assumed no definite shape. One thing, however, seemed to be clear to him, which was that, although he had joined the Conservatives—then led by Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning—and was prepared as far as possible to support the King's Government, he would not be the servile follower of a party. Thus we find him in 1828 voting with the Ministers against the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and in 1829 voting with them again for the Removal of Roman Catholic Disabilities. At the same time he held an attitude of independence, and from the first the support he gave to the Government was general, not constant. One of

his earliest speeches was delivered in connection with the proposed provision for Canning's family, which he cordially supported, although he was careful to put it on record that he did so on private grounds.

Nov. 25th.—Corn is God's coin; He is the King who has named its worth, whose image it bears, who has given it as the money for His creatures to regulate everlastingly the standard of human interchange.

Dec. 12th.—Canning's speech—the finest historical recollection of my life. Except the loftier flights of the Bible I have never heard nor read such rousing eloquence, such sentiments, such language, such a moment; they almost maddened me with delight and enthusiasm—could not sleep for agitation—feverishly and indistinctly recollecting what I had heard. 13th.—Wrote to Mrs. C., and received a most amiable answer.

Lord Ashley's letter to Mrs. Canning is not forthcoming, but the tenor of it may be gathered from her reply:—

Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Canning to Lord Ashley.

DOWNING STREET, *Wednesday*, Dec. 13*th*, 1826.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—Next to the speech of last night your note is the most eloquent and beautiful effusion of feeling I ever met with. It confirms my opinion of you and of the merits of the speech itself, which I felt so strongly was calculated to be fully appreciated by a mind like yours, that the first question I asked was whether Lord Ashley was in the House during the last speech.

The true test of the real merits of such a speech is the effect which it produces upon a strong, highly cultivated, classical and youthful mind. Your testimony is, therefore, doubly gratifying—as a friend and as a judge. Perhaps the most satisfactory proof that I can give you that the expression of such warm and kind feelings is not thrown away upon ungrateful or uncongenial minds, is, that on reading your note both Mr. C. and myself found our eyes in that

state of overflow which you describe your own to have nearly been on hearing the speech. I long to see you and talk it over with you.

Ever yours most sincerely,

J. CANNING.

When Lord Ashley was a boy at Harrow, he, in common with every thoughtful boy in the land, had shared the enthusiasm with which the brilliant exploits of the great Duke of Wellington were greeted. The daring deeds, the grandeur and simplicity of the man who wrought them; the perils to the country that were averted; the "special Providences," as it seemed, that gave victory to our arms; these, and other things, combined to make him the hero of heroes in the eyes of young Ashley. To him the Iron Duke became the Ideal Man. His bravery and gentleness, his honesty and consistency, his career as a man, a soldier, and a statesman, all were admired.

The impressions thus formed in boyhood were by no means lessened when he came to years of manhood.

How it came about there is no record to show, but there sprang up between the veteran soldier and the young member of Parliament a strong personal friendship, which grew as the years went on. Among the many letters from the Duke of Wellington found among Lord Shaftesbury's papers, there is one, in which the date of the year is not given, written in a cold and formal way: "The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Lord Ashley and hopes he will call at Apsley House to-morrow at eleven."

Whether in the interview that ensued, the friendship began, cannot now be stated, but the following letter shows that as early as 1826 all coldness and formality had passed:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, *October* 20th, 1826.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—Will you come and pass a few days at S. Saye on the 8th of November? I hope you will meet some of your friends.

Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

After this date we find Lord Ashley frequently at Strathfieldsaye, and the recollections of those pleasant visits were fresh and green in his memory to the end of his days.

Jan. 22nd, 1827.—How we change! Now I think Canning's speech a little imprudent.

Feb. 14th.—In House of Commons. I am too bilious for public life. What I suffer from the brazen faces and low insults of that Radical party! I am not fit for their accursed effrontery, which sneers at every sentiment of a gentleman, and is backed by the applause of those who pretend to education!

Hume's conduct to-night was over-disgusting, and so was that of his civilised friends. I should have stormed in madness had it been against myself. I am not fit for the House of Commons.

Feb. 17th.—Ill and worn by this Ilchester Election Committee—displeased with Fazakezley; I don't like being so, but he talks too indifferently about Brogden's behaviour. Angry with Wortley also; however, my feelings are always over-strong. Sorry that Sharpe is petitioned against, and I on the Committee; he is a good-natured, kind-hearted, and well-informed creature, but it can't be helped. Got quieter in my political feelings. Lord Liverpool taken dangerously ill—poor man! beloved, trusted, and looked up to by every mind in England! What has he not done for the character of the

Church? God's ways are not our ways—may He give us another like unto him! Denison disappoints me; neither sound Ministerial nor true Whig, he rather cants for reputation. If Canning be present, he is for Canning; if not, he seems for Abercromby. Perhaps I am still weaker, but as yet I have not found it out, lynx-eyed to another's faults!

Feb. 22nd.—Voted for old Sharpe to be M.P. for Ilchester. He and his colleague against me in politics, but I gave them the benefit of my doubts, according to custom of Parliament. Had I, or had I not, any feeling of kindness towards old Conversation?* I do business well and am attentive. Put on Northampton Committee and Emigration ditto. What am I fit for? I want nothing but usefulness to God and my country.

Feb. 25th.—I am certainly more for the Catholics than I was before, but wholly as a matter of policy, because it does not seem that danger any longer exists. This is the result of private reason, uninfluenced by speeches or conversation; but as so little turns upon me I must and may conceal it; my father otherwise would go mad. I am inclined to believe that, were this Bill carried, every man who has upheld its principle would prove an Argus of jealousy towards those he had befriended; the warmest supporters would be the keenest spies.

4th March, Sunday.—We have no atheism now like heathen atheism, because a large proportion of mankind, being agreed as to the nature of God, and being likewise within the pale of some Christian belief, persons of a speculative tendency have a point of attack; they cannot, as in olden time, form each his own particular notion of a deity; it would be contrary to the united sense of the civilised world, and would gain them no attention whatever; they take then the ground of our creeds and work alike upon the liveliest passions and interests of mankind; they have one great leading principle to overthrow, while formerly they had to build up schemes and hypotheses in rivalry.

April 1st.—We finished our Arigna Report; the parties, I think, deserve more, but, however, it is well. Lady Carlisle wrote me word the other day that Brougham had been loud in my praises; he has since set Warburton and John Smith to work, I think, upon

* Mr. Sharpe was called "Conversation" Sharpe.

my vanity, and make me thereby a member of his 'Useful Knowledge Club.' Now I cannot feel indifferent to the encomiums of a man like Brougham, but in bottoming this question I must consider whether they be real or merely calculated to beguile a young man whose vote, or name, is far better than his talents. He is afraid of my adopting illiberal principles, at least he says so. I have often sneered at Normanby because he fell into the power of these Whig Syrens, who had charmed his ears with smooth and specious flattery. But long before I knew that Brougham was even informed of my existence, I had ceased to confine my views within the narrow circle of hand-to-mouth politics. As for praises, they make me unhappy; the time will come, and that right soon, when I shall be found not only wanting, but contemptible in abilities. I should be far happier if I were indifferent to knowledge; the pursuit of it has engrossed my whole mind and attention, and much have I thrown away of calm ease and unruffled contentedness to arrive at that which, after a long chase, I find to be more distant from me than it is from others who are mere dabblers or beginners. Would to heaven I could quit public life and sink down into an ambition proportionate to my capacity! But I am cursed with honourable desires (they are so) and by predestined failure. This keeps spurring me on to desperation. What a happy fate to lose all hope, all aspiring sentiment, all nobleness of thought, all daring of mind, all wish for greater things! I had rather be creeping and contented than aspiring and inefficient. It is a curse of tantalisation; *vide* all my thoughts throughout this book.

April 8th, Sunday.—Locke has been greatly extolled for his simile of a child's mind to a sheet of paper; it is not original; *vide* Hooker's 'Eccl. Pol.,' Lib. I., sec. 6. 'The soul of man is like a book,' &c., &c.

April 14th.—What a job in all these resignations! The whole run of Radicals, Whigs, and Canning's Party, is at the Duke of Wellington. Will this political intrigue triumph?

April 15th, Sunday.—Found on my table two handsomely bound books from some amiable 'unknown'—'Captain Head,' and the 'Subaltern,' with a note saying that I should have 'Father Clement' if it could be found of a suitable size. From whom can they have come? I remember having declared somewhere that these three books were the three prettiest works of the last

twenty years. Nothing pleases me so much as a kind attention of this sort.

April 16th.—It is Lady Bathurst. Good, kind soul!

April 17th.—I care for Peel and Wellington, were they again in the Cabinet I should be satisfied. What will become of the army? But what of the navy, with that Bedlamite Duke of Clarence at the head, and Canning to dispose of Church Preferment! We shall see. I have decided in my own heart that no one should be Prime Minister of this great country, unless deeply imbued with religion; a spirit which will reflect and weigh all propositions, examine each duty, and decide upon the highest; be content to do good in secret, and hold display as a bauble compared with the true interests of God and the kingdom; have energy to withstand political jobbing, and refuse what is holy as a sacrifice to faction. He must calculate advantages to arise in a century, and not shows to glitter at the moment; he must appoint that which is best, and not that which is most capable of appearing so. He must leaven every deed with the feeling of religion. All things must be done to edifying, and if he do not call in Scripture and holy aid to assist him in the discharge of each office, be it important or be it trifling, he must do it in that frame of mind and heart which is caused by long and genuine delight in the lessons derived from the truths of wisdom and Christianity. Now Canning will do none of this, and, therefore, I dread his elevation. The Catholic affair is secondary; we might live under that.

Saw Jephson, doctor, of Leamington. He assured me he had never met a person with a more deranged system. Knew by my symptoms that my brain must be sadly loaded; enough to bring on any excess of bad spirits. I have suffered dreadfully for many years with headaches, low spirits, and most wearisome sensations, attended by great weakness of limbs. Perhaps I shall improve henceforward.

April 18th.—Increasing in anger about the conduct of Canning's Party towards Duke of Wellington. Entertained yesterday strong opinion that I ought not to give up public business, or rather the endeavour to qualify myself for it. The State may want me, wretched ass as I am!

Poor as Lord Ashley's opinion was of himself, there is abundant evidence on every hand that no one else

entertained a similar opinion of him. It was curious that he should have closed his entry on that page of the diary with the words: "The State may want me," for the next entry shows that his services were required in the government of the country.

This was a perilous time in the inner life of Lord Ashley. The habit was growing upon him, and, as a matter of fact, had already taken such a hold that he never completely freed himself from it—of analysing his own motives, principles, and actions; of indulging in morbid self-depreciation, and of cherishing a nervous dread of failure. This was mischievous in itself, and mischievous inasmuch as "happy occasions oft by self-distrust were forfeited."

Many circumstances were combining, however, to check the growth of the habit, and to show to him that there were wide spheres of usefulness lying open to him.

On the 16th February, the premier—the Earl of Liverpool—had been stricken with a terrible illness, and, though he lingered nearly two years, he never regained his full consciousness. On the 12th April, Mr. Canning was appointed his successor, and a place was offered to Lord Ashley in the Administration.

His father held at that time, and retained until just before his death, the office of Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords.

Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Canning to Lord Ashley.

DOWNING STREET, *April 18th*, 1827.

DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—The newspapers are full of your father's resignation, of which, however, Mr. Canning has not heard any-

thing in any other way. Whether the report be true or not, it makes no difference in Mr. Canning's feelings towards you, but if true, it would prevent him from making a direct offer to you, at the risk of a direct refusal.

He has, therefore, desired me to ascertain, before he proceeds to his arrangements, whether a seat at one of the Boards would be agreeable to you?

Yours very sincerely,

J. CANNING.

Lord Ashley to Mrs. Canning.

Wednesday Evening, April 18th, 1827.

MY DEAR MRS. CANNING,—My father has certainly not, as yet, resigned; nor, even supposing him to have such an intention, could he do it before the meeting of Parliament, because the office is held of the House of Lords.

That Mr. Canning should think that I could either assist or grace his Administration is, indeed, a very high compliment. Pray thank him warmly for this mark of kindness and esteem, and although I decline the acceptance of his flattering offer, do not believe yourself, and do not let him believe, that I have any feelings of ill-will or opposition. You know how sincerely I admire his policy in the late affairs upon the Continent, and I should have great satisfaction in supporting, with my best endeavours, so enlarged and so national a system.

But there is a concurrence of circumstances which will not allow me to embrace his friendly proposal; and, indeed, I feel so unqualified that I almost rejoice in the difficulty. I must again entreat you to thank him for this recollection of me, to assure him how ardently I hope that, whatever he shall undertake, may prove as beneficial as his foreign scheme to the interests and honour of our country.

I am, dear Mrs. Canning,

Yours very truly,

ASHLEY.

April 18th (*Diary continued*).—Found on my return—after writing foregoing—a note from Mrs. Canning to make me, in Mr. Canning's

name, the offer of a place. It was delicately done. I declined in a letter as civil and as grateful as I could compose. My own mind reasoned thus: 1st. Catholic question has nothing to do with it. I should have just the same feelings were it already carried. Political opinions neither, for I agree with Canning in nine-tenths of his system. I distrust him somewhat. I think him dangerous at the head of Government, injudicious, hasty, loving show more than substance, aspiring, anxious to keep his situation, and yet so weak that he will not be able to do so unless he gratify the powerful by jobs and improprieties; fiery and domineering, with flippancy in foreign matters, he must place us oftentimes in ticklish circumstances. 2nd. With all these dangers, Peel and the D. of W. have retired from the Cabinet—men who might have checked his extravagance—and as they are those with whom I feel and think, an immediate acceptance of office would have seemed a declaration of contrary sentiments. 3rd. Canning is a friend, and so is the D. of W., there has been a personal dispute between them, and, if I went into place, I should apparently espouse the part of Canning, and I am entirely in favour of the Duke. 4th. I have here and there made known my sentiments, and it would be inconsistent to declaim against him and receive his largesses. Now, time may effect alterations. I may gain more confidence in Canning, there may be a reconciliation and a general amnesty. I am pledged to nothing. This violent language of the papers, if not authorised by Canning, remains unchecked by him, and I, a supporter of the Duke, hold him responsible. But with me the D. is the chief consideration. As an underling in office, I can labour for the country prospectively only; were I a great man, the granting or withholding of my personal services might be duly weighed, but a place now would be simply a school of education for future services. It is a great loss to me, but I have done rightly. We must not always sneer at inferior persons having high notions. I do not pretend to any merit whatever, nor can my name or services be considered as of a moment's value; but every one must have a principle of conduct, and my thoughts have run in this line. I have no regrets except that of having given way to my feelings in speaking with censure against Canning. Silence would have been better. I shall keep all secret, and by no means take credit for my magnanimity. Many, I know, would sneer at him because,

unimportant as I am in reality, I stood peculiar, owing to my father's opinions. My refusal, if known, might annoy him, and the great must not be humiliated by the dignity of whipper-snappers like myself.

April 19th.—Leamington. Saw Jephson. How one improves by fancy even! I am better for having spoken to him. Sorry to have said so openly things against Canning; but, however, it was in defence of Dukey. I have towards him a patriotic gratitude, as well as private respect.

April 22nd, Sunday.—Time was when I could not sleep for ambition. I thought of nothing but fame and immortality. I could not bear the idea of dying and being forgotten. But now I am much changed. Immortality has ceased to be a longing with me. I desire to be useful in my generation, and die in the knowledge of having advanced happiness by having advanced true religion. Massillon's 'Petit Carême' is the best book for a young sovereign—it is truth so adorned by eloquence as to seem inspired.

The hostility shown to the new premier, Mr. Canning, was marked in a very decided manner. No sooner was his appointment made known, than the Lord Chancellor (Eldon), the Duke of Wellington, Earl Bathurst, the Earl of Westmoreland, Viscount Melville, Lord Bexley, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Peel, and others, resigned. For support Mr. Canning had to turn to the Whigs, some of whom took office with him; and others, including Mr. Brougham and Sir Francis Burdett, promised their co-operation.

April 23rd.—The state of affairs distresses me. The Whigs will come down on a divided party, and we shall be lost.

April 24th.—True enough. The Philistines are to join the Cabinet—is it possible that the Whigs can turn round and uphold the measures which, in this very session, I have heard them denounce as flagitious? Can they have agreed to lay aside all their principles of reform, of Catholic emancipation, of civil and religious liberty, and solely for place? Oh, honesty, honesty, thou art indeed but a

name, if those who have so long worshipped thee be now degraded, if those who have so long scorned thee be now exalted! I am almost sorry not to have accepted office: I might have had the satisfaction of giving it up in honourable disgust.

April 25th.—At Guy's Cliff. Surely there is a natural feeling to be buried with one's fathers; yet yesterday I heard it termed contrary to the decrees of Providence. It is one of those things that Providence cannot care about, unless by so doing we show a kind of idolatry towards the deceased. How I revolt at anything like religious sentiment merely to catch admiration! It may be felt, but the display infuses an alloy. Yesterday a man took the opportunity of my presence to teach his child points of religious instruction, &c. He sought my applause, I could perceive. No doubt he means well towards the child, but the pretension displeased me.

April 26th.—So at Brooks's the language is, 'Get in, no matter how.' Are these principles to succeed? If morality be real, certainly not.

April 28th.—My birthday again; and God be praised that I have arrived at it without any intolerable calamity of mind or body. It has been a year of study and exertion, but I have neither learnt nor done anything. Yet look at the history of all men who have obtained a degree of efficiency. They began much earlier to signalise their merits. Cicero opened his Pleadings at twenty-six, my age, (yet *quantum distat*); Scipio was consul at twenty-four; Pitt prime minister at twenty-three. All the men at the present day started while still of supple years. Peel, Canning, Robinson, were all younger than I am now, who have not done one thing, nor acquired the power of doing one thing, which might be serviceable to my country or an honour to myself. And yet I cannot keep down an aspiring sentiment—a sentiment which, God knows, aims at all virtue, and through that, aiming at all greatness. I cannot understand why my time is less profitably employed than the time of others. I read, think, make every endeavour, but no good result comes of it, and this year has found me as unprepared as the last, and the next year will find me no better than this has done. To be sure my weak stomach has a sad effect upon the head, but this is not all, I must confess painful deficiency, and in humbleness make the best of it.

May 3rd.—Duke spoke last night. Whatever is open, manly, and noble in simplicity, shone forth in the speech. Truth and honour

were never more conspicuous, and while the great hero was defending himself in the full assembly of the British Peers, a halo of glory and merit seemed to enwrap his whole form and visage. God be thanked, I had rather have heard him thus successful than have made a thousand eloquent harangues to my own renown. How happy I am that in feeling thus towards him I refused office!

An uncommon show of violence in House of Commons last night. Peel spoke out about the Coalition, and I agree with him. Every one looked upon these symptoms as prelude of good party fun. I cannot understand how the Whigs have founded the principles of Coalition; but they have a justification, and so it ever is. Interest is far more eloquent and plausible than reason. They will end by turning out Canning, and I shall rejoice in his downfall, because I hear each day worse instances of his low political intrigue and treachery to the Duke of Wellington. I deprecate this fierceness of party, but shall not shrink from the struggle. It will be the cause of quarrel with all my friends, but I cannot help that.

May 20th, Sunday.—Dined yesterday and met Peel. He told me every syllable relating to Canning's intrigues. I had met him before at his town house, where our talk was confidential. Read Canning's letter to the D. of W.; a mixture of apology and accusation, alternately fierceness and truckling, which do no honour to his principles. I like Peel. I love honesty and truth. I hear that he and Dukey speak most highly of me. I never shall want more than the praises of true gentlemen.

Heathen morality did not enjoin great respect to the mother. She was merely the ἄρουρα, or soil of production, *vide* Eccles., chap. iii., and 4th Comm., for difference between views of God and man.

May 27th.—They seem desirous to humiliate the D. of W. as much as they can, but no man is humiliated except by himself. Will God suffer this lying and deceit to prosper? Why am I so weak and useless? Why cannot I utter one word of eloquence or manliness?

July 19th.—What a gap in one's notes. I am at Strathfieldsaye. Duke gone to Windsor by special message of the King, brought yesterday by Lord Maryborough. Have forgotten all my thoughts, but have had a great many of them.

July 20th.—It is a great study to be in the society of this wonderful man. He seems to be thoroughly ignorant of his greatness,

and has all the simplicity of a good-natured man who has done nothing but the mere routine duty of common life. How grateful I feel to God who guided my judgment when decision was necessary!

July 27th.—It is very odd. I have become a poet, and write verses just good enough to show that I might have been a better rhymer were my latent genius more cultivated.

August 7th.—St. Giles's. Canning is fearfully ill. Now all my compassion is roused. I feel keenly for him.

Lord Ashley's brother was about to enter the army, and was in need of advice before proceeding to Gibraltar to spend some time in study. Lord Ashley, always a believer in getting information from the fountain-head, wrote to the Duke of Wellington on the subject, and received the following characteristic reply:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, *August 8th*, 1827.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—It is very difficult to answer your question respecting the best military work for your brother to study.

The answer would depend very much upon the previous education, habits, and disposition of the reader.

Does he know anything of his profession? If not, let him study Dundas, and Torrens' alterations of Dundas' 'Rules and Regulations.' There is a work upon the French Regulations by Macdonell or Macdonald, explaining the reasons of each, which is a very useful one; and the perusal of it might accustom the reader to consider of our own, with a view to discover the reason for them.

In the first volume of the 'Life of King James II.,' by himself, there are some admirable accounts of skirmishes, &c., which convey the truest notions of the reality that I have seen yet.

The Histories of the Sieges of Gibraltar would be very interesting to anybody on the spot, as he might examine the place to which every story related. If he has not forgotten his Latin, let him never be without a Cæsar.

I think I have given you enough for the present.
Mr. Canning died this morning at four o'clock.

Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

August 9th.—Canning died yesterday morning at four o'clock. I am really quite agitated, and can be alive to nothing but pity and almost horror. We can lament his fate in charity. He has died before anything has been done which we might regard as injurious to the country, and should execrate, therefore, as the work of a selfish, ambitious statesman. But such a lesson was never submitted to the study of politicians. He had aspired exceedingly to the first post of honour; he gained it after years of toil—God alone knows thoroughly how. But the possession was short, as pitiful, in its duration. For three months he lay on a burning rack, and then died almost without having exercised one nerve of his power. I do feel true compassion, and pray sincerely God rest his soul.

Offered a slight prayer for His support in case of trial—convinced that unless religion be our guide, religion our beginning, religion our end, there is neither happiness in power, nor utility in its influence.

Aug. 11th.—Arrived in town yesterday. Felt sure that Peel would be Minister, but found that poor creature, Lord Goderich, at the head of affairs. How the Whigs will bully and cajole! If they could manage Canning and all his sharpness, what will they do with Goderich's whimpering docility? The King is evidently averse to any trouble, and took this step as giving him the least. There is defeat in store for them yet.

Aug. 12th, Sunday.—Learning, Arts, and Sciences, are but a third part of civilisation. The Egyptians surpassed the world in all three, but were more beastly in their notions than the wildest savages.

Aug. 13th.—I have passed a pleasant time at Boyle Farm. It is great humbug to be prating about intellects, yet there is a pleasure in finding persons—and women especially—of cultivated minds and rational pursuits. Henrietta and Olivia are good girls—God bless them both, and shower down His choicest happiness. It is very odd—

I can stand a compliment without growing conceited. I have had a good many this year. Somehow or other I like them, and so does every one. They call me and William* the sublime and beautiful—very flattering!

Aug. 20th.—Cirencester. D. Commander-in-Chief. There was no other measure left for him. As I foresaw, the Whigs have, I think, begun their pranks, else how interpret their anxiety to have Lord Palmerston instead of Herries, and their frightening Robinson into it? This will soon break up. Yesterday (Sunday) read 'Watson's Apology;' very glad to have done it; think more highly of the book than of most; an everlasting composer for busy Deists and wounded faith.

Aug. 23rd.—Lost my pet terrier, Paste, by an inflammation in the head—almost ashamed to feel so touched—could cry outright. We may draw a moral lesson from everything. She was perfectly well five minutes before the attack, but died in twenty-four hours. Not three weeks ago I was fancying she might be my companion for some years. Whether a monarch dies or a puppy, there is almost the same uncertainty. Buried her in Lady Bathurst's garden, with an epitaph.

Leaving Lord Bathurst's, at Cirencester, Lord Ashley proceeded to Strathfieldsaye, in response to the following invitation from the Duke of Wellington:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

STRATHFIELDSAYE, *August 12th*, 1827.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I write one line to tell you that I am going to Bankes' to-morrow for the Blandford races, where I shall be happy to meet you. Lady Charlotte Greville and Lady Francis Leveson have promised to come here on the 30th of August, and I shall be very happy if you will come and meet them.

Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

Bring your gun if you should like to shoot.

* His brother.

The work of his life came slowly to Lord Ashley. It was characteristic of him to deal somewhat listlessly with any matter into which he could not throw his whole heart. Parliament had not yet presented to him a prospect which opened up the future; and he had not yet settled down into his place in life. Nevertheless, whenever he took up any subject which really interested him, he brought to bear on it the same indomitable resolution and dogged pertinacity that had marked his career at Oxford.

In September of this year his sister, Lady Charlotte, who had married Mr. Henry Lyster, invited him to spend some time with them at their place in Shropshire, Rowton Castle, close to the borders of North Wales. One day, while on this visit, he journeyed to Aberystwith, and there fell into the company of a genial companion, a Welsh clergyman. The conversation turned upon the Welsh language, and Lord Ashley determined then and there to study it. He took up his quarters in Aberystwith and began at once, and in a short time had sufficiently mastered it to enable him to read with some degree of fluency. Any one who knows anything of the Welsh language, its intricacies and permutations, will know that the task he set himself was no easy one; but he had determined to learn Welsh, and he learnt it!

The Welsh people never forget a compliment paid to them, and they never forgot the fact that young Lord Ashley had studied their language. He was ever afterwards their friend, and when, in 1851, he became President of the Bible Society, he rose still higher in

their estimation, for that Society is the object of Welsh adoration. Nor did their regard for him ever decline. Many years later he went on a visit to Carnarvon, where he was received with a wonderful ovation; deputations from all parts of Wales being sent to welcome him. Frequently in after life he took pleasure in referring to this early experience. On one occasion, when addressing the Christian Vernacular Education Society for India on the benefits of being able to hold intercourse with the people in their own language, he said—

> If people go among the Irish and the Welsh they will see how inherent the love is of the mother tongue. When I was about twenty-five years of age I went to stay in Wales for about two months. It became known that I was studying the Welsh language, and the people regarded me with positive reverence. They held a great gathering, and invited me to attend, and at that meeting I was, by common consent, promoted to the dignity of a Druid, and then immediately afterwards I was appointed a Bard. And at this present moment I have the great honour of being both a Bard and a Druid.

Soon after his visit to Wales a project was set on foot to establish a *Cambrian Quarterly*, the first number of which was to be published in January, 1829. The sympathy and assistance of Lord Ashley were enlisted in starting the enterprise, and a deputation of Welshmen waited upon him to request that he would write the prospectus for the new magazine. To this he readily assented, and, writing as a Welshman, delighted all the Principality by his efforts. It was written in haste, and with some bombast, but every line exhibited the enthusiasm of his regard for the people and the

land and the language. "Inhabiting a land which came a virgin to the arms of our ancestors, unmixed in our race, uncorrupted in our language, civilised, though not adulterated by foreign intercourse . . . . we can vie with every nation in examples of honour, courage, and dignified obedience." One of the main objects of the *Quarterly* was to embalm in its pages the ancient writings in prose and verse of the most learned veterans of the language, and thus "to save our name from oblivion, our antiquities from dust and the worm, our poets from night, our manuscripts from the flames, and our venerable tongue from contempt."

While Lord Ashley was in Wales he received the following letter from the Duke of Wellington:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

WOOTTON, *October 13th*, 1827.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I have observed that since I quitted the Government in April last I have been the *bête noire* of Mr. Canning, his friends, the existing Government, and their friends and adherents. At times I am deemed a *stupid fool;* and moreover, everything that is bad. At other times when the gentlemen find themselves in a scrape they discover that they have acted exactly as I advised they should act, and therefore that they must be right!!! This is the case at present. My opinion is that neither Parliament nor the public will be satisfied respecting that *unfortunate* affair, the Battle of Navarino* (as all now agree that it is), till they

*The Battle of Navarino was fought on the 20th Oct., 1827, between the French, English, and Russian fleets on the one side, and the Turco-Egyptian fleet on the other. The Turco-Egyptians were signally defeated, and eventually Ibrahim Pasha evacuated the Morea, and the battle decided the independence of Greece. At the time, however, there was a great conflict of opinion with regard to the whole affair, which was the proximate cause of the break up of the Goderich Administration.

will have examined all that preceded it and would have occasioned it. The share which the late Government, and, above all, I, had in these transactions, will then appear; and till then I will not say a word. But if any gentleman tells you that any private letter from me to Mr. Canning will be produced, you may say that I have copies as well as Mr. Canning's friends; and that not one alone, but all must be produced if one is.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

Oct. 22nd.—Aberystwith. Physics and metaphysics are indivisible from each other. They are a body and soul which on this earth must be co-existent and reciprocal. It is absurd, as the Abbé Condilac remarks, to judge them separable, because we cannot see the place in which they are united into a whole. We should always recollect that there is but one science—the science of nature.

October 28th, Sunday.—There is a text about lawful swearing. Isaiah lxv. 16.

November 4th.—Patriotism, the cause of so many actions, is but a secondary virtue, though none seem more beautiful when we read of its doings. It could not, therefore, be enjoined directly by the Gospel. It is allowed to the passions and difficulties of our race.

Engaged in my treatise on the Evidences of the Heart. How much is opened by the least meditation of the Bible!

Sunday.—Finished introductory chapter to the Evidences of the Heart. It is all very well—by God's help.

November 12th.—It seems to me that philosophers of all ages have been led into their fanciful errors about God's power and proceedings, by having taken for granted that the Almighty had spent His utmost strength and wisdom in the formation of man and the world we inhabit; else why so limit His methods of acting, and define modes by which He must have been governed? All these reasonings are formed from the belief that we see all that He has done, and view the laws as the full effort of His power. Why does Leibnitz otherwise talk such trash as that 'God must come into time and space'

before He can perform a miracle? Has He no means of suspending His laws but by becoming subject to them?

December 2nd, Sunday.—I have spent some time with the Welsh clergy. They are full of primitive hospitality and kindness. My week at Llangynyw with Mr. Richards was most profitable and happy. Oh, how accursed is a busy life of politics and passions! Nothing has ever given me more delight and satisfaction than my study of the Welsh language.

December 7th.—St. Giles's. There is a gap here. I left Rowton in a hurry to see Denison* before he departed for India. London all in an uproar about this Navarino business—shocking!

December 14th.—Late at night. I took leave of Denison. I was deeply affected. God knows it is a heavy matter to separate one's self from an old and tried friend, and that for so long a term of years.

From Lord and Lady Bathurst, Lord Ashley had received many acts of kindness which, in his diary, he gratefully acknowledges. He was at home in their company, and felt sure at all times of their sympathy and consideration. In writing to Lady Bathurst he had confided to her some of his hopes, fears, and misgivings with regard to a public career generally, and speaking in Parliament in particular.

To this letter Lord Bathurst replied as follows:—

Earl Bathurst to Lord Ashley.

CIRENCESTER, *December 14th*, 1827.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—My lady has shown me your letter in which you express your alarm lest, in speaking in the House of Commons, you should disappoint the expectations of the House, and injure the cause of your political friends. Forgive me if I tell you that these apprehensions have been the bane of many young men

* Evelyn Denison, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and created Lord Ossington.

who would otherwise have distinguished themselves. If nothing will satisfy you but attempting to make a speech of great display, on the first occasion you speak, it is not impossible that you may fail; but even if you did, that is no reason why you should not go on. Mr. Sheridan, Lord Grenville (when Mr. Grenville), and Mr. Canning, failed at first; but they none of them injured their party by doing so, or gave up trying. Mr. Sheridan used to say, 'I am sure I have it in me, and will not give in.' Mr. Fox used to say of Mr. Grenville, 'D—— the fellow, I see he *will* go on speaking until he will be a great speaker!' It certainly requires stout nerves to go on after a first failure, and there are many (Lord Wellesley for example) who shrink at the idea of not always succeeding, but it may be doubted whether it be not less a proof of diffidence than of a love of distinction, to be thinking more of what others may think of your speech, than of speaking what you think.

I am speaking of the possibility of your failing, if you attempt to make a speech of display on the first day of your speaking. But if, on some day of no great expectation (not on what is called a field-day), you satisfy yourself with speaking without making, or intending to make, a speech, I am as satisfied as I am that I am now hearing a novel read by my son Charles to his mother, that you will speak well, and will go on improving.

Again I must beg you to excuse the liberty I am taking in writing this to you; but I cannot but be interested that one, who I know to have good abilities, and what I value much more, who has sound principles and a high sense of honour, should be building up a wall between himself and that political influence which ought, in the process of time, to belong to him.

I am, my dear Lord Ashley,

BATHURST.

December 17th.—Attended Parkes' funeral. The old man died very rich, and left me nothing save one hundred as his executor. I never trusted to it, for notwithstanding his hints to myself, and positive declarations to others of making me a monied man, I did not rely upon him, and if I had what a fool I should have looked now! But fearing that Denison might leave town, I wrote and informed him of my expectations, as authorised by much testimony,

and offered him the cash without interest or security. He declined it, and was very grateful. Whether I shall ever be well off or not, God alone knows; but this I pray, that never asking for wealth, should it be sent me, I may receive at the same time a heart and spirit to lay it out for man's happiness and God's glory. But a serious epoch is approaching, and I must deliberate thereon. First, I must now choose my line of life, and stand to it manfully. After some thought, I see nothing but a political career, for every one must take that in which his various circumstances will give him the best means of doing good. Where can I be so useful as in the public service? This question could be easily answered did it require but zeal, patriotism, honesty; but there is likewise a need of talent and knowledge. Yet, perhaps, my success in earlier life has made me a debtor, and I am bound to try what God has put into me for the benefit of old England. My second session is fast approaching, and an attempt must be made, now or never. Each year passed over in silence will add to my difficulty, and increase the demand for sense and ability which the House has a right to make from those who address it. I did well in remaining quiet during the past session, but now the Tories want young plants to shoot up and prepare their branches against the day when death shall lop off the more ancient oaks. The country is in danger of its existence. Its honour is already tarnished, and who shall defend her? He whom God shall think fit, and, perhaps, I may be he. I have had much encouragement from old and young; but encouragement falls short of courage, and I despair. But there is no just means of escape. I must make an essay, not merely for party's sake and earthly power and place, but for the resuscitation of honour and British principle, with their handmaids, dignity and virtue; and if I fall, I shall fall in no ignoble cause; but may I, as I have ever endeavoured to do, begin in God, and, having throughout desired nothing but His glory and the consummation of His word, conclude in the same, to the advancement of religion and the increase of human happiness.

January 17th, Hatfield.—What endless surmises—Who will form the Administration? How I flutter here and there in sentiments. I am half anxious for office—half not. Half inclined to expect an Under-Secretaryship, and half inclined to think myself too despicable. Private life is better for me. I hear Lord Dudley will

remain. Can the Great Duke sit in Cabinet with the man who signed that prodigy of injustice, the Treaty? Must the whole question be smothered? What shall I do myself if they offer me a place? Can I submit, all insignificant as I am, to such a compromise? Is it possible now to change our policy? Will Lord Dudley eat his own words, or must we go on in our wickedness? Can the Government propose an indemnification *now?* and yet ought we not to wash out by apology so infamous a treachery? I have no one with whom I can consult, and my discomfort is at its height. What is it that passes in my mind? I cannot read it, so warm are my feelings.

1828, Jan. 24th.—We have been growing quieter of late. Received note from the Duke to-day desiring my attendance to-morrow morning. What can he want? To give me office—then Heaven help me through it. Perhaps to move the Address. Any fate would be preferable.

Jan. 25th.—To put me in office; how my impetuosity leads me away. A few moments' reflection and I judge rightly. What a deal I learned between 17th and 24th. I regret deeply the necessity of our re-union with the Canning party; but the Duke has, according to his usual style, done that which is the best. Lord Dudley, I hear, is most repentant about the Navarino business. Can one be too guarded in the expression of one's thoughts? At the first moment of surprise, while yet in doubt as to the conditions granted to Mr. Canning's party, I vented some indignation against the admitting of Lord Dudley. A few hours convinced me of my error, but it was too late. I had vented it before Agar Ellis, who yesterday threw it in my teeth. This silly, childish ebullition of sentiment may give some one the power of calling me a dishonest man. How unpleasant, but I must steel my heart against such trifles, and learn caution in studying philosophy, not that of the schools, but the philosophy of men, and of a life of passions. God protect me and encourage me in a career of honour and right-mindedness, and may He give me also discretion and calmness to reflect; and now that office can no longer be avoided, I pray the Heavenly Father to give me the will to discharge my duty, and the strength to perform it; to found all in His glory, and by seeking the welfare of mankind to render my public and my private thoughts a means of furthering the love of His Religion.

A few days after his interview with the Duke of Wellington, the head of the new Administration, Lord Ashley received the following letter:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, *Jan. 29th*, 1828.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I told you that I must make use of you for the public service at one or other of the Boards I mentioned. Uncertainties in another quarter prevent me from deciding at this moment at which of the Boards I will employ your services.

You shall know the instant I can decide.

In the meantime, unless you should hear from me, and should have accepted what I shall offer, you may safely go into the House of Commons this day.

Ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

The office to which Lord Ashley was appointed was that of a Commissioner of the India Board of Control, which office he held until Earl Grey assumed the reins of Government, two years later.

Feb. 6th.—Woodstock. All has been going well, too well; my whole condition is so bettered that I fear reverse of fortune. First, I must make the needy taste of the wealth that God has showered upon me. I shall send a large sum to Moore.* Last night I dined with Duke of Marlborough. Never did I feel so touched as by the sight of his daughter, Susan—his natural daughter. She is Charlotte, our dear Charlotte, over again, in voice, in manner, in complexion, in feature, in countenance. I could hardly refrain from calling her *Sister*. O Great God, have compassion upon her forlorn state! What will become of this poor girl? What danger is she beset with? May *I* have the means of doing her some real lasting service! Father of mercies, grant Thy protection and keep her from the awful perils which are on every side.

* Rev. Robert Moore, the Rector of St. Giles's, Dorsetshire, who would distribute the money among the poor of the parish.

Feb. 15th.—All is well over at Woodstock, and I am installed a man of office. I dread my duty, not my work. So much is now crowding upon me, and my difficulties appear so much greater, that I almost repent of the acceptance of this charge. But God be with me if I am honest.

From the time of his appointment may be dated his interest in the teeming myriads of our Indian fellow-subjects, and in general missionary work. "Do right, whatever may come of it," was the principle which governed all his life, and governed him, therefore, in relation to Indian politics. He insisted at all times, and in the most unmistakable manner, that it was the best policy of the English nation to declare emphatically that its conduct was based upon Christian principles, that everything to be done should be done in a Christian character to a Christian end, and that nothing would be gained by a time-serving forbearance of this principle.

I recollect perfectly well, when I was at the India Board, in 1828, on the question of Sutteeism (that is the burning of widows on the death of their husbands) coming before us, thinking it a matter of the most outrageous cruelty and wrong. On saying so I was put down at once as if I was a madman; I was wondered at for ever daring to mention such a thing. Well, my Lord William Bentinck was appointed to the command in India. My Lord William Bentinck thereupon, with a stroke of his pen, put the unnatural practice down,* and the whole of India was satisfied that it was right, because his Lordship appealed to those great principles of the human heart, which are implanted by the hand of God, and which may be overcome by abominable incrustations; but conscience is still there, the mistress of truth, and does its work; and if you appeal to the conscience, depend upon it the millions will go along with you.†

* Suttecism was declared illegal, December 14th, 1829.

† Speech at Wimborne, Oct. 30th, 1857.

That Lord Ashley's instinct was a true one, and his theory correct, was proved by the events. As those who really understood the natives had predicted, there was neither riot nor disaffection. No Sepoy shot his colonel, nowhere were magistrates or missionaries mobbed, treasuries plundered, or bungalows fired. The good example set long ago has been followed by the tributary princes of India, moved by the influence of Residents and Agents, and Suttee is now unknown in any part of the great peninsula.

Among the many schemes that Lord Ashley projected for the welfare of India during his short term of office on the India Board, was one for the establishment of Scientific Corporations for the Institution and Improvement of Horticulture and Husbandry throughout the Provinces of India. The draft memorandum to Mr. Lock, setting forth the principles, and demonstrating the utility, of the scheme, was found among Lord Shaftesbury's papers, with the following endorsement in his own hand: "Feb., 1880. Paper written in 1829. Read it after an interval of fifty-one years. Thankful to find that I had, then, begun to think of such things. Was at that time a Commissioner of the India Board."

A Society was already in existence in Calcutta, and Lord Ashley's memorandum to Mr. Lock was intended to show the value of that Society, and to point out that, as Bengal was benefited by it, similar Societies should be established in Madras and Bombay. His argument was based on the defective state of agricultural knowledge among the natives of India, the listlessness of the

people, and the consequent duty of increasing their knowledge and stimulating their faculties by inciting and encouraging them to endeavours which, in a free and civilised country, give birth to generous and lucrative enterprise. The establishment of Agricultural Societies, the cultivation of choice vegetables and fancy fruits and flowers, were not unworthy the care of Asiatic sovereigns. "Take the article, potato," says the memorandum; "it will give to Hindostan a second article of food; it will furnish them with a cheap and agreeable sustenance to relieve the monotonous insipidity of their rice (there is wisdom, I think, in creating a taste for simple luxuries derived from increased labour), and it will become a resource in calamitous times when the season may have proved unfavourable to the staple subsistence of India."

But in this, as in all things, the moral results were the higher consideration to Lord Ashley. "Among the various good results," he continues, in his memorandum, "from a system like this, I think there will arise a more friendly intercourse between the European and the native; our kind intentions will be perceived, and community of pursuits will soften the rigid characteristics of English demeanour; they will, perhaps, become more sensible of our benevolent policy, and we more alive to their various capabilities."

Lord Ashley did not, as we have seen, make his mark immediately on entering Parliament; in fact, it was nearly two years before he delivered his first important speech. There were several measures under

discussion during this interval on which public opinion and party feeling ran high, and in which he showed a considerable interest. The question of all others that had the deepest hold on men's minds at that time was the question of Roman Catholic Emancipation. For many Sessions the subject had been discussed, the country had been agitated, and the fiery vehemence of the various parties had been growing in intensity.

It was in March, 1827, that a motion was made by Sir Francis Burdett, affirming the necessity for taking into immediate consideration the laws imposing civil disabilities on his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, with a view to their relief; and within a year of that date it was evident that the settlement of those claims could no longer be delayed. Session after Session the Government majorities on the question were lessened, and on May 12, 1828, the House of Commons carried, by a majority of six, the resolution of Sir Francis Burdett, affirming the expediency of "considering the state of the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in Great Britain and Ireland, with a view to such a final and conciliatory adjustment as may be conducive to the peace and strength of the United Kingdoms, to the stability of the Protestant Establishment, and to the general satisfaction and concord of all classes of his Majesty's subjects."

Another year passed, and still this was the unsettled but absorbing question, when, on the 5th of March, 1829, Peel, in a four hours' speech, moved—"That the House do resolve itself into a Committee of the whole

House, to consider the laws" by which these disabilities were imposed. This motion was carried, after two nights' debate, by a majority of 348 to 160, and shortly afterwards the Committee of the whole House passed a resolution to the effect that it was expedient to provide for the repeal of the disabling laws. To that end a Bill was forthwith introduced for the purpose, which reached its third reading on the 30th March, when it was carried by a majority of 320 to 142.

Lord Ashley took no active part in this question, although he watched it with great interest.

"I was very young in Parliament, and younger still in office," he said to the writer, when referring to those days. "I only entered Parliament in 1826, and the Bill was passed in 1829. At first I voted against it, but when Peel and Wellington took it up, and showed the necessity for it, I saw that resistance was impossible. It was a subject that was always coming up, and was always leading to endless machinations. If a Lord Lieutenant favoured the Roman Catholics, a Secretary was put to counteract his influence; if a Roman Catholic was appointed to one place, a Protestant was appointed to impede him. It stood in the way of everything. So, although I voted against it at first, when Peel and Wellington changed, I changed, and recorded my vote for Emancipation as a member of the Commons and of the Government. But I thought then, and I have never had reason to alter my opinion, that, good as the measure was, they were not the proper men to carry it. They held office on it, instead of handing it over

to those who had been its advocates. They should have said boldly to the Crown: 'It is a measure that must be passed, but it should be passed by those who agree with it. We are not the men to do it.' And I have often thought, in subsequent years, that their action inflicted such a deadly blow on confidence in public men that there has never since been a complete recovery."

After completing his study of Welsh, Lord Ashley turned his attention to Hebrew. The two languages are alike in many peculiarities of construction, in the paucity and confusion of tenses, in the conjugation of verbs, and in the binding together in one word of some prepositions and pronouns.

It was not, however, on this ground that he took up the study. From early childhood he had loved and reverenced the Holy Scriptures, and he was ambitious to be able to read them in the Hebrew; moreover he loved and venerated the Jews, and was interested in everything that concerned them, and not least, therefore, in their language. But he was not destined to make great progress in this new study—other matters were ripening which were to engage all his time and energy.

It is interesting to watch him at this period of his life, and to see his mind stretching itself out towards objects which should satisfy him;—to mark the aptitude and capacity of the man, and the pent-up energy which must spend itself at times. No answer had come to the problem as to what he was to do with his life; he

was sailing quietly on the current of the stream, and it had not yet shown any indication of widening towards the ocean.

It was about this time that there revived in him the desire to devote his life to science. At an early age he had dabbled in chemistry and botany, and allied sciences, and had always made scientific inquiries the hobby of his leisure. It was not, however, until the beginning of the year 1829 that he had ever seriously considered whether or not it would be worth while to give himself up wholly to scientific pursuits. He had then become acquainted with Sir James South, the eminent astronomer, whose indefatigable ardour in the cause of astronomy inspired Lord Ashley to diligence in the same pursuits. For a time he was completely absorbed in this study, spending day after day in close application to books and instruments, and night after night in the observatory with Sir James South. It seemed that at last his object in life had been found.

But at that same time he was just getting a hold of the Lunacy question; a little later, the Factory question was taking form; and by degrees he found that there were duties pressing upon him, which his conscience would not allow him to shake off—duties that could only be carried on effectually by complete devotion to them. So it was that his visits to the observatory became only occasional, then still less frequent, until at last they ceased altogether.

Referring, in his old age, to this period, he said—

In early life I was passionately devoted to science, so much so, that I was almost disposed to pursue science to the exclusion of everything else. It passed away and I betook myself to literature, hoping that I should not only equal, but that I should rival many in mental accomplishments. Other things were before me, and other things passed away, because, do what I would, I was called to another career, and now I find myself at the end of a long life, not a philosopher, not an author, but simply an old man who has endeavoured to do his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him.

The first of the "other things" before him was an inquiry into the treatment of lunatics.

CHAPTER III.

1828—1833.

Treatment of Lunatics—State of the Lunacy Laws—Mr. Robert Gordon—First Important Speech in Parliament—Diary—Letter from Lord Bathurst—Appointed Commissioner in Lunacy—Investigation into State of Asylums—Efforts in Literature—Work for India—Bishop Heber—With the King—Works of Charity—Forgiveness—Scientific Pursuits—Family Affairs—Astronomy and Sir James South—Catholic Disabilities—Foreshadowings of Future Career—Self-depreciation and Despondency—Robert Southey—Elected Member for Dorchester—Marries Emily, Daughter of the Fifth Earl Cowper—Successfully Contests Dorset—Election Expenses in 1831—Correspondence with Duke of Wellington—Petition Against the Dorset Election—Pecuniary Embarrassments—Letter from Ernest, Duke of Cumberland—A Second Triumph—Letter from Mr. Follett—Letters from Southey—Condition of the Working Classes—State of the Times—Sir Robert Peel's Policy—Cotton Supply and Manufacture—Progress of Inventions—Condition of the Lancashire Operatives—Child-Jobbers and Child Labour—The Apprentice System—Outline of Early Factory Legislation—Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. for Newark—Newark Disfranchised—Mr. Sadler Loses his Seat in Parliament—Lord Ashley becomes Leader in the Factory Agitation—The Parting of the Ways—Correspondence with Lord Morpeth—Pays Tribute to Mr. Sadler and other Labourers—States his Views on the Factory System—Explains Principles on which the Agitation shall be Conducted—Letter from Mr. J. R. McCulloch—Opposition of Master Manufacturers—Address of the Operatives of England and Scotland—Report of Commission of Inquiry—Introduces Bill to Limit Hours of Labour "for Women and Young Persons" to Ten Hours a Day—Opposition of Lord Althorp—Bill Defeated, but Principle Established that Labour and Education should be Combined.

THE treatment, or rather the maltreatment, of lunatics, was one of the pre-eminently bad features of the bad times in the early part of the present century. In the Middle Ages the insane had been canonised as saints,

burnt as heretics, or hanged as criminals, according to the particular bias of their mental disorder. At a later date harmless madmen roamed the country and made sport for the people; but if only suspected of being dangerous, society, in terror, took the most cruel precautions for its own safety, with an utter disregard for the feelings of the unfortunates, or for their chances of recovery. Londoners out for a holiday paid their twopences to stroll through Bedlam and laugh at the poor lunatics; at another time the town was panic-stricken because the Lord George Gordon rioters threatened to let the madmen out of Bedlam.*

"In the early part of the present century," says one of the pioneers of enlightened treatment, "lunatics were kept constantly chained to walls in dark cells, and had nothing to lie upon but straw. The keepers visited them, whip in hand, and lashed them into obedience; they were also half-drowned in 'baths of surprise,' and in some cases semi-strangulation was resorted to. The 'baths of surprise' were so constructed that the patients in passing over a trap-door fell in; some patients were chained in wells, and the water made to rise until it reached their chins. One horrible contrivance was a rotatory chair in which patients were made to sit and were revolved at a frightful speed. The chair was in common use. Patients, women as well as men, were flogged at particular periods, chained and fastened to iron bars, and even confined in iron cages."†

* Letters of Horace Walpole.

† "Lunacy; its Past and its Present," by Robert Gardiner Hill, F.S.A., p. 1.

Before describing the labours of Lord Ashley during a long series of years on behalf of these poor creatures, it will be well to set forth, very briefly, the state of the law at the time of his first connection with the subject, and the main features of antecedent legislation. Prior to the year 1808, the only Act of Parliament providing for the care of pauper lunatics was passed in 1744; it authorised any two Justices to apprehend them, and have them locked up and chained.* To protect society was the only aim of this Act; it provided for those who "are so far disordered in their senses that they may be too dangerous to be permitted to go abroad." In 1774, as the result of a Committee of Inquiry upon which Pitt and Fox, Lord North and Wilkes, and others had sat *ten years before*, an Act was passed to regulate private asylums, in which frightful abuses were prevalent. But this Act was so framed that it could accomplish nothing. Any one who chose could get a licence to keep an asylum, but though the College of Physicians could receive reports of abuses, they could do nothing further. In 1808, the accommodation for pauper lunatics received some attention from Parliament, and an Act was passed for the building of County Asylums, but during the ensuing twenty years only nine English counties did thus provide themselves.†

Meanwhile circumstances had arisen leading to important changes, both as regards public opinion and

* "Hist. of Insane," by D. H. Tuke, M.D., p. 98.

† Ibid. 165.

legislation. The Society of Friends had started, and successfully carried on, a "Retreat" at York, on humane principles, for insane members of their society.* Attention was drawn to this enlightened experiment, and at the same time to the frightful abuses at a large asylum in the same city.† These two antagonistic examples, thus shown side by side, led to beneficial results.‡ After one or two futile attempts at legislation, the friends of reform procured a Committee of Inquiry, which sat during 1814 and 1815, and placed before the public a vast amount of information as to the course of practice in English mad-houses. In the review just referred to, the writer (Sydney Smith) apologises for the disgust he must cause his readers by the horrible details he is compelled to quote. The result of the investigation at York was, that every officer in the place was dismissed, and a flood of light poured in upon the bars and chains and handcuffs, the filth and nakedness and misery that seemed to be regarded throughout the country as matters of course. The Committee reported in July, 1815, and in the following year the Commons passed a Bill for periodical inspections of asylums by magistrates, for the appointment of eight Lunacy Commissioners by the Secretary of State, and for the establishment of other safeguards against abuses.§ This Bill the Lords saw fit to throw

* *See* "Early Hist. of the Retreat." S. Tuke, 1846.
† "Hist. of York Lunatic Asylum." J. Gray.
‡ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxviii., p. 433.
§ Hansard, vol. xxxix., 1974.

out, only fourteen voting for it. In 1819 an Act was allowed to pass "For the better care of Pauper Lunatics," but its best clauses were simply permissive.* A few scattered efforts were made in subsequent years to bring the state of English mad-houses—which, through impunity, had again developed many of their worst features—under the notice of Parliament. But nothing effectual was done until 1828, the year in which Lord Ashley first took part in the movement, and when the inadequate Act of 1774 was still on the Statute Book as the only English law relating to the regulation of private mad-houses.

The apathy with which our forefathers permitted proved abuses, of so glaring a character, to flourish, is matter now for astonishment and indignation. But deeply-rooted evils die hard. The old idea that connected madness with evil spirits, and made the safety of the community the first and almost the only matter of consideration, was long in giving place to sounder views. The unfortunate lunatic was treated as in a hopeless case, and beyond the reach of mental influence. Keepers—whose very appellation betrays the prison notion that originated it—never dreamt that it was any business of theirs to "minister to a mind diseased," still less to elevate or restore the troubled faculties. Their duty was to keep their charge secure with as little trouble or danger to themselves as possible, and there the responsibility ended. Such a system inevitably caused its wretched victims to sink into loathsome brutality,

* Tuke's "Hist. of Insane," p. 163.

and permitted ignorant and ferocious keepers "to indulge in almost every species of cruelty, insult, and neglect.'

"Familiarity with the modern and scientific treatment of the insane is apt to make us forget that it is of quite recent birth, and that within the memory of many now living it would have been thought the wildest madness to dream of dealing with these afflicted beings otherwise than as with the most dangerous animals. Not in any country, or at any period before this century, was there a just conception of the insane as victims of disease, whom it was necessary to treat as such, and of mental derangement as the perverted function of a diseased organ; and even at the present time this conception has not gained full admission into the mind of every legislator or of the general public. Happily, mankind is capable of being moved through feeling to a practical course, the theory of which it does not fully appreciate. This was what happened in regard to the insane. The horrible revelations of their miserable condition aroused public compassion, and there were found men of humane feelings and enlightened views sufficiently far-seeing, patient, resolute, and energetic to realise the better feelings in a better system of treatment."†

From the time of which we have just spoken (1828), these men of science and philanthropy, working hard to bring about a better state of things, found in Lord

* Report of Parliamentary Committee.

† *Westminster Review*, xxix. 333.

Ashley an ardent sympathiser and an earnest co-worker.

The state of pauper lunatics in London was brought before the House of Commons in June, 1827, by Mr. Robert Gordon, and a report was issued by the Committee of Inquiry that had been appointed, revealing many shocking defects and abuses. On the 19th February, 1828, Mr. Gordon moved for leave to bring in "A Bill to Amend the Law for the Regulation of Lunatic Asylums," and pointed out instances of illegal detention and coercion of sane persons, and of gross neglect and cruelty to unfortunate lunatics. He showed that the Commissioners of the College of Physicians had omitted to carry out inspections as the law directed, on the ground that they had no power to follow up their discoveries.

Lord Ashley seconded the motion, but Hansard asserts that "his Lordship spoke in so low a tone that he was nearly inaudible in the gallery. He alluded to the evidence given before the Committee to prove that it was highly necessary that something should be done relative to the treatment of pauper lunatics, and he cited several cases that had come within his own knowledge which clearly proved that the existing system was greatly defective."

This was his first important speech in Parliament, and it was on behalf of the most unfortunate, the most wretched, and the most ill-treated of his fellow-creatures. In it he sounded the key-note of his whole Parliamentary career; he stood forth as the friend of the friendless, the

helper of the oppressed, and from that day forward his whole life was devoted to the great interests of humanity.

In his Diary Lord Ashley briefly alludes to his first speech in these terms :—

Feb. 20th.—Last night I ventured to speak, and, God be praised, I did not utterly disgrace myself, though the exhibition was far from glorious; but the subject was upon Lunatic Asylums, a mere matter of plain business and requiring simplicity alone with common sense. Gordon had requested me to second his motion; having sat on the Committee and having felt unusual sympathy for those whom the Bill is intended to protect, I did not decline, more especially as I had heard that from certain circumstances my support in this affair would render some small service to the cause. And so, by God's blessing, my first effort has been for the advancement of human happiness. May I improve hourly!

Those who knew him best, knew how dependent he was for a word of encouragement from friends in whose judgment he had confidence; and Lord Bathurst, who had watched his progress with almost fatherly solicitude, wrote to him as follows :—

Earl Bathurst to Lord Ashley.

MANSFIELD STREET, *Feb. 20th*, 1828.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I am very glad to see that you have begun speaking, and not at all sorry that you did not begin with a brilliant one, as that might have sealed up your lips afterwards. By all the accounts I have heard, there is no doubt of your succeeding, by becoming more confident, which can only be acquired by practice. Peel said that if your speech had been uttered with as loud a voice as that of Lord Morpeth, everybody would have said it was an excellent speech. It is now your own fault if you do not go on. You will feel when next you speak that you are risking nothing, and this very feeling will encourage you to speak with more confidence.

I could not help writing this, as I know you to be mighty

sensitive, and may therefore take it into your head that there had been a failure, which I can assure you is not the case.

Yours very sincerely,

BATHURST.

The Bill, of which the principal features were the transfer of powers from the College of Physicians to fifteen Metropolitan Commissioners appointed by the Home Secretary, and the requirement of two medical certificates for private patients, was passed on July 15, 1828. Of the new commissioners Lord Ashley was one. In the following year he became chairman of the Commission, and continued in that office till his death —a period of fifty-seven years—his great interest in the welfare of the insane having been sustained throughout that long period with unflagging energy.

The condition of the lunatic population still left very much to be desired, and further efforts at improvement were made; but nothing of striking importance was accomplished for several years. During this period, however, Lord Ashley was not idle. He did not leave a stone unturned which could be of assistance to the contemplated reform; he visited the asylums in many parts of London and the provinces, and saw the filthy condition, the horrible attendant circumstances, the misery and degradation of the inmates. He saw for himself that the lunatics were chained to their beds and left from Saturday afternoon to Monday without attendance, and with only bread and water within their reach; he saw the nature

of the barbarities that were committed upon the helpless sufferers; he saw that the violent and the quiet, the clean and the uncleanly, were shut up together in foul and disgusting cells, damp, dark, and unwholesome; but what astonished him more than anything else was, that people knew and cared absolutely nothing about this state of things; and that it was with the greatest difficulty he could obtain from any outside source an opinion or a fact. So shocked and horrified was he with the revelation of misery and cruelty—almost incredible in these days when lunatic asylums are models of cleanliness and of wise and humane treatment — that he vowed he would never cease pleading the cause of these poor creatures till either death silenced him, or the laws were amended. And, as we shall see, he kept his vow.

Meanwhile, another and vaster subject was looming before him: the great question of Factory Legislation.

But before we can be in a position to see the scope of his labours in that gigantic movement which was to be for ever identified with his name and influence, we must linger awhile over these earlier years, glancing first at a few personal details, principally as narrated in his Diary, and then at the state of the times and the events which immediately preceded his connection with Factory Legislation—

April 13th.—Read to-day 'Lord Rochester's Conversion,' by Bishop Burnet. Surely it is the most delightful of books. I am determined to edit it alone in an attainable size, should there be no such thing existing already. I am certain that if this narrative were

widely disseminated much good would arise from its perusal. God assist me in the undertaking.

It was an ambition with Lord Ashley to distinguish himself in literature, and his mental accomplishments were such that there is no doubt he would have made his mark as a man of letters. But circumstances again and again opposed him, until, as he said, do what he would, he could not resist the influences which drew him to another career. In the present instance his intention was frustrated in a different way, for, following the entry quoted above as to editing "Lord Rochester's Conversion," there is a note added, "Found that it was already done."

April 28th.—My 27th birthday. Temporal advantages have increased upon me. I hope that others have felt my bettered state. But I look around now from a higher pinnacle and behold what mighty interests are entrusted to my care: India, with her hundred millions, is the compass of my mind's survey, and it is almost possible that some happiness or misery may depend upon my principle and vigilance. Can God, in His store of worldly exaltations, confer a greater than this sublime guardianship of countless myriads—to advance their temporal welfare, open their understandings, fire their souls, and, by leading them prudently to a knowledge of religion, work out our own immortality by desiring theirs? This is absurd, I fear. I am not the Principal, but, like Terentius Varro, let nations thank me because 'I have not despaired of the Republic.' How one is led away. Visions of glory possess my brain by day and by night; but prudence, the sole guide of truth and lasting success, is cold and measured in her views. God's will be done. Somehow or other I have gained credit as a man of business. Never was man more friendly, more kind, than the Duke to me. He has given me this situation as the most instructive and important. Next year I must stand forward as the Oracle of India, the strength or weakness of the Government in this division of its energies. I shall wake but in vain unless God

give me His aid. I have acquired, I think, some temper, some knowledge of mankind, some true philosophy, and a more enlarged view of things, but cannot withstand despondency. I cannot resolve to quit public life; I may not. Surely there is some vanity at the root of all this. Vanity, that bane of what is really good. Wrote two prayers. Now let me consider awhile my future career. The first principle, God's honour; the second, man's happiness; the means, prayer and unremitting diligence; all petty love of excellence must be put aside, the matter must be studied, the motives refined, and one's best done for the remainder. No fretting of the mind. No conceited nervousness for fear some sentence should fail in arrangement, some point in fitness, some attempt at display be found presumption. I must not dread coming down to the level of others. If I am already there the descent is nothing, and why be desirous of appearing greater when that illusion can be maintained by silence alone—and that silence I must break? This is the hardest scheme I ever devised, to come forward at once and show myself no cleverer than others; yet it is the wisest if I could but follow it. I must think of my duties and the subject I have to uphold. If I stop to compare myself with others, either vanity overweening will rush in, or else a cruel despondency, arising equally from conceit, but differing in its mode of influence. Oh! what wisdom and power in this saying, 'Do what is right, and trust to Providence for the rest.' My charities are not sufficiently extended. I must methodise them as soon as my debts shall be arranged and I have time to look around. I will begin afresh. One good thing has been done in getting William a dwelling-place in my house. He attends more to business, is far happier, and will, I now hope, lay up a stock of real fruit for after years.

May 27th.—Change again in the Ministry. It is well to be rid of such dishonest men. I have spoken several times, at no length certainly, but enough to gain me credit and some confidence. I hope to advance in honour and usefulness.

For Bishop Heber, whose brief but brilliant career in India was cut short in April, 1826, by his sudden death in his bath, Lord Ashley had a very profound

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admiration, and there are several references to him in the Diary. Thus:—

June 1st, Sunday.—No man ever equalled Bishop Heber. His talents were of the most exquisite character. If he were not as Socrates, able to knock down by force of reasoning the most stubborn opposers, he was like Orpheus, who led even stones and trees by the enchantment of his music.

June 5th.—To Ascot races by command of his Majesty. As I travelled along I remembered the line, '*Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris*,' but is our empire bounded by the ocean, is our renown no higher than the stars? On earth we are lords of the sea, and should we as men, as Christians, regenerate India, behold, the Heaven of heavens will be the archive of our fame. *O Patria! O divûm domus!*

The Lunacy Bill was under discussion in the House of Commons, and the following entry refers to the part he took in the debate:—

June 18th.—Windsor. Last night I made my first attempt to maintain a long and important speech. If there be sensitiveness and timidity in man, doubt and nervousness of heart, it was in me for a long time before the day arrived. I prayed most earnestly, as I ever do, for aid and courage. Though I did not please myself, I found that the House was delighted. Cheers and compliments were abundant. I thanked God repeatedly; hastened home to throw myself on my knees in gratitude. May I ever enjoy this Holy Assistance!

June 29th, Sunday.—How I long to quit this hot and noisy town, that I might roam in the valleys and plains meditating on things immortal. A London Sunday neither peaceful nor retired. It is impossible to forget the world amid this heat and bustle. I must devise some plan to rid me of this inconvenience.

July 25th.—This frequent omission to put down my thoughts has become a real loss. I find no history of my mind. I did well to give a hundred pounds to King's College; the sum, though large for me, is rightly laid out in erecting an embankment against the

overflow of irreligion. Gave twenty for the monument to Bishop Heber. This also was well done. Public honours, if deserved, are sublime rewards; and though I could not by any act of mine add anything to his name when dead, or to his just pride when living, yet it is pleasant and becoming to have displayed one's reverence of lofty worth; and the mind having yielded to such an impulse, feels the consolation of secret prayer, and rejoices in the virtue of another's virtue.

Lord Ashley's Christianity was essentially practical, and entered into every relation of life. With the memory of his early days always vividly before him, and their effects exhibiting themselves in his mental and bodily state, there is great beauty in the spirit of forgiveness breathed in part of the following entry:—

July 27th.—At Sudbrook, where I have been the two last Sundays. It is remarkable how riches have of late flowed in upon me. I have discharged two-thirds of my debt, and have wherewithal to discharge the other, which shall instantly be done. God be praised for this bounty. I shall extend my charities. I wish I could find some really deserving object. It is pleasant at last to be on good terms with Lord S., and Charlotte is so, too. We forgive him all his unkindness. Memory is good to show a progress in virtue, not to furnish themes of indignation. I am here with my dear, sweet friend, Lady Francis;* yet we have had no conversation as in olden time. I love her because I love the existence of such willing virtue. Her faults are errors which when laid open she takes pride in renouncing. It is well to contemplate a female mind rich in pureness and anxious for truth.

August 3rd, Sunday.—Another week gone by almost imperceptibly, and little has been done. Am happy to have had the means of spending £5 in a good cause—nothing less than a subscription to a fund which may educate a young girl and save her perhaps from misery and prostitution. Taste and inborn vice will take enough

* Lady Francis Egerton, afterwards Countess of Ellesmere.

to that career without the number being swollen by the victims of treachery and distress. I shall give any money that may be wanted.

Aug. 6th.—Dined with the Directors of the East India Company, and shall on every occasion. It is good to cultivate friendliness and kind feeling among them. That silly brag, Lord Wallace, whom I have found out from many circumstances to be a blustering talker, would have me treat them like thieves and murderers, 'Keep them at a distance.' 'Do not let it be known that they have access to you.' Stuff; if a man be honest I am proud of his acquaintance. His recommendations would lead me to treat them with vulgar insolence. I shall not do so. India: what can I do for your countless myriads? There are two things—good government and Christianity. How shall I compass them? I have no influence as yet. If God would tip my tongue with fire I might speak in a voice which would be heard even at the ends of the earth; but He knows best, and will ever raise up His champions to fight the Battle of Immortality.

Aug. 17th, Sunday.—I cannot get into any course of religious study. Pondering much the necessity and mode of conversion in India. It is hard to find any documents which throw light on this most important matter.

August 18th.—Is not this prophetic of the Duke? Seneca says that he is happy, '*cui non magis auri fulgor quam gladii perstringat oculos?*'

Sept. 24th.—Thinking and reading lately a good deal on India. I shall never be able to do that Empire a service, but I shall nevertheless continue my endeavours. 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,' but the difficulty is to be 'righteous.' In solitude very often of late I somehow begin to feel how truly God pronounced, 'It is not good for man to be alone.'

The Bill to Amend the Law for the Regulation of Lunatic Asylums had been passed on the 15th July, and Lord Ashley watched its first operations with keen attention. The entry in the Diary continues:—

From eleven o'clock till half-past six engaged in the good but wearisome cause of Lunatic Asylums—took Sunday, for it is the day

on which the keepers of old sought their own amusements and left the unhappy lunatics to pain and filthiness. Did not wish for such an employment, but duty made it imperative. Walked after dinner to Kensington and studied a little astronomy. Saw the planet Saturn and his ring; it is a spectacle worthy of God alone. Man has not beauty of soul sufficient to comprehend such majestic loveliness. I thanked God that I had enjoyed so great a blessing. It came as a reward for obedience to my painful duty.

There are many passages in the Diary at this period that show clearly how earnest was the desire of Lord Ashley to devote himself exclusively to scientific pursuits. For a month he had been spending all his leisure in the study of astronomy, and it was with no little regret he came to the conclusion that henceforth he must continue it only as an occasional recreation. "Every one chooses his career," he wrote, "and it is well if he chooses that which is best suited to his talents. I have taken political life because I have, by God's blessing, many advantages of birth and situation which, although of trifling value if unsupported, are yet very powerful aids if joined to zeal and honesty. It is here, therefore, that I have the chief way of being useful to my generation."

October 26th, Sunday.—Woodford. Came here last night.* There is certainly a great change in the world's mind. All civilised nations are set to extend their knowledge, and the heathen seem less unwilling to receive it. I do not perceive much irreligion; there may be some, but lukewarmness is more prevalent.

London, November 13th.—On 10th dined at Lord Mayor's feast—it was heart-stirring. God be praised, who has made me citizen of this happy and generous empire. Yesterday, at our

* To Mr. Arbuthnot's place.

Lunatic Commission; there is nothing poetical in this duty; but every sigh prevented, and every pang subdued, is a song of harmony to the heart. Dined with East India Company at Albion Tavern. I felt happy. Certainly I begin to think that I am popular with all classes; not vulgarly popular, but esteemed. This is by God's blessing. I am astonished at the wide dissimilarity of persons with whom I stand as a favourite. Persons who, if they were themselves brought together, would feel mutual dislike and aversion. The Speaker last night said to me the kindest things. All sides of politics, Radicals, Whigs, high Tory, and neutrals, give me praise. Thank God I truckle for none; I hold a straight course, and Providence blesses me above my deserts.

The next two pages of the Diary contain remarks on the conduct of Lord Ashley's father and mother. It is clear that Lord Ashley and his brothers and sisters experienced unkindness almost amounting to cruelty when they were young, from both parents, but especially from the mother, and now that they were grown up, although, as we have recently seen, in the spirit of Christian charity they had forgiven the wrong done to them, there was evident aversion and a total absence of all those affectionate and confidential relations which are the great happiness of life, and are most to be looked for between parents and their children. The passage concludes with these words: "The history of our father and mother would be incredible to most men, and perhaps it would do no good if such facts were recorded."

November 20th.—Brighton. Had two or three walks on the cliff—had an opportunity of what I love—a silent prayer in solitude and contemplation. On my soul I believe that I desire the welfare of mankind! It strikes me that although God has blessed others with gifts and advantages far beyond what I enjoy, yet He has

blessed me infinitely more than I deserve, so this consideration is enough. I love the sea. I see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.

December 3rd.—Strathfieldsaye. In the house of my friend and patron. God bless him! What will be my future career? I shall never be fit for a Cabinet, and yet, if I quit the service of politics, where are my means of utility? Marriage, I have seen, corrects many and various errors in a man's character. I know and feel the vices of my moral constitution, but I dread the chance of a Jezebel, a Cleopatra, or that insupportable compound of folly and worldliness which experience displays every day, but history has not yet recorded. Give me the mother of the Gracchi, exalted by the Gospel!

December 5th.—The other day I wrote to Loch, Deputy Chairman (of East India Company), touching the appointment of an astronomer for Bombay; he gave me a most liberal and honest answer. We shall, at last, get a useful observer in that hemisphere, and advance science. It struck me this morning that the astronomer would, of course, have one or two assistants. I shall request him to take one *native*. This man, by contemplating the purity of Almightiness, will soon learn to despise Brahma and Vishnu. Who knows but what he might become an Orpheus to his compatriots? The idea is good, bravo! Last night I harangued Shelley on various points. It so fell out that I talked of the barbaric irruption into the Roman empire. Two ideas then passed across my mind; that it was necessary to cleanse and sweep away that structure of corruption and beastliness which had wholly obscured the real purpose and calling of mankind, and was rapidly spreading amongst all other people contiguous to the Roman world. The imperial rule embraced the entire compass of civilised existence, and both governors and governed stank alike in the sight of morality. There remained, then, no polished nation wherewith to dilute, by conquest, the quintessence of Roman profligacy. Rebellion would have been useless, it would merely have transferred the helm from the director to the agent of accursed Filthiness. God, therefore, summoned to his aid the hardy and simple vices of barbarian minds; they overran Europe, and, during the night of literature, saved, by the grace of Heaven, the seeds of morality. A second reason: these rude, uncultivated hearts, were better qualified to imbibe the pure spirit

of Revelation. This is substantiated by the perusal of history. The pride, the licence, the illogicism of pagan belief (pagan as existing in the laboured and attractive ritual of Italy), might to eternity have withstood the Christian faith. The religion of Vandals, of Huns, of all tribes such as these, had nothing to gratify their pride or advance their pleasures. They were, therefore, indifferent to its perpetuation. A form of worship was all they wanted, for man will worship. Settled in prosperity, they became improved, and chose the most decent. It is not hard to justify the ways of God towards man.

December 20th.—After long and wearing toil, I completed my minute in the Jury question. It was the effort of good intention and warm interest towards the natives of India. I thanked God in prayer that I had been enabled to conclude it. The execution will depend on his wisdom. I have real and genuine comfort in thinking of the labour I have undergone. On this day Lord Ellenborough, having perused my memorandum, rejected its proposals. I never felt that success was probable. His vanity would not like to take from an inferior the hint of so glorious a consummation. If I err, I err with the greatest names of British India. What an easy question it is to oppose, and how difficult to uphold! But I have done my best.

December 25th.—St. Giles's, Christmas. Thank God that I am able to pass this season at the ancient seat of my forefathers. Though alone and undiverted by social abstractions, I rejoice in the fancy of patriarchal duties, and look forward in the hope of better days. The village smiles, and the people flourish; but it will soon cease to smile and the people to flourish if the countenance of the earthly lords be utterly withheld. What a purity of delight if God would bestow on me the wife of my heart, and a place for the exercise of imagined virtues!

January 18th, 1829, Sunday.—London. I cannot account for the peculiar vivacity of my heart to-day. There is no reason why I should be thus lively. I shall repay it by a corresponding dejection. However, joy is pleasant whenever it comes. Began yesterday to read the Septuagint—must some day learn Hebrew.

February 5th.—Parliament begins to-day, and with it comes the beginning of sorrows. This evening I must speak. The Duke, to my great joy, has resolved upon considering the expediency of

removing all Catholic disabilities, and substituting in their stead other defences for Church and State. I have long and deeply desired this policy. Who but he would have dared to conceive and execute it—persuade the king and overcome popular abhorrence? Peel has resolved to aid him; this is public virtue. I offered to say a few words expressive of my hearty concurrence. Peel was delighted. I did not know that my opinion was of such value; and now, O God, without whom there falleth not a sparrow to the ground, neither can there pass from the mouth one word of wisdom, give me Thy aid, save me from failure and disgrace. *Half-past ten.* I have spoken; I am but just saved from disgrace. I love the Duke, and will serve the Government, and the best way of serving him is to say that my office shall be resigned whenever he shall have found another man more able to aid him in this and other departments.

February 7th.—Arbuthnot would not take my offer to the Duke—how odd! Went on a visitation of madhouses. I can do good that way if in no other.

February 11th.—God is all-wise and all-good, and I am sure that He has made me inferior to others for some kind purpose. I am, however, unpleasantly situated; in honour I must go on, yet only to exposure. I pray night and morning for His grace and assistance.

February 25th.—The measures now in progress touching relief to the Papists may have, by reflex, as it were, great influence on the question of Reform in Parliament. If the Jesuits, who are both rich and enterprising, aided by the Catholic gentry and noblesse, should possess themselves of many close boroughs, and with the additional assistance of disaffected Whigs and atheistical malcontents, command several votes in the Lower House, there would be an outcry for a more extended interposition of a Protestant people, as an antidote to Papistical ambition. Nevertheless the measure, although pregnant with danger, is one of high expediency. I rejoice.

February 28th.—The good laws enacted under Charles II. and his fierce despotism immediately following them, the existence of the ancient laws and institutions of Rome, and the servile obedience of the people to imperial government, are a proof how ineffectual are all safeguards of liberty and high principle, except the spirit of a nation.

March 24th.—My feast last night went off very well, though

disappointed of an invited guest. Loch told me that the despatch I so eagerly desire is ready. God be praised. I am just come from a party, where, as usual, I found myself more ignorant and imbecile than any of the rest. What in Heaven's name has befallen me? I see that geology has become a favourite weapon to wield against Revelation, by attacking the Mosaic history of the Deluge. At best it savours of presumption.

It is curious to notice, in the entries in these early journals, the same processes of thought and the same plans of action which characterised the whole life of the man. In the extracts we have given will be seen the germs of many of the great enterprises that were to make his after-life so remarkable, and to stamp him as the greatest philanthropist of his age. The distribution of his money to rescue the tempted girl, the tribute to the memory of Heber, the aid to King's College in rearing an embankment against irreligion, the quiet observance of the Sabbath, the desire to give freer circulation to religious literature, apprehensions of the spread of Popery, the fear of geology as a weapon against Revelation—all these and many more show the bent of his thoughts and feelings, and foreshadow his future labours.

March 27th.—Last night I prevailed upon Aitch to promise me the despatch I require. God Almighty be Thou praised! We have at last established a new order of things for British India, and have dared to sow the seeds of freedom, of virtue, and of Christianity. Am I too sanguine? But let me hope.

April 26th, Sunday.—Last night dined at H.R.H. of Kent's. This morning read all the Revelation continuously. This, or these readings of this kind, will make the general scope more easy of comprehension.

April 28th.—Yesterday I heard (at Hatfield) that I was con-

sidered A SAINT. I do not regard it; with all my faults, I fear that I shall never have the fault of being too good.

April 30th.—If any one were to read my book here, that person must inevitably regard me as the quintessence of querulousness; however, I keep it all to myself.

June 1st, Monday.—Last night I dined with South.* I really cannot but feel grateful for his unceasing kindness and hospitality. I was soothed and elevated by contemplation of the heavens, and acknowledged inwardly how unworthy all matters on earth are of our anxious and heart-rending consideration. But these sublimities endure but for awhile, and we return to the sorrows and business of mortality.

June 8th.—In all enthusiasm there is an intermixture of vanity.

June 22nd.—I have passed a most happy time at the Lodge. Such a round of laughing and pleasure I never enjoyed; if there be a hospitable gentleman on earth it is his Majesty.† I was so jovial that I almost forgot myself, but now I say with Job, 'it may be that I have sinned and cursed God in my heart,' but I trust not. I was harmless in my mirth.

July 2nd.—Again at the Royal Lodge. I like it. His Majesty is most hospitable and gracious; his whole demeanour is that of a perfect gentleman. Would to God he were always and *innately* so. No one has greater characteristics of British Royalty when he chooses to display them. By principle I am a lover of a constitutional monarchy. Lately reading 'Southey's Colloquies;' they are replete with learning and thought. I wish I had time and *method* to become an extensive reader. But I do believe that if the mind be indelibly stamped with the precepts and wisdom of the Bible, it will acquire a force of analysis and judgment to extract from the labour of a day more than the scorner or neglectful could attain by the watchings of a century. I have had my solitary walk, and a short period of holy meditation. I prayed with all the fervour I could command, but all prayer is infinitely cold to express what is felt, or rather what one wishes to feel.

* Sir James South, the astronomer. He had an observatory at Campden Hill.

† William the Fourth.

Throughout the Diary, at this time, there are frequent passages to show that Lord Ashley, busy as he was, and happy as he was in his political associations, was still restless and ill at ease. His heart was yearning for a resting-place in wedded love, in a settled home, and in the joys of domestic life. His soul was seeking for more definite and systematic labour in distinctly religious spheres. His mind was craving for some absorbing interest which should wean him from his "desperate fits of lounging." Again and again he indulges in morbid self-analysis—grieved that everybody should be able, as he supposes, to do everything better than himself; dreading the chance of failure and consequent disgrace; and constantly passing, as he says, "from the wildest of spirits to cruel and overwhelming despondency." There is, moreover, a certain unhealthiness of sentiment in his tone, quite foreign to his earlier views, and unrelated altogether to his later, as for example when he says, "Surely there must arise happiness of soul, when Time shall be no longer, either to annoy many by its duration, or some by the rapidity of its flight." Again: "We should pray for the end of the world. If it come soon, how much wretchedness would be spared."

But the time was rapidly drawing near when, in a new sphere of life, with new hopes and plans and purposes, much of this restlessness and despondency was to be dispelled, and meanwhile, his happiest moments were those when he was most engrossed in labour for others.

July 20th, Monday.—I held forth last night upon Astronomy a little; it was to persons who had not considered its glories; I hope that the few remarks I made will lead them to reflect more deeply on the immensity of power and goodness in the Creator!

July 21st.—I have taken up the Salt Monopoly of India; this matter has always interested me as one affecting most nearly the comforts of several millions. May I, by the assistance of God, be able to do something for their benefit herein.

July 22nd.—Last night I spent at South's, in observation of the heavens. I was enraptured. I may be a wicked man, and one regarded by God as 'deceitful upon the weights,' but still there is within me a spirit of love and adoration which bursts forth at the sight of any of nature's glories. My soul is so filled that it cannot find vent but in aspirations towards a higher being. Unless the mind be turned to contemplate some vast, indivisible, everlasting, omnipotent Superior, it wanders restless, unsatisfied, and ignorant, through the immensity of imagination, and, having begun in conceit, ends in satiety or despair. But as for myself, my heart is so touched when I view the sweet magnificence of the Creator, that I could fall to weeping in tears of gratitude and joy. Oh, Great Parent, keep me ever in this frame of thought and feeling! I fear the advance of age with its coldness, its abstractions, its worldly pursuits, its hard and worldly common sense.

July 26th, Sunday.—I wrote yesterday to Arbuthnot and declared my final resolution not to sign that insulting despatch for transmission to Lord William Bentinck.* It may end in my dismissal from office, but I shall have acted in alliance with a good conscience. Oh! how difficult it must be for a needy man to be honest and independent! Suppose now I were the father of a dozen children, could I bring my mind to resolve thus greatly? I know not; I shall draw, however, this conclusion—to be sparing of animadversion on those whose needs may cause a tenacity of office or other source of decent maintenance.

It was while Lord Ashley was a Commissioner of the India Board of Control that the first bit of "patronage"

* Then Governor-General of India.

ever fell to his disposal. What use he made of it is best told in the following correspondence:—

Lord Ashley to Mr. Robert Southey.

PANSHANGER, *September 12th*, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope and believe that usage will justify me in the liberty I have now taken of addressing you without the preliminaries of a formal introduction. A man widely famed as yourself, by his publications, so abundant in philosophy and instruction, is virtually presented to every one of his readers. I, at least, cannot refrain from adapting my reasoning to my wishes, in this particular matter.

My business is shortly this. I have derived the greatest benefit from the study of your works, and I think that the world also is largely indebted to your genius and industry. I am anxious to testify, in any way that I can, my respect and gratitude, and I see but one means of effecting my purpose.

My office has, I dare to believe, given me some weight and personal interest with the Directors of the East India Company; the Writerships of that Service lead eventually to important trusts and lucrative emoluments; if you have any son or nephew whom you wish to advance in an honourable and advantageous career, I shall be both proud and happy to obtain for him such a situation. I am fully convinced that a young man imbued with your principles, and instructed by your learning, will prove a public servant such as we need to superintend the immediate comforts, and gradually to promote the civilisation of India. The acceptance of my offer will not in the least place you under any obligation to me; it is *due* to a man who has done so much by his writings to extend the knowledge of true philosophy, and impress upon the world the consolation and practice of Religion.

I remain, my dear Sir, your very obedient, humble servant,

ASHLEY.

To this generous letter, in which the claims of India were considered, no less than those of personal gratitude and esteem, Southey replied as follows:—

Robert Southey to Lord Ashley.

KESWICK, *September* 18*th*, 1830.

I know not, my Lord, how to express my sense of your kindness. Nothing more utterly unexpected, or more gratifying, has ever occurred to me.

A like offer was made to me in the year 1816 by Lord Bathurst, to whom, also, I am personally unknown. It was proposed through Mr. Croker, and upon the supposition that I had a son for whom it might have been acceptable; but I had just before seen that son laid in the grave, and my dearest earthly hopes, as I then thought, with him. There then appeared no likelihood that I should ever have another child, but, after three years, it pleased God to give me a second son, who is now just beyond the age at which his brother was removed. My hope is that, if his life be spared, he may become a Minister in the Church of England, which I believe to be the happiest station in which he could be placed; and with this hope I am educating him myself.

But I have a nephew, now eleven years old, for whom I should most thankfully and gratefully accept your Lordship's proffered kindness. This I could not say till I had communicated with his father, Dr. Southey. He is a promising boy, and has been well educated, thus far, in the usual course.

I have the honour to remain, my Lord, with sincere respect and gratitude,

Your Lordship's obliged and obedient servant,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

That was the beginning of a friendship, maintained chiefly through correspondence, which continued until the long illness that terminated in Southey's death.

On the dissolution of Parliament in 1830, Lord Ashley was elected to represent Dorchester, for which borough his father had previously sat for many years,

the place having been represented by his ancestors from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The accession to power of Earl Grey relieved Lord Ashley from his official duties. He devoted the leisure thus obtained to the prosecution of his studies, and in 1832 he took his M.A. degree at Oxford.

Important as were the events in the times of which we have written, one event has now to be recorded of infinitely greater importance, relating to Lord Ashley's private life. "If I could find the creature I have invented," he wrote, while at Aberystwith, "I should love her with a tenderness and truth unprecedented in the history of wedlock. I pray for her abundantly. God grant me this purest of blessings!" That prayer had been answered; his ideal had been found; and on the 10th of June, 1830, he was married to Emily, daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper—he who at the beginning of the present century erected the mansion at Panshanger, in Hertfordshire. For forty years she shared her husband's struggles, inspired his greater efforts, and was, as he himself has described her, "a wife as good, as true, and as deeply beloved, as God ever gave to man."

One of the first to whom he communicated the intelligence of his approaching marriage was the Duke of Wellington, who replied as follows:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, *April 12th*, 1830.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I have received your letter, and I sincerely congratulate you upon your expected marriage, and upon the hopes of happiness which it affords.

I shall say nothing upon it to anybody. But I saw it announced in two or three newspapers yesterday, as copied from another (the *Court Journal*), which, although it has so fine a title, is, I believe, but a blackguard performance.

As you have desired me not to mention this circumstance, I will not write even to Lady Cowper till I shall have your permission. But if she should know that you have told me, I beg you to let her know the reason for which I do not write to her immediately, and assure her that there is no person who rejoices more sincerely than I do upon an event in which she must feel so much interested.

I beg you likewise to lay me at the feet of Lady Emily, and assure her that she has no friend more sincerely anxious for her happiness than I am.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

Referring to this period of Lord Ashley's life, Lord Granville, who from boyhood had known him, says :— "He was then a singularly good-looking man, with absolutely nothing of effeminate beauty. He had those manly good looks and that striking presence which, I believe—though, of course, inferior by hundreds of degrees to the graces of mind and of character—help a man more than we sometimes think, and they helped him when he endeavoured to inspire his humble fellow-countrymen with his noble and elevated nature. Those good looks he retained to the end of his life. At the time I am speaking of he was seeking to marry that bright and beautiful woman who afterwards threw so much sunshine on his home. I remember, as if it were yesterday, how a schoolfellow of mine, not knowing that he was to be the future brother-in-law of Lord Shaftesbury, told me several anecdotes of the singular

characteristic energy, earnestness, and tenderness which Lord Shaftesbury exhibited in all the actions of his life."*

The rejection of the Reform Bill brought about another dissolution of Parliament in 1831, and Lord Ashley was then chosen, on account of his personal popularity and the local influence of his family, to contest the County of Dorset in the Anti-Reform interest. He stood a fifteen days' contest for the representation against the Hon. William Francis Spencer Ponsonby (afterwards Lord de Mauley), whom he ultimately defeated, after an opposition of unexampled vigour, and almost unexampled duration.

An entry occurs in his Diary relating to this period —the last entry that was to be made for the space of three years.

1831.—No man, I am sure, ever enjoyed more happiness in his married life. God be everlastingly praised.

April 28th.—Dorchester. Another birthday in the midst of an election and a falling country. Were I not married to a woman whose happiness, even for an hour, I prefer to whole years of my own, I could wish to be away from the scene of destruction and carried to an unearthly place, rather than see my country crumble before my eyes. Whatever be the result of this General Election relative to the Bill, the Ministers have succeeded in rendering some Reform inevitable.

It was at the urgent request of the Anti-Reform party that Lord Ashley had consented to stand for Dorsetshire, and on the distinct understanding that the

* Earl Granville's speech at the Mansion House Memorial Meeting, October 16, 1885.

expenses of the election—which at that period were enormous—would be borne by them, as he had, from the first, frankly declared his inability to defray them himself. By a series of misunderstandings, consequent upon not having guarantees properly secured, the fund that had been raised was altogether inadequate; the burden of payment fell upon Lord Ashley, and he became involved in harassing and distressing difficulties.

Read in the light of the Corrupt Practices Act of 1885, the following memorandum of the expenses incurred in the election of Lord Ashley for Dorset will point its own moral:—

DORCHESTER.

King's Arms.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
House or Tavern Bill	1,938	15	11			
Paid for Beds out of the House ...	387	19	0			
Hay and Corn	95	5	7			
Coach Proprietors for Fares in Coaches	56	12	6			
Post Horses	636	4	0			
Hire of Carriages	95	0	0			
Paid for a Horse Killed	20	0	0			
Contingencies	26	12	6			
	3,256	9	6			
Received	17	12	6			
				3,238	17	0

N.B. In the above the Hostler, Waiter, Chambermaid, and Porter, are not included.

Anchor	362	2	7
Chequers	512	8	4
Green Dragon	705	7	3
Greyhound	318	19	2
Carried forward	£5,137	14	4

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	5,137	14	4
Mariners	840	19	1
New Crown	346	3	6
Old Crown	432	14	10
Phoenix	1,319	2	6
Plume of Feathers	832	8	11
Queen's Arms	140	0	1
Red Lion	567	11	8
Ship	212	16	8
Wood and Stone	646	5	2
	£10,475	16	9

Public Houses.

Dorchester	10,475	16	9
Weymouth	372	4	0
Portland	1,203	8	7
Maiden Newton. White Hart	218	11	10
Winfrith. Red Lion	51	19	2
Corfe Castle. Ship Inn	24	11	6
Milborne St. Andrew's. Cardinal's Cap ...	177	5	10
Gillingham. Red Lion	2	0	3
	£12,525	17	11

	£	s.	d.			
Expenses of Freeholders for Carriages and Travelling Charges to and from London and other places, paid at Dorchester	361	10	6			
Various payments to Messengers and persons attending the Election ...	134	9	6			
Other payments connected with the Election	268	1	2			
				764	1	2
Other Bills delivered and not paid				2,310	6	6
				3,074	7	8
Inns and Public-house Bills already received as above				12,525	17	11
				£15,600	5	7

After all the trouble, fatigue, and appalling expense of the election, Mr. Ponsonby declared his intention to present a petition against the return of his opponent. Lord Ashley at once announced the attitude he proposed to take in the matter in the following letter :—

Lord Ashley to the Duke of Wellington.

PANSHANGER, *November 30th*, 1831.

MY DEAR DUKE,—I understand that it is the intention of Mr. Ponsonby to present a petition against my return. His case I know to be an uncommonly bad one; but as he brings it forward at the cost of other persons, he has no objection to spend money for my annoyance.

I think it my duty to inform you, not only as the head of the party to which I belong, but also as having taken so great interest in the struggle for Dorsetshire, that if Mr. Ponsonby should present the petition, I do not intend to resist it, however feeble, nay, despicable, may be his claim, as indeed my Counsel assert it to be.

My Election expenses are still unpaid; indeed, even the amount nominally subscribed has not as yet been placed in the Banker's hands. I have before me, in consequence, the prospect of debts and incumbrances which no economy or exertions on my part will enable me to discharge. Under such circumstances it would be dishonourable in me to incur any further expenses.

I am, my dear Duke, with great respect, yours very truly,

ASHLEY.

To this letter the Duke replied bluntly, as follows :—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, *December 1st*, 1831.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—When you address me as a person greatly interested in your honour and success, and as one who felt a most anxious interest for your success in Dorsetshire, I answer you.

But when you address me as the head of a party, I disclaim the title. I am the slave of the party. Whenever any man wants anything, particularly anything to be said or done by one to another which will be disagreeable to him, he comes to me to apply for my assistance; but if I presume to give my opinion upon any matter of general or local interest, it is quite certain that each individual will take his own course. I think it best, therefore, that I should take mine; and I protest against being supposed to be the head of any party, or responsible for anybody's acts excepting my own.

I am very sorry that you should find yourself under the necessity of retiring in case Mr. Ponsonby should petition. I did everything in my power to support you. I did more even than I promised.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

A correspondence of some warmth ensued after this, which it is not necessary to insert here. Lord Ashley had entertained the hope that when the Duke saw the embarrassments in which the long protracted contest had left him, he, in common with others of the party, would have taken some steps to relieve him. But the Duke declined to interfere in the matter, and Lord Ashley was left to his debts, and to his own devices to extricate himself from them.

His first step was to announce to his friends, committees, and agents, his course of action. It was done in these terms:—

LONDON, *December 20th*, 1831.

Lest there should be any misunderstanding, I am desirous of stating, in a very few words, my present but final determination.

If the party think the seat for Dorsetshire worth defending, they are at perfect liberty to undertake the defence. I cannot give any attention to that concern, until I shall be entirely relieved from all existing incumbrances.

My whole endeavours will be directed towards the discharge of the election debts; this is the only course by which I can stand justified before the world, the creditors, and my own conscience. I shall not thwart or limit in any way the operations of the party, if they wish to resist Mr. Ponsonby's petition; but I myself will not expend one farthing thereon, nor (whatever the party may do in *their own name*) can I permit that any charge, even the smallest, should henceforward be incurred *in mine.*

The matter is in their hands to do exactly as they please.

ASHLEY.

The unpleasant position in which Lord Ashley found himself placed, brought him much sympathy and some help. Among those who expressed themselves warmly on the subject was the Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover), to whom Lord Ashley wrote.

Lord Ashley to H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland.

PANSHANGER, *December 26th*, 1831.

SIR,—I have taken the liberty of addressing a few lines to your Royal Highness, to thank you for the kind feeling you expressed on my behalf.

I am greatly honoured by your Royal Highness' friendship, and I can sincerely assure you that, in this general desertion of my friends, it is doubly gratifying to me.

I am, Sir,

Your Royal Highness'

Most obedient, humble servant,

ASHLEY.

The Duke replied as follows:—

H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland to Lord Ashley.

KEW, *December 30th*, 1831.

DEAR SIR,—Excuse my not having acknowledged sooner the receipt of your letter, but I have been prevented doing it until now

I feel most happy if, by my humble means, I have had it in my power to be of any use to you on a late occasion. All I can and shall say is, that though I know I have many faults, at least that of infidelity to my political principles never can, or shall, be charged to me, and I must say that I look on your business as one in which the honour and character of us Tories is most entirely concerned, and that as you did not enter upon the contest from any particular desire of your own, nay, I may add rather against your own wishes, but at the express desire of the party, they are bound to do their utmost to help you. Wishing you every possible success, believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

ERNEST.

The action of Mr. Ponsonby was stoutly resisted by the party, and the result was a complete triumph for Lord Ashley.

Mr. W. W. Follett to Lord Ashley.

EXETER, *March 20th*, 1832.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I congratulate you most sincerely on this second triumph. I was very anxious and uncomfortable until I got yours and Peach's letter, for fear the Radicals would again rally. Your Lordship can again take your seat, the acknowledged representative of the freeholders of Dorsetshire. Would to God we had more such county members, and we need not yet despair of our country.

I hope and trust *all* matters will now be arranged in a way satisfactory to you.

Believe me, my dear Lord Ashley,

Ever most sincerely yours,

W. W. FOLLETT.

Lord Ashley voted, as a matter of course, against the Reform Bill, but he took no very active part in the stirring controversies in relation to it, nor does he appear to have spoken on the question in the House. He

had pledged himself to stand to "those great principles which inspirit and regulate our glorious Constitution in Church and State," and to "firmly, yet temperately, endeavour to maintain the institutions of the country, and to prevent the collision of interests apparently hostile, though in fact the same." Half a century later—on the 50th anniversary of the passing of the Bill—a list of the survivors of the Reform Parliament was given in the public press, and the question was asked whether any of them would hold to the opinion then expressed that the "sun of England had set for ever." Lord Shaftesbury replied—

> I am one of the survivors, but I do not recollect that I ever expressed that opinion, nor was it the opinion of the great Statesmen who at that time resisted the measure. They maintained that it would lead eventually to large and organic changes; that it would overthrow the Established Church, and destroy the independence of the House of Lords, if not altogether annihilate its existence.
>
> They never contemplated those issues as immediate; they generally believed that about thirty years would elapse before the full and permanent effects were seen. In this they were right. The Household Suffrage Act of 1867, followed by the introduction of the Ballot, gave the final stamp to the future character of legislation. One enactment yet remains, the enactment of household suffrage for the counties. This measure will affect the tenure and transmission of property in every form, as the other measures have affected the principle and action of political institutions.*

During the years 1831–32, Lord Ashley was in constant correspondence with Southey, and, although many of the letters related chiefly to questions of the day, the

* *Times*, June 6th, 1882.

views expressed by Southey were stimulating to his friend. "For myself," said Southey, "I take a hopeful view of things, not merely because of that constitutional cheerfulness which never forsakes me by my own fireside, but because all things seem at this time to be working through evil to good." This was an exactly opposite view to that entertained by Lord Ashley, and the influence brought to bear upon him was beneficial.

A few brief extracts from Southey's letters will show the current of their thoughts, and the nature of their communications.

KESWICK, *June 5th*, 1831.

I am writing a paper upon the St. Simonists, to whom you first introduced me. As soon as it is finished, which will be in the course of the present week, I must set off for Cheltenham, upon a melancholy business. My poor old friend, Dr. Bell, who has totally lost his speech, wishes me to be one of his executors and trustees, but I have reason to apprehend that this trust may lead to a great deal of business for which I am not fitted, and indeed cannot afford time. However, he urgently desires to see me, and I must go to him. The bulk of his property he has already irrevocably given to St. Andrews —his own university—no less a sum than £120,000 so disposed of, I fear, that it will produce the least possible good. My absence, for which I can very ill spare time, will be from twelve days to a fortnight.

If the political essays which I am now printing should obtain a reasonable sale, I shall collect my historical and ecclesiastical ones in the same form.

Alas! I look at my books with some fear, when I think that the incendiaries are sure, ere long, to begin their work again, and that the greater part of the labours of my life might be frustrated by the wickedness of any wretched fanatic who should think he was doing his country good service in the act! My books would be a loss which it would be impossible for me ever to repair.

In the Dorsetshire contest Southey took a great interest, and wrote (October 24, 1831):—

Accept my thanks as an Englishman for the struggle you have made in Dorsetshire, and my congratulations as a friend upon your success in it. If I had had a vote for that county (which I should have had if property that in course of law would have descended to me, had not capriciously been willed away), you would have seen me at Dorchester.

This election is the strongest manifestation which has yet appeared of the change that has taken, and is taking place, in public opinion. I have lately made a circuit of between three and four hundred miles; and of all the persons with whom I fell in, in stage-coaches, and at inns, only one was a Reformer. He was a Londoner. But none of the others declared themselves, till they had heard one speak out. With the disgust that the sober part of the nation have begun to feel for the Bill, and the honest declaration of the Radicals that they want more, and will not be contented with so little—time, if it could be gained, might set this question asleep. But the men in power will not suffer this, and it is not, I fear, by such lenient means that we are to be saved.

Many of the letters relate to books and their authors, Lord Ashley's literary taste and judgment being held in very high esteem by Southey. Education in its wider sense was also frequently under discussion. Thus, on November 7th, Southey writes:—

Governments will learn that no Government can be safe where any great proportion of the people are left in that state of ignorance which affords them no preservation against temptation; nor where they are necessarily miserable and vicious and disaffected. There must be more civil discipline and more, much more, religious instruction.

Lord Clarendon's 'History' ought to be read in the Universities as carefully as Thucydides. I have long considered it a great defect in our system of education that some such means of training up men (politically speaking) in the way they should go, and thus arming them against the errors of the times, should be so utterly neglected.

South's 'Sermons' ought to follow Clarendon in a course of historical reading. They constantly refer to the causes and consequences of the Rebellion as connected with Puritanism; and as no man ever possessed a cleverer head, no man ever expressed sterling sense in a more vigorous style. Indeed, I look upon his style as the perfection of English prose. His wit I can always admire; and his bitterness I can pardon, because it is never misapplied; but there are one or two passages of so dark a Calvinistic dye in his works that they make me shudder. Of all our old divines, Jackson is the one who has most enlarged my views; the perusal of his works always elevates me, and leaves an abiding contentment. Now and then a passage occurs which I wonder at meeting there, and wish it had not been written; but on the whole I know of no writer in whose words there is so little alloy, in proportion to their extent. There are some remarkable instances in this excellent man's writings of that foresight which is produced by a religious consideration of the course of human affairs.

In only one of his letters does Southey refer to himself as the Poet-laureate. It was when sending a selection from his poems, containing his lyric pieces written in the days of Queen Caroline, and of the revolutionary movements at Manchester. He says—

I send them because of their present applicability; and because they will show you in what manner I am disposed to perform the duties of Poet-laureate.

Southey was justly indignant upon hearing how, in the matter of the expenses connected with the Dorset election, Lord Ashley had been deserted even by those who had pledged themselves to support him; and wrote in reply, while the validity of the election was still in question:—

KESWICK, *January 16th*, 1832.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—Your letter gives me great concern as well as great surprise. Dorsetshire offered the first ground on

which a stand could be made, and when you took your stand there every one knew that it was not for your own sake, but for the common cause. I never doubted that coming forward as you did, you would be supported by the whole party. If they treat you thus, I cannot but feel that they neither deserve to be served nor saved.

Such treatment might produce a most injurious effect upon any one whose mind was not conformed to Christian principles and confirmed in them. For nothing is more difficult than to think charitably of mankind, after we have been compelled to think ill of those in whom we have trusted. You are in no danger of being thus morally injured. And should it be necessary for you to withdraw for some years into private life and comparative retirement, this may eventually prove to be no misfortune. You will escape from feverish anxieties and from fatigues which undermine the strongest constitutions; and you will live to yourself, in the enjoyment of leisure, which you will know how to improve. Your evenings will be far more healthfully and happily and profitably passed than they would have been in the House of Commons.

God bless you, my dear Lord Ashley.

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Southey, Lord Ashley made known many of the projects which were still floating in his mind and had not yet assumed definite shape. In all these Southey took a warm and sympathetic interest, as indicated in the following extracts:—

January 15th, 1832.

I agree with you that the state of the poor cannot be discussed too much, for till it is improved physically and morally and religiously we shall be in more danger from them than the West Indian planters are from their slaves.

December 1st, 1832.

If I had not been pressingly employed upon a volume which is announced for the first of February I should have ere this thanked

you for the two Reports upon the Sabbath, and Cruelty to Animals. The first I have gone through carefully and with great interest; the first page of the latter made me sick at heart; but I shall go through that also, and, in due time, if it please God, make use of both. No information can ever come amiss to me. Sooner or later I find application for all that I can obtain; and it not unfrequently happens that notes which I made twenty or thirty years ago, come into use. The Sabbath Report tends to confirm the encouraging opinion that in every measure of real reform, when it is once fairly and honestly undertaken, the strength of the community will go with it. Whatever is attempted in the fear of God and in the love of our fellow-creatures, will have the heart of man with it.

One of the titles by which Lord Ashley soon became known throughout the country was that of the "Working Man's Friend." The condition of the working classes about this time presents a very striking contrast to their condition now. The term "working man" is to be understood as applying, not to the agricultural labourer, who, as a rule, has very little to do with politics, takes reluctantly to new ideas, and is slow to be moved by agitation of any kind, but to men employed in towns and cities, the great centres of industry; men of the Lancashire and Yorkshire type, who by their intelligence represent, and by their action influence and lead, the great working classes of the country.

It was when Lord Ashley was beginning his public career that the true position of the working man was becoming capable of definition. He had groaned under heavy burdens, he had been stung by the reproach that he was a mere part of the machinery of the country, he had been fettered by vexatious laws. The great fiscal reforms of Huskisson in 1824–5; the labours of Joseph

Hume; the repeal of the Combination Laws, which rendered the union of working men in self-defence no longer criminal; the repeal of the laws relating to artificers going to foreign parts, which made emigration possible when the labour market was overstocked, and other measures of relief, now paved the way for further reforms.

And truly Reform was urgently demanded in regard to the whole position and privileges of the working classes. A spirit of turbulence and lawlessness was manifesting itself everywhere. Their only resource in self-defence, and perhaps the only argument they understood, was that of violence. When, for instance, in 1829, during a period of stagnation in trade, employers proposed a reduction of wages to the factory operatives, they assembled in riotous mobs, broke the windows of the factories, smashed the machinery, destroyed the looms, and in some instances set fire to the mills. Education was at a deplorably low ebb. In the factory districts, even as late as 1843, when overwork was to some extent stopped, Mr. Leonard Horner, one of the inspectors of factories, reported that in an area of eight miles by four, comprising the large boroughs of Oldham and Ashton, for a population of 105,000, there was not, at the date of his last quarterly return, one public day school for poor children.

The factory schools were a delusion and a snare. As late as 1839 an inspector reported:—"The engine-man, the slubber, the burler, the book-keeper, the overlooker, the wife of any of these, the small shopkeeper, or the

next-door neighbour, with six or seven children on the floor and on her lap, are by turns found teaching the young idea how to shoot, in and about their several places of occupation, for the two hours required by law." *

Sunday schools, although of incalculable value for their special ends, could not, in the nature of things, effect much in the spread of education.

The amusements of the people were a fair index of their general condition. There was universal rioting and carousal at Easter and Whitsuntide. Fairs and wakes were the popular resorts; drunkenness was the great prevailing vice; unchastity was fearfully prevalent; and low-class dancing saloons and still lower-class cheap theatres were largely frequented.

The opportunities for improving their mental and moral condition were very limited. The factory system, as we shall presently see more particularly, was cruel in its oppression. Mines and collieries were worked in great measure by women and children. Bakers, sailors, and chimney-sweeps were left unprotected by legislation. Friendly societies, many of them rotten to the core, were the only legalised means for self-help. Post-office Savings Banks were not established, and the pawnbrokers, or private savings banks, held the savings of the people. Sanitary science was practically unknown. Education was not a right. Ragged schools, reformatory and industrial schools, mechanics' institutes, and workmen's clubs had not begun to exist. The newspaper

* Quoted in "Progress of the Working Classes." By J. M. Ludlow.

press was not free; on the contrary, it was fettered in many ways. Taxation was oppressive and unjust. Postal communication was an expensive luxury even to the well-to-do. Limited liability, enabling working men to contribute their small capital to the increase of the productive power of the country, was not so much as thought of. The poor laws were pauperising and degrading; the stamp duties were an effectual bar to the poor man enforcing his legal claims. The Compensation for Accidents Act did not exist. The cheap literature of the day reflected the violent passions which raged on every side; and the Church was in a state of lethargy from which it was not effectually aroused for many years.

With crime rampant, and the machinery for the pursuit of offenders in an inconceivably deficient state; with mendicancy everywhere on the increase; with population increasing by gigantic strides (in Birmingham, for example, the population in 1815 was 90,000; in 1832, 150,000), and no means for the preservation of order in great thoroughfares; with sanitation in a deplorable state, and no proper provision for enforcing the local and general laws in existence for the removal of obstructions and nuisances—there was no measure enacted at this period that was of greater benefit than Sir Robert Peel's Act which laid the foundation of our present police force. Before 1829 the public were dependent for their protection upon a staff of parochial watchmen, who were muffled up in heavy cloaks, and beat a stick upon the pavement to announce their

approach, and allow evil-disposed persons to get out of their way. At night they carried lanterns, which served, as the stick by day, to announce their whereabouts, and after they had made their rounds they retired to their watch-boxes. It was no wonder that plunder and robbery of all kinds were committed with impunity, and that after sunset no one considered it safe to venture out. But the inhabitants of the metropolis, and in fact of all the large towns, were accustomed to the state of things, and when Sir Robert Peel instituted, in 1829, the new police force in the metropolis, he was met on all hands with the fiercest opposition and invective. It was considered that such an interference with the liberty of the subject as the introduction of police supervision involved, would be disastrous in its consequences. As a matter of fact it was found to be the best measure for consolidating peace and protecting life and property that could have been devised; and the popular prejudice, although hard to die, at length yielded. It is unnecessary to state that the terms "Bobby" and "Peeler" were derived from Peel's name.

It was fortunate for Lord Ashley, of all men, that the police force should have been instituted at this period. The times were ripening for the introduction of measures which, before they could be carried, would necessitate his becoming personally acquainted with every den of infamy, every sink of impurity, every abomination in the hovels of the lowest of the low—not in London only but in all the great cities, and it would have been morally and physically impossible

for him to have accomplished his task without the assistance of the police, a body of men to whom he always acknowledged his indebtedness, and of whom he always spoke well.

In 1833 began the great work in which, for twenty years, Lord Ashley was to take so prominent a part—Factory Legislation.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century the value of the muslins and calicoes which England annually received from India was about £160,000. During the eighteenth century the importation of Indian piece-goods into this country, despite legislative enactments intended to foster the home manufacture of cotton fabrics, by prohibiting the weaving of Indian muslin and calicoes, rose to the annual value of £1,250,000, and the acme of this increasing trade was reached in 1806, when our importations from India of such goods as are now the staple of the industry of Lancashire, amounted to £2,000,000. "From this date there is a decline, great and rapid, till England becomes an exporter of what she had previously imported so largely, and is able, not only to furnish cotton goods of every variety and quality for the supply of all her own wants, but also to carry the produce of her looms ten thousand miles across the seas, and 'placing them at the doors of the Indian consumer, undersell the goods made by his own hands from cotton grown in his own garden.'"*

* "Cotton Weaving and Lancashire Looms." *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. vi., p. 446.

It was to the inventions and improvements in machinery that this wonderful change was due. Up to the year 1738 the English hand-loom weaver was in no better case than the "rude, unlettered Indian;" but in 1738, John Kay, of Bury, substituted the fly-shuttle for the hand-shuttle, by which the production of the hand-loom was trebled. Other improvements followed; and in 1767 Mr. James Hargreaves, a hand-loom weaver of Blackburn, patented his "spinning jenny." So great was the saving of labour effected by this machine that the spinners were up in arms; they broke into his house, and destroyed the machine. When, however, its advantages became apparent, fresh machines were brought into use, but these in like manner were destroyed, and Hargreaves quitted Lancashire in disgust, and settled in Nottingham, where he erected a mill.

Following close upon the inventions of Hargreaves came those of Richard Arkwright and Samuel Crompton, by whose genius the production of yarn had increased three hundred-fold; and to these again succeeded the inventions of Dr. Cartwright, a clergyman of the Church of England, and of Mr. Robert Millar, a calico-printer of Glasgow, so that towards the end of last century the condition of the cotton manufacturing population was completely changed. Instead of working in their homes they were obliged to work in mills; and instead of being comparatively their own masters, working when they would, they were under masters who made them work for what wages they chose to give, and during what hours they chose to dictate.

Remonstrance was in vain; water could now be employed to do the harder part of the work formerly done by the men, who, if they were refractory, could be sent adrift; and machinery was invented which children could manage with almost as much success as adults.

In this way a demand for child-labour was created, and the supply was not deficient. But it was effected in a manner which scarcely seems credible to the humanity of to-day; large bodies of children were drafted from the workhouses of London, Edinburgh, and other great cities, and placed in the mills as "apprentices," where, at the discretion of sordid overseers, they were worked unmercifully, and treated with such brutality that the recital is too sickening for narration.

As early as 1796 voices were raised in protest against the cruel wrongs inflicted on these poor children, who were continually being sent down into Lancashire by barge-loads from the London workhouses; but in the excitement of the stirring events that were then occurring at home and abroad, those voices were unheeded. Meantime, the condition of these unfortunate children was growing from bad to worse, until at last the cruelty of the system under which they were held, was hardly paralleled by the abominations of negro slavery. A horrible traffic had sprung up; child-jobbers scoured the country for the purpose of purchasing children to sell them again into the bondage of factory slaves. The waste of human life in the manufactories to which the children were consigned was

simply frightful. Day and night the machinery was kept going; one gang of children working it by day, and another set by night, while, in times of pressure, the same children were kept working day and night by remorseless task-masters.

The horrors of the Factory System are scarcely conceivable to this generation; and if a few details are given here, it is not to furnish a "harrowing description," but to indicate what was the actual state of things which cried aloud for the interference of the Legislature.

Under the "Apprentice System," bargains were made between the churchwardens and overseers of parishes and the owners of factories, and the pauper children—some as young as five years old—were bound to serve until they were twenty-one.

In some cases alluring baits were held out to them; they were told they would be well clothed and fed, have plenty of money, and learn a trade. These deceptions were practised in order to make the children wish to go, and thus give an opportunity to the traffickers to say that they went as volunteers, and not under compulsion. Generally, the spell was broken when, like live stock, these children were packed in waggons, and sent a four days' journey to Nottingham, or wherever their destination might be. If the illusion did not vanish then, it did when the gates of the 'Prentice House closed upon them, and they were checked off, according to invoice, and consigned to the sleeping berths allotted to them, reeking with the foul

oil with which the bedding of the older hands was saturated.

Their first labours generally consisted in picking up loose cotton from the floor. This was done amidst the burring din of machinery, in an average heat of 70° to 90° Fahrenheit, and in the fumes of the oil with which the axles of twenty thousand wheels and spindles were bathed.

> "For all day, the wheels are droning, turning;
> Their wind comes in our faces,
> Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
> And the walls turn in their places:
> Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,
> Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,
> Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,
> All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
> And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
> And sometimes we could pray,
> 'O ye wheels' (breaking out in a mad moaning)
> 'Stop! be silent for to day!'" *

Sick, with aching backs and inflamed ankles from the constant stooping, with fingers lacerated from scraping the floors; parched and suffocated by the dust and flue—the little slaves toiled from morning till night. If they paused, the brutal overlooker, who was responsible for a certain amount of work being performed by each child under him, urged them on by kicks and blows.

When the dinner-time came, after six hours' labour, it was only to rest for forty minutes, and to partake

* "The Cry of the Children," by Mrs. E. B. Browning.

of black bread and porridge, or, occasionally, some coarse Irish bacon.

In process of time more important employment was given to them, involving longer hours and harder work. Lost time had to be made up by overwork—they were required every other day to stop at the mill during the dinner-hour to clean the frames, and there was scarcely a moment of relaxation for them until Sunday came, when their one thought was to rest. Stage by stage they sank into the profoundest depths of wretchedness. In weariness they often fell upon the machinery, and almost every factory child was more or less injured; through hunger, neglect, over-fatigue, and poisonous air, they died in terrible numbers, swept off by contagious fevers.

There was no redress of any kind. The isolation of the mills aided the cruelties practised in them. The children could not escape, as rewards were offered for their capture and were eagerly sought; they could not complain when the visiting magistrate came, for they were in abject fear of their task-masters, and, moreover, on those days the house was swept and garnished for the anticipated visit, and appearances would have given the lie to complaints; if they perished in the machinery, it was a rare thing for a coroner's inquest to be held, and rarer still for it to issue in anything but a commonplace verdict. And when the time came that their indentures expired, after years of toil, averaging fourteen hours a day, with their bodies scarred with the wounds inflicted by the overlookers—with their minds dwarfed and vacant,

with their constitutions, in many instances, hopelessly injured; in profound ignorance that there was even the semblance of law for their protection—these unfortunate apprentices, arrived at manhood, found that they had never been taught the trade they should have learned, and that they had no resource whatever but to enter again upon the hateful life from which they were legally freed. Should it happen that they had become crippled or diseased during their apprenticeship, their wages were fixed at the lowest possible sum, and their future was a long lingering death.

Such are some of the facts relating to the Apprentice System—only one phase of the great Factory Question. Where such abominations were tolerated, the case of the other children and young persons, not apprentices, could not be otherwise than almost as bad, and, in point of fact, there grew up, as we shall see, consequent upon the rapid increase of trade, a system of iniquity even greater than that we have described, when, instead of churchwardens and overseers of parishes apprenticing the orphans and destitute of their parishes, parents voluntarily placed their children in the factories to do the same kind of work, during the same oppressive hours, and under many of the same heartless conditions.

It is a curious fact that the first champion of these hapless apprentices was one who was himself a manufacturer, and had had a long experience and use of the system—the first Sir Robert Peel, who in 1802 carried a measure to provide for their care and education.

As far as it went the legislation was good; it enjoined proper clothing, feeding, and instruction; the limitation of the hours to twelve, exclusive of meals; the abolition of night-work, and the appointment of visitors to inspect the factories. The effect of the Act was to do away gradually with the "Apprentice System."

The mills at that time were placed where there was plenty of water to drive the machinery; and as this was often in thinly-populated districts, the employment of apprentices became a necessity. When, however, the steam-engine was invented, mills could be planted anywhere; and, as a matter of fact, they were planted in densely populated neighbourhoods, in order that the children of the inhabitants might be employed instead of the apprentices, and so relieve the masters of the trouble of providing food, clothing, and education.

This altered state of affairs introduced new evils, scarcely less formidable than those that had preceded them; and in 1815 Sir Robert Peel again came to the relief of the oppressed children. After wearisome inquiries he succeeded in obtaining, in 1819, an Act by which no child under nine years of age should be allowed to work in a cotton factory, and no young person under sixteen to work more than twelve hours a day, exclusive of meals. Sir Robert Peel was greatly assisted by the untiring labours of Mr. Nathaniel Gould, a large-hearted philanthropist who gave his time and wealth and influence to the cause unsparingly, and has left behind him a memory which will always

be cherished with gratitude in the manufacturing districts.

While these evils existed in the cotton factories, evils every whit as great were prevalent in the woollen, silk, linen, and other factories—evils which the legislation of Sir Robert Peel did not touch.

In 1825, Sir John Hobhouse (afterwards Lord Broughton) passed a Bill by which it became unlawful to employ any child in a cotton factory, who should be under eighteen years of age, for more than sixty-nine hours a week; and which also prohibited night-work in specified departments.

The Bill of Sir John Hobhouse, like that of Sir Robert Peel, related only to the cotton factories, and, as soon as it was passed, it was found that it was very inadequate to meet the difficulties which were increasing with the increasing trade, consequent upon the multiplication of inventions. Nevertheless its provisions were highly beneficial as far as they went; the health and morals of the factory-hands were undoubtedly improved, and an impetus was given to the desire of both masters and men for further legislation.

It was not, however, till 1830 that the great and comprehensive movement with which, later on, Lord Ashley was to be pre-eminently identified, commenced. In that year Mr. John Wood, of Bradford, Mr. Richard Oastler, of Fixby Hall, Huddersfield, the Rev. G. S. Bull, Mr. Walker, Mr. Philip Grant, and others, grasped the wider and more beneficent idea of seeking the reduction of the hours of work, not for children in cotton

factories only, but for children employed in the manufacture of textile fabrics throughout the kingdom.

Letters were written to the public journals, meetings were held, the enthusiasm of the working men was kindled, and—the opposition of the great body of the mill-owners was aroused. Petitions to both Houses of Parliament were presented on both sides, and the whole of the manufacturing districts were kept in a state of increasing agitation.

Meanwhile a further Bill was being promoted by Sir John Hobhouse and Lord Morpeth, which proposed to limit the hours of work to eleven and a half in any one day, and to eight and a half on Saturdays; to prohibit children under nine years of age being employed in factories; to exempt all young persons under twenty-one years of age from night-work; and to extend the operations of the Act to cotton, woollen, worsted, linen and silk factories, and also to power-looms. The opposition to the measure on the part of the mill-owners was very strong, and the result was that the Bill—which received the Royal Assent in 1831—was too much mutilated to be at all effective.

One of the most ardent supporters of Sir John Hobhouse, at this time, was Mr. Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P. for Newark, and so conspicuous and untiring were his labours, so wide his sympathies, and so powerful his influence that he was, by common consent, chosen as the future leader of the movement in the House of Commons. Sir John Hobhouse had over and over again expressed his conviction that nothing could be more idle

than to talk of the possibility of limiting the hours of daily labour to ten, for five days, and to eight on the Saturday, and he was surprised to find that any one, who knew anything of the real state of the question, could hold a view so extravagant.

Nevertheless, at the end of the Session of 1831, Mr. Sadler introduced his famous "Ten Hours Bill" into the House of Commons, and on the 18th of March, 1832, moved its second reading in a speech of extraordinary eloquence. It was urged by the opponents of the measure that his statements were exaggerated, one-sided, and inaccurate; and such was the force of the opposition that he was obliged to yield to the appointment of a Select Committee.

It was while that Committee was carrying on its Herculean labours, and Mr. Sadler was working night and day in the cause, that the country was agitated, as it had never been before, with the cry of Parliamentary Reform, and in that year the first Reform Bill received the Royal Assent.

Newark, the borough represented by Mr. Sadler, was disfranchised. At the General Election ensuing, he offered himself for Leeds and afterwards for Huddersfield, but, notwithstanding the support he received from the working classes in both places, he was rejected.

A letter from Southey to Lord Ashley, written at this crisis, refers to these events from an "outside" point of view.

Robert Southey to Lord Ashley.

KESWICK, *January 13th*, 1833.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—The ten-pounders have sent just such members as might have been expected to *Parldemonium* from the great manufacturing towns. But I am more sorry to perceive what good men are thrown out of Parliament, than what scamps and miscreants have got in. Croker and Wetherall will be sorely missed. Praed is a man who would have been found more and more useful. I have a very high opinion of his abilities. Gordon will be wanted there; I am told that no man is personally so well acquainted with the state of the Irish affairs as relating to religion. He made a most able speech at Nottingham after the election. Sadler, too, is a loss; he might not be popular in the House, or in London society, but his speeches did much good in the country, and he is a singularly able, right-minded, religious man. Who is there that will take up the question of our white slave trade with equal feeling?

They who grow cotton are merciful taskmasters in comparison with those who manufacture it. Robert Hildyard (whom you know) told me the other day that Marshall, the Member for Leeds, showed him one of his manufactories, and upon his remarking the extreme delicacy of the children, replied they were consumptive, that a great proportion of them never reached the age of twenty, and that this was owing to the *flew* with which the air was always filled. He spoke of this with as little compunction as a General would calculate the probable consumption of lives in a campaign. A General may do this, under—even a righteous—sense of duty; but I know not where the love of gain appears in more undisguised deformity than in a cotton-mill. The cruelty is never so excessive as it often is in a plantation, but it is more unmitigated; the system is more uniformly and incorrigibly evil. The negroes in a plantation may be rendered happy by kind treatment, and no doubt often are so, but I know not how a cotton-mill can be otherwise than an abomination to God and man.

God bless you, my dear Lord Ashley,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The rejection of Mr. Sadler was a terrible blow to the operatives, and a meeting of delegates from the Lancashire and Yorkshire committees was at once held to consider what steps should be taken. At that meeting the Rev. G. S. Bull, one of the leaders in the movement, was instructed to proceed to London to express their views and to confer with the friends of the movement there.

The result cannot be better told than in the words of the letter Mr. Bull addressed to the various Short-Time Committees and others.

Rev. G. S. Bull to Short-Time Committees.

LONDON, *February* 6, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—I have to inform you that in furtherance of the object of the delegates' meeting, I have succeeded, under Mr. Sadler's sanction, in prevailing upon Lord Ashley to move his (Mr. Sadler's) Bill.

Lord Ashley gave notice yesterday afternoon, at half-past two, of a motion on the 5th of March, for leave 'to renew the Bill brought in by Mr. Sadler last Session, to regulate the labour of children in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, with such amendments and additions as appear necessary from the evidence given before the Select Committee of this House.'

This notice, I am very happy to say (for I was present), was received with hearty and unusual cheers from all parts of a House of more than 300. No other notice was so cheered; and more than forty, some of them very popular, were given at the same time.

I am informed that Lord Ashley received many unexpected assurances of support immediately after his notice, and has had more since.

Pray call your Committee together, directly, and read this to them. As to Lord Ashley, he is noble, benevolent, and resolute in mind, as he is manly in person. I have been favoured with several

interviews, and all of the most satisfactory kind. On one occasion his Lordship said, 'I have only zeal and good intentions to bring to this work; I can have no merit in it, that must all belong to Mr. Sadler. It seems no one else will undertake it, so I will; and, without cant or hypocrisy, which I hate, I assure you I dare not refuse the request you have so earnestly pressed. I believe it is my duty to God and to the poor, and I trust He will support me. Talk of trouble! What do we come to Parliament for?'

In a letter he writes: 'To me it appeared an affair less of policy than of religion, and I determined, therefore, at all hazards to myself, to do what I could in furtherance of the views of that virtuous and amiable man' (meaning Mr. Sadler).

I have just left his Lordship, and find him more determined than ever. He says, it is your cause; if you support him, he will never flinch.

Yours most faithfully,

To Mr. ————, G. S. BULL.

Secretary of the Short-Time Committee, ————.

A memorandum, written by Lord Ashley himself in 1838, and found disjointed and incomplete among his papers, recounts the incident of his resolve:—

In the autumn and winter of 1832, I read incidentally in the *Times* some extracts from the evidence taken before Mr. Sadler's committee. I had heard nothing of the question previously, nor was I even aware that an inquiry had been instituted by the House of Commons. Either the question had made very little stir, or I had been unusually negligent in Parliamentary business. I suspect the first to be the true cause, for it had been an active Session, and I had taken my share in the activity of it. I was astonished and disgusted; and, knowing Sadler to be out of Parliament (for he had been defeated at Leeds), I wrote to him to offer my services in presenting petitions, or doing any other small work that the cause might require. I received no answer, and forgot the subject. The Houses met in the month of February; on the second or third day I was addressed by the Rev. G. S. Bull whom till then I had never

seen or heard of. He was brought to me by Sir Andrew Agnew, and they both proposed to me to take up the question that Sadler had necessarily dropped. I can perfectly recollect my astonishment, and doubt, and terror, at the proposition. I forget the arguments for and against my intermeddling in the affair; so far, I recollect, that in vain I demanded time for consideration; it was necessary, Bull replied, to make an instant resolution, as Morpeth would otherwise give notice of a Bill which would defraud the operatives of their ten hours measure, by proposing one which should inflict eleven.

I obtained, however, a respite till the next morning, and I set myself to reflection and inquiry. Nevertheless the only persons I consulted were Peach and Scarlett, the present Lord Abinger. They strongly urged me to adopt the question, and I returned home armed with their opinions, to decide for myself, after meditation and prayer, and 'divination' (as it were) by the word of God.

The resolution arrived at by Lord Ashley and announced in the hastily-written but graphic letter of Mr. Bull, was not reached without a struggle. He now stood at the parting of the ways. On the one hand lay ease, influence, promotion, and troops of friends; on the other an unpopular cause, unceasing labour amidst every kind of opposition; perpetual worry and anxiety; estrangement of friends; annihilation of leisure; and a life among the poor. It was between these he had to choose. Had he been ambitious of political distinction there can be no doubt that, with his abilities, his popularity, and his great oratorical powers, he would have commanded a prominent position in his party. Already he had held an appointment in the Government under the Duke of Wellington, whose confidence he enjoyed, and had shown such tact

and ability, combined with so thorough a knowledge of the matters he had to deal with—relating principally to India—that he had made his mark.

The alternative before him was to voluntarily cut himself off from these prospects, to associate himself with the most unpopular question of the day, to become the victim of a virulent opposition from all parties, and even from many able and enlightened men who were in thorough sympathy with every movement which they believed to be for the improvement of the working classes, but who looked upon the restriction of the hours of labour as an unjustifiable interference with the relations between employer and employed.

But Lord Ashley was not a man to allow considerations of the baser sort to weigh heavily with him. Already he had won the confidence of the poor and the oppressed. Already he had passed through the strait-gate of his path in life, and had entered the narrow way. He would not look back now. He remembered that day at Harrow, when he had vowed that he would fight against the monstrous cruelty that allowed the weak and the unfriended to suffer and be trampled upon simply because they were poor. But that vow had been made when he was a mere boy. Now he had a wife and a child, a home and a position. To espouse the factory cause was to give up home-comfort and domestic leisure; to relinquish the scientific and literary pursuits which had for him such an intense fascination. Was it right for him so to disturb the natural course of his life, and to abandon the

prospects it opened up? He laid the matter before his wife, painted in dark colours all the sacrifice it meant; weighed the burden it would place on her young shoulders; and waited for the verdict.

"It is your duty," she said, "and the consequences we must leave. Go forward, and to Victory!"

The same day that Mr. Bull announced to the delegates that Lord Ashley would proceed with Mr. Sadler's Bill, Lord Ashley received the following letter:—

Lord Morpeth to Lord Ashley.

My dear Ashley,—I must write a line to express a hope that you will not think it discourteous or unfair in me to have given the notice upon the Factory Question which you will see in the votes, notwithstanding your own. The fact is, that having given sedulous attention to the subject in committee, and having been in constant communication concerning it with my constituents, whom it so deeply interests, I have announced generally among them that if Mr. Sadler should not be in the present Parliament, I would undertake to bring it forward, hoping to do so in such a shape as would best suit the interest of all classes among them. As I much fear that this object could not be effected by the measure of last Session, and as I have strong reason to believe that it would have no chance of success in that shape, I have felt that I am not at liberty to depart from the responsibility which I have taken upon myself, and which had become matter of some notoriety in the districts concerned.

Very sincerely yours,

Morpeth.

To this letter the following reply was immediately sent:—

Lord Ashley to Lord Morpeth.

20, New Norfolk Street, *February 6th*, 1833.

My dear Morpeth.—I confess that your motion did not appear quite conformable to the usages of the House; but I will

say nothing more upon that head, as you seem greatly embarrassed by the interests of your constituents. . . .

In one respect I have, so I am told, an advantage of position, inasmuch as the representative of a southern and agricultural county cannot justly be suspected of studying herein his own political interests.

I do not conceal from you that my heart sinks within me, but I am resolved to persevere. If the persons concerned will admit any abatement of their most just demands, it will then be my business to yield. A period of ten hours, and no more, the total abolition of night-work, and eight hours only on Saturdays, are the great provisions they deem necessary for their protection. If your Bill should contain such clauses, I shall be delighted to retire from Mr. Sadler's, and give you every support.

But I have no doubt of success, if your measure be less favourable. I will spare neither time nor trouble, in this or any other Session, to establish those principles.

Yours very truly,

ASHLEY.

When Lord Ashley accepted the responsibility of taking up Mr. Sadler's benevolent measures, he was only known in the factory districts as having voted for those measures; his special aptitude and general fitness for the task had to be taken on trust. From all quarters, however, there came to him promises of support, and foremost among those who welcomed him as their champion was Mr. Oastler, who had worked with unflagging zeal in the cause. To him Lord Ashley replied as follows:—

Lord Ashley to Mr. Richard Oastler.

16*th February*, 1833.

DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your kind and energetic letter; much, very much, is owing to your humanity and zeal, and

though I cannot reckon deeply on the gratitude of multitudes, yet I will hope that your name will, for years to come, be blessed by those children who have suffered, or would have suffered, the tortures of a factory. It is very cruel upon Mr. Sadler that he is debarred from the joy of putting the crown on his beloved measure; however, his *must* be the honour, though another may complete it; and for my part I feel that, if I were to believe that my exertions ought to detract the *millionth* part from his merits, I should be one of the most unprincipled and contemptible of mankind. Ask the question simply, *Who has* borne the real evil, who has encountered the real opposition, who roused the sluggish public to sentiments of honour and pity? Why, Mr. Sadler; and I come in (supposing I succeed) to terminate in the twelfth hour his labour of the eleven. I greatly fear my ability to carry on this measure. I wish, most ardently I wish, that some other had been found to undertake the cause; nothing but the apprehension of its being lost induced me to acquiesce in Mr. Bull's request. I entertain such strong opinions on the matter that I did not *dare*, as a Christian, to let my diffidence, or love of ease, prevail over the demands of morality and religion.

Yours,

ASHLEY.

It was consistent with the fairness of his dealings, then and always, to give to Mr. Sadler, and to those who had laboured with him, the credit of their labours; nor did he ever alter his tone. In 1868, when he published his Speeches,* he stated in the preface ". . . . I desire to record the invaluable services of the remarkable men who preceded me. Had they not gone before, and borne such an amount of responsibility and toil, I do not believe that it would have been

* "Speeches of the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., upon subjects having relation chiefly to the claims and interests of the Labouring Class." London: 1868.

in my power to have achieved anything at all." And to the end of his life he never ceased, when speaking on the Factory Question, to give to them the honour which was their due.

The spirit in which Lord Ashley took up this great work is best told in his own words. Soon after he had entered upon his labours, a meeting, under the auspices of the London Society for the Improvement of the Condition of Factory Children, of which the Duke of Sussex was president, was held in the London Tavern, and was attended by a large number of influential persons, among whom was Daniel O'Connell. An enthusiastic reception was given to Lord Ashley, as the new leader of the movement, and, in speaking to one of the resolutions, he said:—

He could never be indifferent to the approbation of his fellow-countrymen; if he were so, he would distrust himself, feeling, as he did, that a disregard of honest fame is almost invariably accompanied by a disregard of virtue; but he did most solemnly assure the meeting that he did not take up this affair from motives of ambition. Strong and deep feelings impelled him to that course; there were some present who could testify to that; for when he found (and he had but a few hours to make up his mind) that upon him depended the furtherance or the loss of Mr. Sadler's Bill, he did not (he used the word deliberately) *dare* to refuse. . . . He most sincerely wished that some one of capacious mind and profound knowledge, had undertaken this task; so deep and so varied were the objects to be considered. It was a great political, moral, and religious question; it was political because it would decide whether thousands should be left in discontent, aye, and just discontent; it was moral because it would decide whether the rising generation should learn to distinguish between good and evil—be raised above the enjoyment of mere brutal sensualities, and be no longer, as they then were, degraded from the dignity of thinking

beings. It was a great religious question; for it involved the means to thousands and tens of thousands of being brought up in the faith and fear of the God that created them. He had read of those who had sacrificed their children to Moloch, but they were a merciful people compared with Englishmen in the nineteenth century. He had heard of the infanticide of the Indians, but they, too, were a merciful people compared with Englishmen in the nineteenth century. For those nations destroyed at once their wretched offspring, and prevented a long career of suffering and crime; but we, having sucked out every energy of body and of soul, tossed them on the world a mass of skin and bone, incapable of exertion, brutalised in their understandings, and disqualified for immortality. He feared that in the House of Commons they would have to encounter great and formidable opposition, but it was gratifying to think that all the masters were not against them, neither were they without numerous and cordial supporters in the House; but it behoved those who were out of doors to use their best and most strenuous exertions to guard against the possible failure of the Bill. There was one consideration to which he particularly wished to call their attention—namely, that before the publication of the evidence, the people of England had nothing like the responsibility which since rested upon their heads. So long as these horrid facts remained unknown, the guilt attached to the perpetrators only; but, if this terrible system were permitted to continue any longer, the guilt would descend upon the whole nation. As for himself he assured them that he would not give way a single moment on the question of the Ten Hours; he would persevere in the cause he had adopted. He had taken up the measure as a matter of conscience, and as such he was determined to carry it through. If the House would not adopt the Bill, they must drive him from it, as he would not concede a single step. He most positively declared that as long as he had a seat in that House; as long as God gave him health and a sound mind, no efforts, no exertions, should be wanted on his part to establish the success of the measure. If defeated in the present Session, he would bring it forward in the next, and so on in every succeeding Session till his success was complete.

Having thus, and in many other ways, expressed his views and shown the attitude which he intended to

take up with reference to this question, he very soon gained the implicit confidence of the operatives and of the principal supporters of the measure. It was necessary, however, that he should have a distinct understanding with the operatives as to the principles on which the agitation was to be conducted; and "they agreed from the outset that all should be carried on in the most conciliatory manner; that there should be a careful abstinence from all approach to questions of wages and capital; that the labour of children and young persons should alone be touched; that there should be no strikes, no intimidation, and no strong language against their employers, either within or without the walls of Parliament."*

The dauntless manner in which Lord Ashley had thrown himself into the breach, and the vigour with which he commenced his labours, called forth the warmest expressions of approval from all quarters, and many were the suggestions, many the words of counsel and advice, which he received. Thus Robert Southey wrote:—

Robert Southey to Lord Ashley.

KESWICK, *7th February*, 1833.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—There is one thing connected with these accursed factories which I have long intended to expose, and that is, the way in which Sunday Schools have been subservient to the merciless love of gain. The manufacturers know that a cry would be raised against them if their little white slaves received no instruction; and so they have converted Sunday into a *school-day*, with what effect may be seen in the evidences!

* Shaftesbury's Speeches, Preface, p. iv.

This is quite a distinct question from that of the good or evil to be expected from Sunday Schools, as originally intended, and existing in most places. Upon the latter subject I have something to say when opportunities will allow me. But the Sunday School of the factories is an abomination; it is an additional cruelty—a compromise between covetousness and hypocrisy.

Thousands of thousands will bless you for taking up the cause of these poor children. I do not believe that anything more inhuman than the system has ever disgraced human nature, in any age or country. Was I not right in saying that Moloch is a more merciful friend than Mammon? Death in the brazen arms of the Carthaginian idol was mercy to the slow waste of life in the factories. God bless you! R. S.

Another of Lord Ashley's literary friends, on whose opinion he set great value, was John Ramsay McCulloch, the eminent Political Economist, who watched the progress of the Factory Question with deep interest, and wrote thus:—

Mr. J. R. McCulloch to Lord Ashley.

SOUTHAMPTON STREET, FITZROY SQUARE,

28th March, 1833.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your note. You are not owing me anything; and you may be assured that should you at any future period be inclined to *approfondir* any branch of Political Economy, it will be a gratification to me to forward your views. I hope your Factory Bill will prosper, and I am glad it is in such good hands. Had I a seat in the House it should assuredly have my vote. A notion is entertained that Political Economists are, in all cases, enemies to all sorts of interference, but I assure you I am not one of those who entertain such an opinion. I would not interfere between adults and masters; but it is absurd to contend that children have the power to judge for themselves as to such a matter. I look upon the facts disclosed in the late Report as most disgraceful to the nation; and I confess that, until I read it, I could not have conceived it possible that such

enormities were committed. Perhaps you have seen the late work of M. Courin, who was sent by the French Government to report on the state of education in Germany. It is well worth your Lordship's attention. In Prussia, and most other German States, *all* persons are obliged to send their children to school from the age of seven to thirteen or fourteen years, and the education given to them is excellent; as much superior to anything to be had in this country as it is possible to conceive. This is the sort of interference that we ought gradually to adopt. If your Bill has any defect, it is not by the too great limitation, but by the too great extension of the hours of labour. With great respect and esteem,

Most faithfully yours,

J. R. McCULLOCH.

The activity of Lord Ashley, and those associated with him, aroused the opponents of the measure to renewed determination to resist it, step by step, with corresponding energy and firmness. On the 3rd April Mr. Wilson Patten, acting on behalf of the Association of Master Manufacturers, moved, in the House of Commons, "That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he will be graciously pleased to appoint a Commission to collect information in the manufacturing districts with respect to the employment of children in factories, and to devise the best means for the curtailment of their labour." This motion was supported by Lord Morpeth and other influential members, and was strongly opposed by Lord Ashley and his friends. On a division the motion was carried by a majority of one, the numbers being—for, 74; against, 73.

This was regarded by the operatives as a mere stratagem to delay proceedings. A Royal Commission

of Inquiry was, under the circumstances, most repugnant to them, incontrovertible evidence as to the state of things being already before the House and before the country. Moreover, power was given to the Commission to examine witnesses in private and report thereon, thus, as it was alleged by the working men, "giving them the option of selecting the testimony tendered, precluding all cross-examination, and, if they were so disposed, enabling them to smother, garble, or distort the evidence at pleasure." From all quarters strong and numerous protests were entered, and a manifesto from the Lancashire Central Short-Time Committee was issued in a forcible address, which we insert here as a good specimen of its kind, and as setting forth the feeling of the operatives at this time:—

THE ADDRESS OF THE OPERATIVES OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND TO ALL RANKS AND CLASSES IN THE LAND.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—We appeal to you on behalf of the Ten Hours Bill now before the House of Commons and under Lord Ashley's care. Whatever may be the manifold causes of national distress and of that poverty, in most cases, or that profligacy in some, which induces parents to submit their offspring to such ruinous toil, and whatever remedies it may be considered proper to apply, still, in the name of justice, let the law of England protect children, without further delay, from lawless and heartless avarice. We who now address you are operatives ourselves; we have heard and read discussion upon discussion on this humane and righteous measure, and, after calm and deliberate reflection, we unanimously conclude that it will be favourable to commerce in general, to the honest master, and the industrious man, and to the moral and political health of society. At this moment we are called upon, by the unjust and mercenary influence of the mill-owners in Parliament, to submit the case of the

factory child to the investigation of a Commission. Eighteen hundred pages of evidence have been collected from masters and men, the medical and clerical professions, and especially from the poor hapless victims of this cruel, money-getting system. But this suffices not. By a table appended to the evidence before the Select Committee, it is demonstrated that more have died before their twentieth year, where the factory system extensively prevails, than have died at their fortieth year elsewhere. But this suffices not. Insatiable as death, the rich oppressor still asserts his right to add to his blood-guilty store, by working the British infant beyond the time of the soldier, the farmer, nay, the adult felon, and the more fortunate child of British colonial slavery.

Fellow-Countrymen! This sort of oppression is not confined to our own generation or to our own country. It has been attributed to the corn laws; but when this system was yet in its infancy and no corn law existed, the hours of labour exacted from children were as bad, or worse, than now. It has been traced to taxation, which we feel to bear heavily and most unequally upon us. But in America this, at all events, is not the cause of over-labour in factories, and there they work children in many cases longer than we do here. In fact, it is avarice which is at the root of the evil—avarice which has not been content to supplant human labour by machinery, but now asserts, with bloody arrogance, its right to grind to the dust the helpless child, which it has obliged to take her father's place. Will you stand by and view this with cool indifference? Will you not unite your energies with ours, to protect the weak against the strong, and the indigent against the rich oppressor? See your country languishing—drooping its head under the chilly blasts of political economy—of grasping monopolies—of heartless calculations, which have blighted its fairest prospects. We know our agricultural brethren are sufferers from its horrid and pestilential breath as well as ourselves. The Ten Hours Bill is a sample in legislation favourable to us all. Sadler, than whom no man has been more beloved or hated, has stood like another Aaron between the dead and the living, with the fragrant incense of justice and benevolence in his hand, to stay the plague of political economy and all-engrossing covetousness. His senatorial mantle has fallen on a noble and illustrious successor, who fears God and regards man, but defies the scorn of the proud.

Let Lord Ashley's name be dear to Britain's honest labourers

and oppressed factory children. Let his Factory Bill have your support. Our request is that you will use every lawful and constitutional means to promote its legislative adoption this Session. Give them no rest; pour out your petitions for us and our children at the foot of the Throne and into both Houses of Parliament. Protest, as we do, against the mill-owners' Commission. We will not, except by legal obligation, try our cause before it. We challenge such a jury, appointed as it is by those who have been arraigned at the bar of their country, to try their own cause, or rather to cover their guilt from public view. Our gracious Sovereign has been imposed upon. We acknowledge and revere his Majesty's authority, but we condemn immeasurably the act of his advisers. Is it thus that justice can be attained when the cause of the poor is tried in open court and that of the rich in the secret chambers of guilt? We leave our cause in your hands, and implore our fellow-countrymen of every rank to petition without delay for the Ten Hours Bill, and that it may be passed without reference to a partial, unjust, unnecessary, and delusive Parliamentary commission, sent out on false pretences, to the abuse of his Majesty's royal prerogative, and to the hurt and grief of his loving and loyal subjects.

We address you as those who revere the constitution of our country. We honour the King, we respect the House of Commons; but we firmly believe that, in the matter to which our present appeal refers, the influence of the interested and heartless mill-owners has misled the House of Commons, who were induced, by gross misrepresentation, to sanction the Commission by a majority of one!

Surely so important a question, decided only by a majority of one, might have caused his Majesty's confidential advisers to pause. We believe his gracious Majesty has been imposed upon, and we have ventured to represent the same to our Sovereign. We therefore protest—not against the exercise of his Majesty's royal prerogative—but we protest against the sordid influence by which both the one and the other have been so grossly imposed upon, and which influence seeks to rivet upon us and our children the chain of factory bondage.

Signed, on behalf of the operatives of England and Scotland in the manufacturing districts,

GEORGE HIGGINBOTTOM, *Chairman.*

Manchester, April 25th, 1833.

The Commissioners proceeded with their inquiry, but on every hand they were met with the stoutest opposition. At Manchester the delegates assembled and issued a protest against giving any further evidence before the Commission, and at the same time arranged for fresh evidence of an unexpected kind. They assembled the factory children, as they left the mills on Saturday afternoon, the 4th May, and marched thousands of them, with banners, through the streets, headed by a deputation from the Central Committee, who presented, on behalf of the children, an appeal to the Commissioners. Not only in Manchester, but in every town where the Commissioners sat, there were similar demonstrations, and at Leeds they were on a very extensive scale. The Short-Time Committee distributed slips to bind round the hats with the words "Ten Hours Bill" printed on them. These were eagerly sought after, and an immense multitude wearing them congregated at the Free Market, and marched to the hotel where the Commissioners sat. They delivered their protest, and "at this stage of the proceedings," says an eye-witness, "never surely was so interesting an exhibition witnessed; not less than 3,000 ragged, wretched little ones were there, attended by at least 15,000 spectators. The Commissioners had a full opportunity afforded them of witnessing the disgusting effects of slavery in factories —an unanswerable argument that employment, such as their dress and dirt exhibited they had been engaged in, ought not to be prolonged to longer hours than the felon is condemned or the black slave constrained to labour."

To Lord Althorp, Lord Ashley wrote a long and earnest letter setting forth the actual state of feeling in the North, and pointing out the danger of resisting the masses, who were only kept from fearful exhibitions of their strength by the hope of Parliamentary aid. He referred to the resolutions passed by the 15,000 persons assembled at Bradford, and to the threatening aspect of affairs.

"I will not state these things openly in the House,' he continued, "because arguments drawn from intimidation are both unfit for the ears of a legislature and improper excitements to the parties whose cause is urged. Once more I assure *you* that the people are desperate; and knowing that fact I have thought it my duty to give you this private information."

On the 13th July the Commissioners' report was laid on the table of the House of Commons, and, notwithstanding the fact that the Commission was appointed at the earnest solicitation of the mill-owners, some of the most influential of whom, as well as members of the Master Cotton Spinners' Association, were examined, the result was a corroboration of the evidence taken before Mr. Sadler's committee, and was summed up thus:—

From the whole of the evidence laid before us, of which we have thus endeavoured to exhibit the material points, we find:—

1. That the children employed in all the principal branches of manufacture throughout the kingdom, work during the same number of hours as the adults.

2. That the effects of labour during such hours are, in a great number of cases, permanent deterioration of the physical constitution;

the production of diseases wholly irremediable; and the partial or entire seclusion (by reason of excessive fatigue) from the means of obtaining adequate education, and acquiring useful habits, or of profiting by those means when afforded.

3. That at the age when children suffer those injuries from the labour they undergo, they are not free agents, but are let out on hire, the wages they earn being secured and appropriated by parents and guardians.

We are therefore of opinion that a case is made out for the interference of the Legislature on behalf of the children employed in factories.

Meanwhile the work of Lord Ashley had been incessant. He had made it a matter of principle at the outset of his career—and he never wavered from it to the close of his life—not to take up any subject or advocate any cause until, as far as it lay in his power, he had acquainted himself with all the facts of the case, not at second-hand and from hearsay, but by close personal investigation. From the hour he consented to take the leadership in this movement, he was at work night and day in prosecuting inquiries, and in making himself master of all its details. This involved endless visits and conferences, innumerable letters, and an amount of toil which can scarcely be over-estimated.

"I made it an invariable rule," he said on many occasions to the writer, "to see everything with my own eyes; to take nothing on trust or hearsay. In factories, I examined the mills, the machinery, the homes, and saw the workers and their work in all its details. In collieries, I went down into the pits. In London, I went into lodging-houses and thieves' haunts, and every

filthy place. It gave me a power I could not otherwise have had. I could speak of things from actual experience, and I used often to hear things from the poor sufferers themselves, which were invaluable to me. I got to know their habits of thought and action, and their actual wants. I sat and had tea and talk with them hundreds of times."

In due course he introduced his Bill, and on the 17th of June it was read a second time. It provided for the limitation of the hours of labour for "women and young persons" to ten hours a day. One clause in the Bill gave rise to much controversy, almost producing a split in the camp, as well as grievously offending the mill-owners. The clause was to the effect that in any instance in which the provisions of the Act were infringed, on the third offence personal punishment should be inflicted upon the mill-owner. Mr. Oastler, Mr. Bull, and many others who had long been identified with the movement, strongly upheld its insertion; and the operatives in Yorkshire were almost unanimously in its favour. They denounced those who were against the clause in language so violent and threatening, that at one time a rupture seemed inevitable. But Lord Ashley was master of the art of managing men. He smoothed down the difficulties, and on the 18th July proceeded with his Bill.

The Bill was opposed by Lord Althorp, who urged that it should be rejected in favour of one founded on the report of the Commission. Notwithstanding

all the efforts made by Lord Ashley and his friends, the Government Bill was carried, on a division, by an overwhelming majority.

It seemed that a death-blow to the Ten Hours Bill had been struck, so disastrous was the defeat. The delegates and friends who had been working so strenuously in the matter were discouraged and disheartened; but they had pledged themselves to go forward, and they were determined not to relax their efforts.

Lord Ashley did not abandon hope, although at first sight everything seemed against him. He rose, on the Speaker resuming the chair, and said:—"Having taken up the subject fairly and conscientiously, he found that the noble Lord (Althorp) had completely defeated him; he would, therefore, surrender the Bill into the hands of the noble Lord; but having taken it up with a view to do good to the class intended, he would only say, into whatever hands it passed, God prosper it."

It was finally enacted by Lord Althorp's Bill:—

That from and after the 1st day of January, 1834, it shall not be lawful for any person whatsoever to employ in any factory or mill, except in mills for the manufacture of silk, any child who shall not have completed his or her ninth year. That from and after the expiration of six months after the passing of this Act, it shall not be lawful for any person whatsoever to employ, keep, or allow to remain in any factory or mill, as aforesaid, for a longer time than nine hours in any one day, except as herein provided, any child who shall not have completed his or her eleventh year of age, or after the expiration of eighteen months from the passing of this Act, any child

who shall not have completed his or her twelfth year of age; or after the expiration of thirty months from the passing of this Act, any child who shall not have completed his or her thirteenth year of age; provided, nevertheless, that in mills for the manufacture of silk, children under the age of thirteen years shall be allowed to work ten hours in any one day.

Although the measure fell far short of what was desired, and would take effect slowly, inasmuch as it would not come into full operation until 1836, "it contained, nevertheless, some humane and highly useful provisions, and established, for the first time, the great principle that labour and education should be combined." *

Before the delegates returned to their homes, Lord Ashley wrote to the Chairman of the Manchester Short-Time Committee, to acknowledge his indebtedness to their labours, and to explain that he alone was responsible for the concessions that had been made, and for the obnoxious clauses which had been expunged. "The late defeat," he said, "has proved the feebleness of our partisans even upon principles. What, then, would have been the result upon *details?* But by withdrawing in time we have taken from our opponents the means of cloking their hostility to a remedial measure under the pretence of resistance to an 'offensive and violent' interference (as they term it) with the disposal of capital."

Throughout the period during which Lord Ashley was engaged on the Factory Question, his friend

* Shaftesbury's Speeches, Preface, v.

Southey, with almost parental solicitude, was watching his progress, and urging him, in frequent letters, to take care of himself. But the indomitable resolution that marked his career at Oxford, that possessed him in Wales, and that governed his conduct while on the India Board of Control, had, in even a more marked degree, urged him on to ceaseless activity and self-sacrifice on behalf of the factory-folk. Southey had advised him not to go to the manufacturing districts to see the physical effects of the system he was exposing. "The distressful recollections would be impressed upon you and *burnt in*," he wrote, "and I should fear that the subject might take possession of you so fully that it might affect your health, which always suffers when the mind is occupied too intently upon one subject, and especially if that subject be one with which strong feeling is necessarily connected."

He did not know that the whole pathway of his friend's life would lie through impaired health, and suffering, and painfully-stirred feeling, which need not have fallen to his lot had he not dedicated himself, his time, his talents, his all, to the cause of the poor and the friendless.

The following letter was written immediately after Lord Ashley had resigned the Bill into the hands of the Ministry:—

Robert Southey to Lord Ashley.

KESWICK, *July 24th*, 1833.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,— . . . You have done well, and will always look back with satisfaction on what you have done;

and others, when they look back upon it, will honour you as they ought. Whatever good is done, whatever mitigation of evil is effected, will be through your means. The manufacturers and the Ministers would have done nothing unless you had forced them to it.

On the whole, I am not sorry that it has now passed into their hands. They have given to the younger children more than you could venture to ask; and they will, ere long, be compelled to give at least as much as you asked to the adolescents (as they please to call them), unless the over-production, consequent upon working two sets of children, should, in its seen consequences, bring this system of insatiable avarice, or, rather, greediness of gain, to a crisis. . . . And now, the more you can direct your thoughts to other things, the better. It has been my fortune to see what effects are produced upon the health and happiness of those who suffer one great subject to take full possession of them. Turn away from it now, and you will be the better able to stir in it hereafter when opportunity offers. . . . When you can run away from *Parl*demonium, I hope you will come here, where you would find new scenes, and breathe an air of quietness. You could not devise a more effectual diversion for your thoughts and feelings, and *I am sure that they must need it.* God bless you. R. S.

The spirit of this advice was taken, and in the autumn of that eventful year there came, as we shall see in the next chapter, the much-needed rest.

CHAPTER IV.

ITALY—1833.

First Travel-Diary—Plains of Burgundy—Jura Mountains—Geneva—Catholic and Protestant Switzerland—Brieg—The Simplon—Milan—High Mass in Cathedral—A Retrospect—Venice—Her Sun Set—Bologna—The Republic of San Marino—A Wayside Accident—Rome—St. Peter's—The Forum and Coliseum—St. John Lateran—Guido's Aurora—The Shortest Day—Christmas Eve—Ceremonies at St. Peter's—Te Deum at the Gesù—St. Agostino—Catacombs—Pusey and Bunsen—Viberto—Siena—Florence—Sardinia—Nice—A "Kingdom of Italy"—Home.

To know the character of a man, travel with him. See whether he takes his conscience abroad; see whether, when the restraints of daily occupation, public opinion, or forces of habit are removed, his character remains the same; mark whether in varied and engrossing pleasure, and in exhilaration of spirits, his principles shine out as lustrously as when at home.

On the 10th of October Lord Ashley, in company with his wife and child—"Sir Babkins," as he called him—and Lord and Lady Cowper, started off on a six months' foreign tour. In a special book he wrote down day by day, in a pleasant, easy fashion, his impressions of all he saw and heard and felt. It was a task, sometimes irksome, but it was undertaken in order that, in years to come, he might live the scenes over again by his own fireside with the companion of his travels. The

Journal is specially interesting as showing the state of his mind, at that period, on many subjects which were afterwards to engage his time and influence; how much broader were his views and sympathies than many have supposed; and as giving a graphic description of travel more than half a century ago.

The journey from London to Dover, a distance of seventy-two miles, took ten hours to perform, and the "excellent" passage from Dover to Calais was accomplished in two hours and forty minutes. The route lay by road, through Abbeville and Beauvais, and then, he says, "we passed on to Melun, and omitted Paris. I have no pleasure in that capital." Beyond Sens the country became more interesting.

The surface is more undulating and varied, and the vines give a peculiar richness of colouring. These vast plains of Burgundy have a singular appearance, not a single tree, hedge, hut, or sign of inhabitants except the cultivation. Whence come the labourers, or where do they dwell? If in the towns, they must have leagues of journey to their daily work.

The Jura mountains were crossed in a violent snow-storm and amid other circumstances of terror.

Notwithstanding the misery of the scene, the danger of the precipices, and the chance of an obstruction to our further passage, it was impossible to overlook the magnificence of such a spectacle. The dark colour of the pines behind the streams of snow, the ruggedness of the cliffs, and the fury of the storm, combined to set before me the language of the Almighty:—'Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow, or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail, which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?' I thought, too, of the

expedition to Russia, when He commanded the elements to do Him service; 'wind and storm fulfilling His word.'

After eight days of "wind and rain, and every discomfort," Geneva was reached in safety.

Has nature, among all her riches, a nobler possession than this lake and its mountains? What a profound and indescribable pleasure it is to look upon such things! As to collecting one's thoughts or expressing one's feelings, it is neither possible nor even desirable; our safest eloquence concerning them is our silence, and to confess, without confession, that His wisdom is inscrutable, His greatness above our capacity and reach.

Quitting Geneva after a rest of six days ("it is a terrible place for shopping"), visits were paid to Lausanne and Chillon, the road passing through a series of gardens.

Every mile is a subject for the genius of a painter; and to all this loveliness is superadded the charm of various and careful cultivation; order, neatness, taste, and manifold industry give an appearance of beauty and comfort and abundance which excite in one's mind a notion of virtue and happiness in the people.

Everywhere he found in the changeless and everlasting hills, food for contemplation, and everywhere the vastness of nature excited religious sentiments:

Ten times a day do I repeat,

'These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame;
Thus wondrous fair' . . .

while the Book of Job and the Psalms furnished him with pregnant words to utter the thoughts that rose

within him. But the glory of the scenery did not so absorb him as to make him oblivious of other things. Wherever he went he kept his eyes open to observe the ways and habits and wants of the people. Thus we find him writing :—

A Swiss in a town is very different from a Swiss in the country—in the country all is clean and neat and fresh; in the town he is dirty and close. . . .

Their industry and enterprise are truly astonishing; they have climbed to the last point of vegetation in quest of soil and sunbeams; the small hovels built on the pinnacles, almost above an eagle's flight, reminded me of the Prophet's words against Idumea, 'Oh thou that buildest thy nest in a rock.' . . .

We have now been for a day and a half in a Catholic portion of Switzerland—unhappily we may be assured of it by the slovenly and negligent habits of the people. This contrast is very remarkable throughout the Confederacy; everywhere the Protestant cantons exhibit a picture of order, cleanliness, and taste. Dirt and discomfort are the guardian spirits of the Catholic. Yet these Catholic districts are not without a charm. The announcement and display of religion give a grace to these solitudes; while the ensign of the Cross, comely in its form and adapted to the scenery, places the humiliation and the power of God in wondrous juxtaposition. The use of the Cross has been superstitiously abused, and Protestant nations have therefore mostly abandoned it; but we suffer by the change. Such a memorial is necessary and ought to be pleasing. . . .

German is talked here (Brieg), and the people are far less cleanly. Walked to-day to a neighbouring village. Everywhere we may trace the influence of Catholicism; in a population of about 150 persons, I found churches and shrines, crosses and saints, for three thousand. Whence, too, the wealth and furniture of these places of worship—each church must have absorbed the earnings of a century? Came suddenly upon a catacomb, where were heaped up some thousand skulls, the remains of many generations. 'O Lord,' thus said Ezekiel, 'shall these bones live?' 'So teach us to number

our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' In reminiscences such as these the Catholic religion leads us to moments of piety.

After crossing the Simplon, through scenery of "terrible sublimity," where, as Gray says in one of his letters to West, "you have death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed as to compose the mind without frightening it," they reached Arona. Of course, Isola Bella was visited:—

It is a complete embodying of every luxurious and Asiatic idea; had I not seen it I should have disbelieved the existence of such a spot; but still I have no wish to live there. Enclosed by water and mountains I should die of a suffocation of spirit—it would be Rasselas in the Happy Valley.

At Milan, on Sunday morning—

Went with Minny to High Mass in the Cathedral; there was no Protestant place of worship; but we preferred, to total omission, saying a few prayers in a house dedicated to His honour and service. It is a tedious and unspiritual ceremonial—everlasting movement and gesture, with numberless repetitions of robing, candles, incense, and drawling chants. The effect upon the eye, all things included, is extremely grand; nor can we fail to be struck by the motley, though vast, assemblage, huddled together: of every rank, profession, age, and sex. The prayers are cold and short; few can join and fewer can understand. . . . People come in and go out during the performance; to stay, as with us, from the beginning to the end, appears quite unnecessary.

Surely our simple and hearty service is equally beautiful and more edifying. I contrast with all the gorgeous show of the Duomo at Milan, the Cathedral service of an Abbey Church; the liturgy, the chanting of the psalms, the singing of the responses in the communion, all closed with a pious and learned sermon, and I really think that the chastened splendour of this ceremonial leads us, as near

as is possible on earth, to the heavenly pattern of the saints above. . . .

On many subsequent occasions the Duomo was visited, and each time some kindly entry is made in the Diary.

One great and honourable characteristic of this religion is, as Minny observed to me, that no one is ashamed to exhibit devotion. . . .

The most zealous Protestant must applaud the Romish practice of leaving open the churches for any casual worshippers. Oftentimes in the midst of daily occupations the mind may desire the consolations of religion, and oftentimes it may be led to think of them by the sight and opportunity of houses of prayer. Much, however, as I approve the system, I doubt the *possibility* of it in our own country.

It should be stated that, in this tour, Lord Ashley was taking his wife over ground which he himself had traversed ten years before. The circumstances attending the journey were therefore doubly delightful—to visit these places again after so long an interval, and to visit them in company with his young wife.

I have retraced, almost without variation, the journey that I made nearly ten years ago. This is a long period in the life of man; but I do not find that, though it has added to my years, it has taken from my happiness. I may have, it is possible, less elasticity and imagination, but I have greatly increased my power and means of solid enjoyment. To every age there are allotted its peculiar pleasures; and God, in His goodness, has so ordered my career that I have for every time its proper comforts; to youth may be permitted the mere pursuit of pastime, but of riper years we must demand the pursuit of utility; each one should seek how he can best be serviceable. I believed myself fitted for domestic life, and, God willing, I entered into that state. Little did I think, when pacing these streets, that I should next visit them as

paterfamilias; but often have I occasion to bless that Providence that put into my soul to desire a wife, and then guided my choice to rest upon one, who must, if I be capable of any goodness, insure to me a perpetuity of earthly happiness.

He dines with Count Walmoden, the Austrian Governor-General, who—

Nov. 12.—Was very agreeable and gave us some curious information upon the early Austrian campaigns against Napoleon. Touching the affair at Ulm he assured us that the army had neither artillery nor even ammunition; the troops had only been sent to make a show.

Finding Milan to be dull, "and the cold piercing—in the streets there prevails a chill which 'divides asunder the bones and the marrow'"—Lord and Lady Ashley moved on towards the south for a six weeks' absence, leaving their little child in the careful keeping of Lord and Lady Cowper and other friends.

Passing through Brescia, Verona, and Vicenza, they came to Venice, where they made their head-quarters.

Lord Ashley notes on the way thither that:—

The former division of Italy into so many independent and sovereign states, whatever may have been its political and moral effects, was certainly favourable to the Arts—every town had its churches, its palaces, its pictures, and its statues; rivalry prevailed universally, and, combined with the influence of Religion, has enriched every corner of Italy more than whole empires under a single capital.

At the end of three days at Venice, he writes:—

We have never yet beheld the sun, but perhaps that is in keeping; the sun of Venice has set; her own crimes and the powerful ambition of her neighbours would have wrought their

effects, had the Cape of Good Hope remained in obscurity. The long continuance of her liberty is nearly as wonderful as the rise and establishment of it; but she fell in a day, nay, almost in an hour; and not one single life was offered in defence of the glory and freedom of fourteen centuries. To me there is nothing so interesting and nothing so curious as the history of Venice. To gaze upon her ruins, and to recollect her story, carries the imagination beyond ordinary life, and imparts a most painful though most salutary lesson of the uncertainty of freedom and empire. The whole I have applied to my own country, and I cannot resist the deep and constant melancholy which such reflections inspire. . . . . Notwithstanding the loss of liberty, these people seem gay and comfortable. Pleasure, it would appear, is the great object of their lives. They laugh and sing, and lounge in groups, and look at Punch, and go to the theatre. The quay and the piazza are thronged with idlers, and nothing is heard but notes of merriment. Just now, while I am writing, the whole town is resounding with music, and multitudes pace to and fro in search of amusement. That they are not wretched is evident, but are they as happy as they might be? And this is always a question to be studied by any one who wishes well to mankind.

Every day in Venice, notwithstanding the fact that the weather was cold, was full of intense pleasure. "Truly Venice is a glory of human skill," he exclaims at one time; and, at another, "These gondolas are an invention worthy of Capua or the ancient Sybarites. I can conceive no luxury beyond a hot season and a lounging gondola."

At Padua, bought a small crucifix; five centimes, or about one halfpenny, was all they asked for it. The worship of the material or the mere representation, is senseless, wicked, and idolatrous, but to bear about a memorial of what God himself once exhibited to the world, does but simply recall His death and passion, and forces us, as Scripture has foretold, 'to look on Him whom we pierced.'

A glance at Padua, and a run through Ferrara, and the travellers reached Bologna.

Went first to the Accademia, a small but very beautiful collection. Unfortunately one must run through galleries and be content with little study, 'taking,' as old Fuller says, 'rather a snack than a full meal.' Bologna alone would occupy a month, and we can spare it a day! However, if one may quote without impropriety, 'one day in thy *courts* is better than a thousand.' In this collection all are of merit; but some are divine; the Domenichinos, but especially the St. Agnes, are very great; in the corner of the St. Agnes there is a group of women, singularly happy. The Caraccis display abundant force, but they did not excite in me the pleasure and emotion that I felt in contemplating the Guidos. The Samson and the Pietà overpowered me too much to allow a feeling for criticism; but his Massacre of the Innocents has in it all that a mother can imagine, and an angel can execute. Then came the St. Cecilia of Raffael, full of dignity, elevation, and truth. In everything from this wonderful hand, we see him exalted above nature, and yet true to it.

The ordinary sights seen by travellers, and the ordinary incidents connected with the tedious mode of travelling in former days, fill the records of the Diary as regards Faenza, Ravenna, and Rimini; but a visit to San Marino is described with enthusiasm.

Previously to my tour this season, I had (be it said to my dishonour) known but little of the Republic of San Marino. In Addison's travels I read an account of this singular Commonwealth; and I felt the greatest desire to behold a people which had enjoyed, without misusing it, a genuine liberty for fourteen centuries. If it were censurable in me to know so little of this ancient state, the want of notoriety is perhaps to them their highest honour; nations are signalised by violence, conquest, and blood, an odious renown, but one which shines in the annals of history more frequently than justice, moderation, and virtue. The great deeds of a republic excite attention because they are the result of collective vigour, and

we admire the unity of ten thousand minds, yet unity is as necessary to virtue as to vice, and the harmless enjoyment of a great possession demands esteem much more than the abuse of it. Battles and conquests speak for themselves, but a humble policy requires reflection :— the 'long glories of majestic Rome' astonish and fill an ordinary mind, but the worth of San Marino is intelligible only to philosophy. . . . The position of the city is sublime, and absolutely inaccessible; were it defended, a handful of men could repulse an army, and starvation alone would compel submission. They talked with great firmness, and yet with modesty, of their spirit of freedom; they understood their critical position in the midst of arbitrary powers, but added their reliance on the protection of the just monarchies of Europe. From my soul I said, and say, God bless and defend the State of San Marino; may He preserve and strengthen their virtue, and in maintaining their virtue, assure their duration! Once they were reduced. The Spaniards under Cardinal Alberoni abolished the Republic; but they could not annihilate its soul, and it recovered. Napoleon offered to it an increase of territory, but with more than the wisdom of Solomon the citizens declined his bounty. What a prudence was here! Three miles on one side and four on the other reach to the utmost points of their dominion, and ambition was content! Surely this is an anomaly not only in the history of republics, but almost of mankind! . . . The constitution acknowledges patricians and plebeians, difference of rank but equality of privileges; the taxes are wonderfully light. . . . The army consists of 900 men, but it is not kept on foot, the men serving by rotation, and being merely called out occasionally for the exercise of arms. Their chief magistrates, or capitani, are elected every six months, two at a time like consuls, one patrician and one plebeian; they have no salary, but receive each, at the commencement of office, twenty-five crowns to procure a dress. Their judges, as in Addison's time, are always foreigners elected by the Council of Sixty, for three years; these functionaries enjoy an emolument of ten crowns a month. The State pays likewise two physicians and one surgeon to look after the Commonwealth; as they are paid by the Government, their services rendered to the people individually must be given gratis.

Within the last century, though the limits of the Republic remain the same, the contents have greatly increased. The San Marinians number fourteen churches and 8,000 inhabitants, of which

under 2,000 are within the walls. They are now engaged in building a very handsome church to be styled the cathedral; it will, when finished, be one of the prettiest churches in the whole of Italy. I trembled when I first contemplated its elegance, so little in keeping with the poor and simple character of the city around it. There seemed to be ambition and rivalry, but, above all, disproportionate expense. . . . It greatly relieved me, however, to learn that the money was derived from a long course of pious bequests. . . . There is a bishop maintained by lands in the territory; they boast likewise some rich proprietors residing in the country; some were quoted to me as possessing a capital of thirty or forty thousand pounds.

Such is the outline of the condition of San Marino. There is a history of it by Delfico, and a book of its laws, neither of which could I procure. Seated on the very pinnacle of a lofty perpendicular crag, equally high and steep on all sides, it is like the ancient Petra, or rather it may be addressed as such, 'Oh thou that makest thy nest in a rock!' . . . Few things have ever so much pleased me as this visit, and I shall always join the recollection of it with a prayer for the virtue and duration of my own country. We, indeed, have wealth and power, and ten thousand talents, and 'of him to whom much is given much will be required . . .' and then in that day may the virtues of San Marino be not found to abash the splendour of Great Britain!

On the road to Loretto an accident occurred, not important in itself, but the narration of it will be interesting as exhibiting some of the characteristics of the future President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:—

On descending the hill a leader fell, and lay like one dead. Fortunately the carriage escaped an overturn, although for a quarter of an hour there was struggling and kicking to raise the poor animal, which seemed, I thought, incapable of moving. Never did I see such a fiend as the postillion; blood and hell were in every line of his face, and, while he swore and blasphemed and beat the miserable beast, the foam ran from his mouth like a panting dog. With an iron heel he stamped upon its eye and mouth and sides; in vain

did I call upon the monster to desist. At last it got up, and our postillion insisted upon re-harnessing it to the carriage. This I opposed as extremely dangerous, the poor horse being weak and apparently very ill. However, it was useless to argue or to command; to no purpose did I assert my right and property in my own vehicle. . . . I continued to declare my intention of applying to the police, telling the drivers that, whatever they did, they did at their peril. They were arbitrary, however, harnessed the animal, and drove us on. Being arrived at Loretto, I spoke instantly to the postmaster, who shrugged, admitted the guilt, but expressed an unwillingness to interfere. Determined, therefore, to see a commissary of police. It was necessary to curb the violence of these chaps, and an hour of my trouble, I thought, might save some score of foreigners from similar outrages.

At considerable trouble he went from secretary to president, and the result was "three days' imprisonment for the rascally culprits."

The journey was then resumed: over the Apennines to Casa-Nuova, Foligno, Terni, through a "country wanton with vegetation," to Narni, Castellana, and Rome.

Alpine scenery is sublime and soon fatigues, because it keeps the mind on a perpetual stretch. The scenery of Italy is soft, flowing, and graceful. The round swelling hills, clad with the richest underwood of every species; the long and retiring vistas; mountains and yet distant prospects; the exquisite contrasts of the olive and the cypress; above all, the various outlines far and near, convey a charm and a delight that I never experience from any other contemplation.

At Rome, everything that was to be seen and done was seen and done, and, in addition, "at a rough guess, one-fifth of our time was given to card-leaving." Nevertheless, the Journal was scrupulously kept, and the records, of which only a few specimens can be given

here, are uniformly interesting, and written with great freshness and enthusiasm. A spot twenty times trodden at Rome is, as he writes, like a field twenty times manured—it yields more abundantly.

. . . St. Peter's: apart from its beauty, it is the liveliest church I have ever seen. This is, perhaps, the effect of the abundant light admitted through the many windows;—you may feel here a deep sensation of awe, but you cannot be gloomy. . . .

Went to the Forum and Coliseum; saw them with undiminished pleasure. The Coliseum must ever be peculiarly interesting;—it has much in its history of emperors, people, beasts, and gladiators, but its most solemn recollections bring before us the sufferings of the early Christians, and the heroism of those faithful ones whose blood, under Providence, has been 'the seed of the Church.' Romanists have abused these feelings to superstition, but Protestants have neglected them to ingratitude. They were great men, and their deeds should be recorded for 'example of life and instruction of manners.' Ventured to utter a prayer of thanksgiving to God for 'all those who had departed this life in His faith and fear.' . . .

To St. John Lateran; the church is particularly handsome, and the ceiling rich in gold and colour. The relics here seem unrivalled: the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; the very table at which our Saviour held His last supper (and the piece of silver, to mark the place where He sat, could never—so said our lacquey—be torn off either by piety or sacrilege!); the altar through which the Host dashed to convince an unbelieving priest of the Real Presence; the vase on which the cock was perched when St. Peter denied his Master; and a measure of the height of Christ. But I am not sure that this last is a relic. It has, however, according to the received belief, this peculiarity that, among the many thousands who have tried themselves by this standard, no one is of the precise height, all being either too tall or too short!

In making the tour of the picture galleries of Rome, he notes from time to time those works which most

impress him, and throughout the Diary there are short graphic and pithy art-criticisms. Thus:—

To the Rospigliosi, Guido's Aurora: I can compare it to nothing that I know; it is in painting what Milton's Allegro is in poetry: everything that is most captivating, and original, and delicious. . . .

Early to see the pictures at the Vatican. At last they have been framed, though meanly enough. The Transfiguration is ill-placed; the light falls improperly on it. Surely each of these fine works is worthy of a separate room constructed expressly to display its merits as the painter himself could have desired! Whatever may be the condemnation of my judgment, I most boldly declare my preference of the 'Madonna di Foligno' to all the pictures of the world. What a group the Virgin and Child!!! . . .

On the 8th December he attends the English service; his critical remark on the preacher's style is characteristic:—

The chaplain is reckoned a fine preacher; if it be true that 'artis est celare artem" he is deficient, for never did I hear or see a more manifest effort; the whole thing would have been better suited to one of Mrs. Siddons' readings of Shakespeare or Milton, and his style was so laboured and wrought into antithesis, that each sentence might have danced a 'vis à vis' to the other.

The 21st of December was, throughout his life, a day of rejoicing to Lord Ashley. He was singularly sensitive to the influences of weather and of light, and for this reason always welcomed the arrival of the shortest day.

Dec. 21.—The shortest day. It may be called the midnight of the year, as after this period the advance is to light and not to darkness. It is a singular coincidence, and morally a most just one, that

Christ, 'The Light of the World,' 'The Day-spring from on High,' should have been born in the depth of winter, the full period of human darkness; and yet precisely at the commencement of returning light, and warmth, and happiness. . . . .

Dec. 24th. . . . This is Christmas Eve, a time of joyous celebration to all mankind; in every Christian country a season of festivity, and in many of them, I hope, of love and prayer. Here, after a day of fasting, all families are preparing for a domestic banquet. It is a precious season, and no one has so beautifully told it as our own Shakespeare:—

> 'It faded on the crowing of the cock.
> Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.'
>
> *Hamlet*, act i., scene i.

25th, Christmas Day.—'It is a day to be much observed unto the Lord.' That it should be here celebrated as a high and sacred solemnity, here in the very fountain and seat of persecution, is indeed the Lord's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes. Went to see the ceremonies at St. Peter's, and grand indeed they were; but worship and love, and humility and gratitude, have as little share in them as can well be bestowed. . . .

Went in evening to the Santa Maria Maggiore. The church lighted up and decorated like a ball-room; full of people, and a bishop with a stout train of canons listening to the music, which was fine, but, as usual, precisely like an opera. In such rites as these the soul has no share; the Papists have re-imposed upon themselves the Jewish burdens, and renew the painful and imperfect worship of the Temple at Jerusalem. Walked home, read the Bible and all the prayers for the day, with Massillon's noble discourse on the 'Jour de Noel.'

Dec. 27.—In the evening to a ball at Mrs. Montague's—lively and pleasant. Minny looked heavenly; and a foreigner requested to be introduced to 'Mademoiselle Ashley!' Is it wrong to be so entirely proud of, and happy in, one's wife's beauty? But surely there is nothing so pretty and fascinating as my Min.

31.—To the Gesù. 'A Te Deum on the vigil of the New Year. Three organs in three parts of the church gave us some hop, skip, and jump music, each in succession. Never was I so little impressed; it was a compound of *Tancredi*, *Semiramide*, and *Robert le Diable*—quick, rapid chromatic passages, executed with all the hurry and fervour of variations. Astonished the 'foreign' audience, as much as it did the organ, an instrument '*non hos formatum in usus*.' Surely the Italians must know but little of sacred music if they think such quirks and jigs (however suitable and charming in a theatre) 'can swell the soul to rage or heavenly joys inspire.' When the Te Deum at last began, and the auditors joined, I came away in surprise at the dull ears and discordant voices of Italian worshippers.

Ten years before this visit of Lord Ashley to Rome, the basilica of San Paolo fuori le Mura—that magnificent temple of the early ages of the Christian faith, that grandest monument of early Christian art—of which the Kings of England were protectors prior to the Reformation, and in which for fifteen centuries Christian worship had been celebrated without intermission, was totally destroyed by fire. It was not till the end of 1854 that the present edifice, with its forest of granite columns, the wonder of every beholder, was finished. It is to its incomplete state that the following entries refer:—

Jan. 7.—Drove to S. Paolo fuori le Mura. It is rising from its ashes, but 'the glory of the second house will not equal that of the first,' neither art nor money, nor superstition nor piety can restore the splendid columns of antique marble. At the Forum descended with William, and walked home, passing the Coliseum. Now when history is express upon the nature and detail of former facts, why need critics seek to give a metaphysical sense to that which may be explained by the literal? 'If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus,' says St. Paul, 'what advantageth it me if the dead rise not?' I thought upon this and loved to believe it true,

and to thank God Almighty for all those His servants 'who have fought a good fight and kept the faith.' . . .

8.—Went with Minny, Fordwich, and William Cowper to the Church of St. Agostino, to see the image of the Virgin, that has lately wrought such numerous and mighty miracles. As the liberality of the faithful keeps pace with the labours of the statue it is not likely that her guardian priests will give her either long or speedy repose.

A very fair estimate of the state of society here may be obtained by an enumeration of the knives and daggers dedicated to the Virgin by those who have escaped the arm of the assassin. They are hung up at one side, like an armoury. '*Arma defunctumque bello hic paries habebit.*'

Jan. 10.—To the catacombs of St. Sebastian. Here were found bones, and inscriptions, and coffins of stone, the remains of the early Christians. The passages stretch out, it is said, for miles, far beyond what is either pleasant or safe to explore. Low, wretched, and dismal as they are, we see in them the nursery of the Christian faith; and truly it is in keeping, for if the Founder of our religion were born in a stable, we must not be surprised that His humble and despised followers had no better shelter than the tombs. Now what a compass your thoughts must embrace if you stand in the narrow chapel of the catacombs and reflect on St. Peter's, or in St. Peter's and reflect on the catacombs. . . .

Jan. 12, Sunday.—The sunset glorious. Home and read Massillon's fine discourse on the Passion. Gibbon and Massillon have been a great part of my study here.

Jan. 13.—Out early to see Prince Altieri (late Senator of Rome) lie in state at the church of Sopra Minerva. As Senator of Rome he was buried with honours, and very unimpressive they were. A bier and some tall candles, with a few troops and a screaming Mass, constituted the whole ceremony. I could not but compare it with the funeral I had attended just previously to my departure from England, Mr. Wilberforce's, in Westminster Abbey.

One of the most interesting entries in the Diary at this time is that occurring under the date Jan. 15.—"Dined with Pusey. . . ."

Dr. Pusey, who was one year older than Lord Ashley, had been a fellow-student at Christ Church, Oxford, and had taken a first-class in classics in 1822, the year in which Lord Ashley achieved a similar distinction. In 1833, while Lord Ashley was taking up the Factory Question, and becoming the leader in one of the greatest social movements of the day, Pusey was joining Dr. John Henry Newman in bringing out the celebrated "Tracts for the Times," and was taking a leading part in the great ecclesiastical movement with which his name became, later on, indissolubly connected, and which, for good or for evil, has influenced so powerfully the future of the Church of England.

One of Dr. Pusey's keenest opponents was to be the man who was his guest that day.

Lord Ashley was the cousin of Dr. Pusey through the Bouveries, and was well known to him. But there was sitting beside him at the table a man whom he now met for the first time, one who was afterwards to be closely allied with him in important evangelical work, and in opposition to Pusey. This was the celebrated M. Bunsen. He was the son of a poor Dutch soldier, whose scanty living was furnished by a small pension and the produce of a few acres of land in Corbach, a town in the little German principality of Waldeck. From early childhood he had endured the vigorous training that poverty imposes; he had been compelled to fight his own way through the world with nothing save his own "inward consciousness and a determination to live for an ideal aim, disregarding all else

as insignificant,"* to support him. He studied at the University of Göttingen; distinguished himself there as a classical scholar; went to Paris to perfect himself in Oriental languages; and then visited Italy, where he was introduced to the learned Niebuhr, and became his private secretary. He afterwards was made Secretary to the Prussian Embassy at Rome, then Chargé d'Affaires, and finally full Minister. At a future date he was sent as a Special Envoy to England, to negotiate a matter that was destined to stir every circle of religious society, and in carrying out which Lord Ashley was to be one of his staunchest friends and fellow-workers.

Jan. 15.—Dined with Pusey. Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, whom I sat next to, is a most simple, unaffected, learned man. Jan. 17.—Went in the evening to M. Bunsen's. I was anxious to improve my acquaintance with that excellent and enlightened man. Had some useful and pleasant conversation. He informed me that the Prussian Government had determined to establish, for the maintenance and advancement of the Protestant faith, bishops and cathedral institutions. Jan. 18.—Received a very kind invitation from M. Bunsen to take an antiquarian trudge with him; accepted it, and he came here to fetch me. First saw the view from his house, and then we descended to the Forum. The remains of the tabularium under the Capitol were quite new to me; it is nearly the finest relic of Republican Rome. . . . I am really glad to have made the acquaintance, and indeed almost the friendship, of this superior man; his learning and abilities are embellished by a sound and ardent piety. Such men are an honour and comfort to their generation!

St. Anthony's Day. Received various felicitations! Breakfasted with Pusey. To the Coliseum, where a monk was preaching the Friday sermon. Such a picturesque scene, and as interesting as

* "Memoir of Baron Bunsen," by his Widow, Baroness Bunsen, vol. ii., p. 131.

picturesque! Passed St. Anthony's Chapel, where some horses were under the exorcising of the priests. Of this ceremony, like many others in Rome, the principle is good but the practice ridiculous. It has become a low, money-making craft on the part of the clergy, and a base, fruitless superstition on the part of the laity. It is right and wise, and merciful and pious, to recognise even animals as God's creatures, and believe that they have a share in the consideration of an almighty and beneficent Maker, but here they hold only to the charm of the benediction, a species of necromancy.

Jan. 24.—Viterbo. Rome is quitted, and we have now (perhaps for ever, certainly for a long time) resigned the contemplation and enjoyment of the most exciting and subduing (for the sentiments are here blended) spot in the civilised world. I do entirely thank God that I have been once more allowed to take such a pleasure. . . . It was, however, pain and grief to leave it; and nothing but the prospect of speedily seeing that dear child could have softened a feeling of sorrow which was going far beyond approvable limits. . . .

Jan. 26.—Siena is prettily situated amidst undulating hills. We arrived there at the full hour of the Corso, when mankind, dense as cabbage plants, and abundant carriages, were pacing up and down a long, narrow, crooked, cold, lofty street. This is the Italian pleasure; having outside their walls, and at a distance of three minutes' walk, a fine view, a clean path, a fresh air, a bright sun, they preferred the dark, sad, chilly passage of their living catacombs. How different from the English! All our amusements are in open spaces, with light and air; even Italian 'races' must be run in a street; the fact is, an Italian does not enjoy his climate: he boasts a good deal of his possession, but leaves the enjoyment of it to foreigners.

Jan. 28.—Florence. The church of San Lorenzo. Was there ever such magnificence to mark the deposit of mortality! The Capella di Medici and the Capella dei Principi. Here Michael Angelo has shown all his power on the tombs of Lorenzo and Julian, Dukes of the family of Medici (Urbino and Nemours). The figure of 'Night' almost makes one 'hush;' it has a character of tranquillity and grace very seldom seen in the works of Buonarotti; the hand, upon which the head inclines, casts a shade over the face; and the half-closed eyes in this partial obscurity express the soft approach of night; the negligent abandoned position of the head is nature itself;

it falls forward into the shadow like a star near the horizon, '*suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.*'

Jan. 29.—Dined with the Shelleys, and afterwards went to a ball given by the Grand Duke at the Pitti Palace. The approach to the rooms was prettily contrived through long avenues of myrtle and orange trees lining the passages; but the ball-room itself exceeded in brilliancy and liveliness any apartment I have ever seen. Eight great trees of wax candles, attached to the walls, decorated the sides of the saloon, and reached quite to the ceiling. Their Ducal Majesties were civil and kind in the extreme. I was horridly fatigued with this day's operations, and so was little Min.

After leaving Florence the journey was continued, and Pisa, Leghorn, Lucca, and Sarzana, in the Sardinian territories, were visited.

Reflect on the thousands of great and patriotic Pisans who adorned the best times of Liberty and the Republic. Unfortunately for mankind nothing grows old so soon as Freedom; its prime is spent in a day and its course is chiefly run in childhood and decline. . . .

. . . The road throughout the Luccese is perfectly charming; having surmounted the hills we descended upon the level between the sea and the mountains. This district is Arcadia itself; cultivated with all the care, precision, and tidiness exhibited in the best parts about Geneva, it superadds the most agreeable and classic scenery that Virgil or Theocritus ever saw or imagined. Here I remarked in wonderful abundance all the favourite beauties of Salvator and Poussin, and we had absolute experience that the colouring of Claude (however brilliant) is unequal to nature. Mountains high enough to be grand, and yet not terrible; olive forests, ruined castles, valleys, scattered villages, herds of sheep and goats, everything usually met with apart, here clustered together. The whole population appeared bursting with gaiety and fine clothes; hundreds, nay thousands were swarming in the villages and along the roads, all in costumes of the most bright and becoming character. The sight was delightful, not only to a man of taste, but to any one who rejoices in the happiness of his species. The race, too, is handsome, *bellissimo sangue;* the women especially carried an air of

dignity and force which, upon reasoning alone, one should conceive peculiar to hereditary wealth or station. Therefore I say and feel, 'God bless the Duke of Lucca.' These small states of Tuscany and Lucca are a model of what Italy should and could be, and an example for many nations of Europe. And yet all Lucca, town and country, contains fifty thousand inhabitants, about one-fourth of my constituents!

Feb. 7.—San Remo. No monarch living, except the King of Sardinia, can show in his dominions such a six days' journey. We have been greatly struck by the remarkable beauty of the women and children all along this coast; from the town of Lucca to this point we have met handsome faces at every step. . . .

Feb. 8.—Nice. Arrived at four; thanks be to God, found them all well, and especially our darling child, who knew us again, and showed evident joy at our return. . . . 11th.—Went to the Corso where the Nissards were celebrating the last day of the carnival; they were amused, and so were we. As far as we saw, there was nothing but innocence; if it were not wise it was not criminal. Such festivities have an air of foolery, and yet it is unsafe to condemn, in one sweeping term, the periodical recreations of a whole people. Whence the origin of these games? Doubtless it may be found in ancient heathenism, and I think a passage of Gibbon (Ch. IV. in notes), though on another subject, may give us the notion. 'During the licentious tumult of the festival of Cybele, the Romans imported from Asia the worship of the mother of the gods. Her festival, the Megalesia, began on the 4th of April, and lasted six days. The streets were crowded with mad processions, the theatres with spectators, and the public tables with unbidden guests. Order and police were suspended, and pleasure was the only serious business of the city.'

When Lord Ashley started upon this tour he determined that it should be a real holiday—a time for rest with which he would not allow politics to interfere. To this end he removed himself as far as possible from the temptation to break his repose. He neither read newspapers, nor encouraged conversation on political affairs.

This, perhaps, was easier to do then than now; but at all events he held to his purpose, and acquired a power of abstracting his mind from multitudinous interests, which stood him in good stead afterwards, when labours devolved upon him which demanded his whole time and the concentration of all his energies.

Feb. 13.—I am not at ease; Parliament has assembled, and I am far from my post and my duties, yet what can I do? How leave Lady Cowper here alone? This is most distressing; the Church is threatened, and I shall be unable to give even my weak and single opposition to the measure. Hitherto I have enjoyed a happy freedom from politics. Throughout my journey I have carefully avoided both newspapers and conversations on that odious subject; but now I must renew my intercourse with vice and misery; and even the short residence we can make at Nice will be tainted by the 'necessary' study of letters and *Galignanis*.

. . . Feb. 22.—I love the Italian people. We abuse them, we despise them, we taunt them with cowardice and degeneracy; and it may be deserved, and it may be true; but are they incorrigible, or what has made them such? Have they been well taught? Have they been well ruled? Scattered, at variance with one another, and oppressed; without place or nation, having little to love and nothing to respect, without the means of patriotism and loyalty, what can be demanded of them? Yet consider their genius; in art, in science, in trade, in literature, in politics, the instructors of Europe! Among so many millions cannot virtue and genius again take root? 'I the Lord will accomplish it in his time.' . . . 27th.—The millennium of European policy would be the establishment of a 'Kingdom of Italy;' but this is a dream, and a dream that must not be talked of, for bloodshed, violence, revolution, massacre, horror, and failure at last, would be the inevitable consequences. Were success more probable, still we must refrain; good can be purchased at too dear a rate, and two generations must not be sacrificed for the benefit of the third. Yet if it pleased God to raise Italy from the dead, what a mass of materials for every work of greatness! She is indeed now despised, cast down, and perhaps degenerate; but such centuries of

misgovernment and suffering would have corrupted, to a fifty-fold degree, any other people.

March 14.—To-day we crossed the Var and *quitted Italy.* 'Peace be within thy walls, and plenteousness within thy palaces.' 'I wish thee good luck.

Then to Cannes—which is described only as "a pretty spot on the sea-shore with one small inn"—through Provence; to Aix, Lyons, Chalons, and Paris, and thence, on the 19th April, home, where the last entry in the Diary was written:—

Thus ends our tour. It has been very entertaining, and I hope instructive. The least profitable portion of it was our stay in Paris, where everything amused, dissipated, and corrupted the mind, without either giving cause, or leaving time for, the slightest reflection. There is a spell of viciousness in that city, and every one who long resides there will more or less be influenced by it; if he be not led to act ill, he will be seduced to forget what is good, and he finds it impossible eventually not to 'tolerate,' at least, that which all around him admire. I was glad to quit the place, earnestly hoping that no child of mine might ever pass many days in that pavilion of Belial.

CHAPTER V.

1834—1838.

Diary Resumed—Letter from Southey—A Stormy Political Horizon—Alma Mater—Installation of Duke of Wellington as Chancellor—Introspection—Change of Ministry—A Note-Book of Passing Events—Correspondence with Sir Robert Peel—Appointed a Lord of the Admiralty—Painstaking Diligence—A Short-lived Ministry—Church Reform—Tercentenary of the Reformation—The Church Pastoral Aid Society Founded—Difficulties Concerning it—Factory Act of 1833 in Operation—Trials from Friends—Letter from Mr. Richard Oastler—Harassed by Fruitless Correspondence—The Ten Hours Agitation Grows—Mr. Poulett Thompson's Bill—Opposed and Withdrawn—Mr. Charles Hindley's Bill—A Pledge from the Government—Richard Cobden and Factory Legislation—"Deluded and Mocked" by the Government—Factory Question Actively Resumed—An Able Speech—Letter from Charles Dickens—Word-Portrait of Lord Ashley in 1838.

AFTER an interval of some weeks Lord Ashley resumed his Diary of "fugitive and desultory" notes, and the first entry explains the motives he had in continuing it:—

May 3rd, 1834.—Panshanger. I regret the long omission. Much might have been inserted to improve or interest me. The course or variety of one's feelings, the hopes we have entertained with their accomplishment or disappointment, our distrust or reliance upon God, our often or seldom prayer, with their respective effects upon thought and action; all these things duly recorded would assail us, as it were, with irresistible conviction. Let me henceforward be a little more punctual.

In order to give the Factory Act of 1833 a fair trial, little was attempted in Parliament for some years,

beyond repeated remonstrances with the Government and an anxious observation of the working of the Act. Outside Parliament, however, there was continuous exertion. Public opinion was strongly roused, a new era in legislation had been inaugurated, and a new chapter in the history of labour had been opened.

Every day found Lord Ashley devising some fresh plan, or listening to some fresh suggestion; and one of the schemes that lay very near to his heart was one which dealt with the question of the Education of Factory Children. A letter from his friend Southey—the last long letter he ever received from him—touches upon this:—

Robert Southey to Lord Ashley.

KESWICK, *May 12th*, 1834.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I am truly rejoiced to think there is a prospect of seeing you this summer. The country indeed will appear to great disadvantage while you have the Alps and the charms of a southern climate fresh in remembrance, but there is no other part of England so beautiful. . . . The Factory Question is overlaid at present by the Unions; but when the excitement which their menacing attitude has caused throughout the manufacturing districts subsides, the cry against that evil will again be heard. Unhappily some of the best intended efforts for mitigating the wretched consequences of this system have a sure tendency to deprave still further the very persons for whose relief they are designed. I allude to Infant, and even to Sunday Schools. Teach a mother to teach her children what all mothers used to teach theirs fifty years ago, and the instruction is given in love and received in love, and is wholesome for the whole family. The duty is undertaken *for her* now—nay, it is even *taken from* her, for the sake of making display, and the Sunday is made for the children the longest school-day in the week!

As for Infant Schools, they are only good when they are

remedies for an enormous evil: when you rescue infants from the filth and pollution of the streets. But when infants are sent to them to be *out of the mother's way*, the mother goes out to day-labour, and the husband gets his meals at the beershop, and there is an end of all domestic affection. I have much to say upon these subjects. The better parts of the old English character will never be restored unless we can bring back something like the old habits of domestic teaching for the rudiments of religion—for all that is necessary to be believed—and of domestic industry. . . .

. . . God bless you, my dear Lord Ashley.

Yours with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The political horizon in this year, and especially towards its close, was stormy. The Parliament, elected soon after the passing of the Reform Bill, was near its end; a Conservative reaction was imminent, and the King, whose tendencies had hitherto been liberal, gave unmistakable evidence that he was now weary of his Ministers. They had occupied themselves much with Irish Church questions. The Irish Bishops had, during their Administration, been reduced from twenty-two to twelve, and the Irish Archbishops from four to two; while, by the appointment of the Irish Church Commission, the very existence of the Church Establishment in Ireland had been threatened. On the 28th May the Irish Bishops and Clergy presented an Address to the King, and in his reply he had expressed himself so strongly in sympathy with them, and so strongly at variance with the opinions of his Ministers, that no doubt could remain of his antagonism to the Administration of Lord Melbourne. To the state of public feeling then prevailing the Diary frequently refers:—

May 27th.—This evening his Majesty's Ministers are expected to exhibit a public dissension; they have now rendered order, government, and rule impossible. Under them the semblance might endure for awhile; should they be changed it seems to me we must be prepared for chaos. *Twelve o'clock at night.*—Stanley has retired, and others with him, having yielded as many principles as he could safely for himself. He approached the point of danger, and his sleeping conscience awoke. He will not consent to establish Popery. Why did he not long ago act upon his foresight of this inevitable conflict, and stand out while it was yet time? . . . There is no hope of Conservative Government. Until the Administration of this country can be founded on truth, religion, the welfare of man, and the honour of God (and this both actually and ostensibly), there will be no return to our ancient dignity and happiness. Now to think even of such principles at this present, is to look for the Garden of Eden in the purlieus of St. Giles!

There had been a growing intensity in the religious life of Lord Ashley. The habits of meditation and prayer had increased, the spirit of ardour, confidence, and love had shone forth more conspicuously in public and in private, and his studies had been more constant in religious literature, with a view "to attain deeper acquaintance with critical theology." The following entries show the course and current of his inner life:—

June 9th.—Oxford. Installation of the D. of Wellington as Chancellor. Fearful of being thought guilty of disrespect did I stay away, down I came. . . . For an hour (it is now eleven at night) I have lounged about the Quadrangle of Christchurch—every inch of it seems holy. Years have added solemnity either to the walls or to my feelings, for I perceive in myself a sentiment of profound and affectionate veneration. It is not that my love for Alma Mater is new. I always admired her worth, as her child 'rose up and called her blessed,' but those were the transports of enthusiasm, and partook of the warmth and capriciousness of youth. My feelings

are now become deep, tender, reverential, and, as time has proved, steadfast. To her I must ascribe *all* that I have of learning, and *much* that I may have of virtue. If she did not altogether uproot (as who or what under Heaven can) every vice of my nature, she prepared at least the soil for the cultivation of better things, and gave me moments of thought which may prove the seeds of eternity. Shall I not then love her, pray for her, and, if possible, befriend her? Aye, by God's blessing, to my life's end, and I humbly thank Him that He has once more permitted me to stand on this sacred ground, and while in earnest gratitude for my own advantages of sound and religious learning, to implore His Holy Spirit to make me both willing and able to confer upon others some portion at least of the blessings that He has conferred upon me.

How much more I should enjoy this retirement were Minny with me. Why is it that I cannot bear the shortest separation from her! In fact, nothing is so delightful to the heart as the contemplation of innocence and purity, and hence it is that I feel, in absence from her, the loss of an unearthly pleasure.

Eleven years and a half have elapsed since I quitted Oxford—is it possible? What is the comparative condition of my mind? Is it more powerful and better instructed? Certainly, but not in the proportion of time, experience, and other men. But I have, by God's grace, a deeper sense (and yet how shallow!) of His religion; that is, however, the whole compass of intellect and knowledge: that being obtained, all other things will be added thereunto.

Why was I reckoned here, and for some time afterwards, such a promising young man? Why?

June 11th.—Yesterday was the anniversary of our wedding. Mark it with the red letters of joy, hope, and gratitude. If men would all base their love upon esteem, and their esteem upon religion, and their religion upon affectionate Christianity, marriage would prove a twenty-fold source of earthly happiness and surety for Heaven.

The theatre presented a scene of beautiful dignity and splendour. It may never be the lot of this generation to witness again such a display of persons, dresses, and enthusiasm. How can it—for the combination of yesterday depended not on the ceremony, but on the appointment of so peculiar a man to so peculiar a station at such a time and under such circumstances, personal and political. All, both

young and old, were unanimous in ardent, deep-felt Toryism; their eagerness was wonderful, and burst in ceaseless expressions and shouts of applause. Whether intentionally or by mistake, I was much hissed in passing out; and as I have done little to deserve their approbation, and nothing to deserve their censure, I felt greatly astonished. However, as I am not a candidate for any of their favours, I can abstain from tears, though I confess my vexation. Dinner in Christchurch Hall—equally with the theatre splendid and enthusiastic.

June 14th.—It is singular how long I am in the execution of any work of reading or composition. But a crab is not a race-horse, and has no right to complain if he fails in doing what is inconsistent with his nature. I am too much the victim of strong feelings. I am easily impressed even to weakness. Oftentimes, in reading the Bible aloud to Minny, I all but burst into tears at the mere dignity of the subject and language.

July 2nd.—My temper is too impetuous, frequently am I led away to say things in a manner that is as little proper as they are wise, and this is always the result of heat. I must endeavour, by God's blessing, to correct myself. Served to-day for the first time on the Committee of the National School Society—education and public worship may set us right, and they will do so, unless 'our iniquity be now full.'

July 3rd.—I have no one thing completely; a smattering upon many; this is pleasant, but not serviceable. To all subjects I prefer theology. Finance, corn laws, foreign policy, or poor laws would give me more public usefulness, but they would not give me more private happiness. I shall be content henceforward to float down the stream of time, and put ashore at any point whither the Almighty in His wisdom may command me.

July 12th.—Humanly speaking, I can see nothing worse than that Peel should be called to the helm of affairs; but, nevertheless, he must, if invited, accept the office. The time is such that all reasoning is nonplussed, and a Minister must commit himself to Providence. The chances of failure and success may not even be balanced; in ordinary cases such a previous step would not only be wise, but necessary; here, however, is a peculiar attitude of affairs, and patriotism, danger, and religion alike summon a Conservative to make the attempt.

July 14th.—On Saturday at the Fish Dinner, dull—had some conversation with Peel—he is civil, but cold. I doubt the formation of a *really good* Government, for we are yet blind to the everlasting truth. We must, I fear, be tutored by suffering, and then we may return to the old paths. Were Peel inclined to build his government on the basis of religion, could he now find materials for the superstructure? I think not, and hence I distrust the hopes of a permanent and good Administration. I neither see nor hear of any symptom of awakened religion among those who aspire to be our rulers; and what security does any other principle afford?

August 7th.—I believe the human heart to be so corrupt that, if we could, in every instance, see our motives as God sees them, we should be equally surprised and disgusted. Nothing but a disbelief of, or a disinclination to, this truth could possibly affect our eager acceptance of the great, necessary, and most comfortable doctrine of the Atonement.

Sept. 3rd —Returned from Hatfield. Minny gone on to Wrest.* I to Panshanger to wait for the Hertford Meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Old Sarum† shakes and grows deaf;—her leaf is withering, but still she seems to entertain no thoughts of dying. I found both the children quite well.

Sept. 7th.—Our meeting went off excellently, and Baker preached an admirable sermon. I spoke;—the sentiments were good, but the language and delivery imperfect. Nevertheless, I rejoice to have professed my belief, and done what little in me lies to advance the great cause of these two societies.

Spent two days at Wrest. Read the memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More,‡ amiable, virtuous, and wonderful woman! What a true, diligent, and (humanly speaking) useful servant of Christ was she. Ah, let those who rely on works for justification, cease to hope, until they shall at least have equalled her, and then they will begin to despair; for, finding no consolation in self-meritoriousness, and neither foreseeing time, nor feeling strength to renew their efforts

* In Bedfordshire, seat of Lord de Grey.

† Lady Salisbury, who afterwards, at an age over ninety, was burnt to death.

‡ Mrs. Hannah More died on the 7th September in the previous year (1833).

and supply the deficiency of them, they will look around for something else to assuage their souls.

Oct. 17th.—Received the news of the destruction by fire of the Houses of Parliament. I own that I feel it as a national calamity—it appears like an omen of evil to our whole Constitution and Empire—the scene and stage as it were of English history lay there, and if there be any force in local associations, we might have hoped, as long as the 'genius loci' remained, for some (though perhaps feeble) imitation of the generosity of our ancestors. Many fine monuments of former days are now destroyed: Jerusalem Chamber, St. Stephen's Chapel, the Painted Chamber, the House of Lords with its exciting tapestry, the noble libraries with their invaluable contents—many and various records—treasures that no money can replace. This is, indeed, a moral conflagration. It is matter of thankfulness that the splendid Hall was rescued from the flames.

Political events had reached a crisis. On the 14th of November the King dismissed the Melbourne Ministry, and, on the advice of the Duke of Wellington, sent for Sir Robert Peel, who was then at Rome, where he had proposed to spend the winter. He did not arrive in England till the 9th of December, and during the interval the Duke of Wellington acted provisionally as Minister. During that interval Lord Ashley began to write a "Note Book of Passing Events," and continued the entries almost daily until April, 1842, when they were discontinued for twenty years, to be resumed during the disruption in the United States.

In these records, from which we do not propose to quote in this book, there is little that is personal to himself. They are, as he describes them, "minutes of proceedings," and "notes of Parliamentary campaigns,

as tedious to detail as they have been stirring to fight." They contain digests of many debates, criticisms upon speeches, forecasts of political movements, comments upon men and things, rumours, reports, speculations, and conjectures. Their chief interest now is that they clearly show how identical were Lord Ashley's views then with those he held in later years. No matter whether the subject under consideration be changes of ministry, discussions on the ballot, French affairs, Irish troubles, or matters of the most ephemeral nature, there is always Religion in the forefront, inquiries first as to the principles involved, analyses of motives, complaints of trusting in human wisdom, and all the characteristics of style that marked his later years.

This singular identity in views, in principles, and in modes of enforcing them, is very remarkable. Many passages upon many subjects might be extracted bodily from the Note Book of 1834, and inserted in the Diary of 1884 without any fear of detection.

We resume our extracts from Lord Ashley's private Diary:—

Nov. 26th.—Brighton. Dined last night with his Majesty. Amid all the chops and changes, what will be my fate? Office I regard with dismay, the very thoughts of it are disagreeable to me.

Dec. 6th.—Suppose Sir R. Peel were to offer me a place! I should reply that in the circumstances of his government, the situation he intended for me would be better bestowed in securing the allegiance of some doubtful supporter. Any *little* service I might render in a department would not more than equal the service any other man of sense and ordinary education is easily capable of. In fact I am become very listless in these matters—my tastes

somewhat altered—yet it is only in the career of public life. I could, by God's blessing, bestir myself in no less useful duties.

Dec. 10th.—How dead religion falls on hearts unused to it, even in a kind, easy, and moral character. It seems like an acquaintance lately introduced whom they treat with civility, but are rather pleased to get rid of. Many excellent and exemplary persons in private life are satisfied with 'going to church and doing the whole thing;' the hardest of all notions to expel is the notion of self-righteousness; men will measure themselves, not by the model of their Saviour, but by that of their neighbours. 'Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect,' is to them a superfluous command. 'Be no worse than your neighbours' seems far more easy and intelligible.

Dec. 15th.—Yesterday I saw Peel, who sent for me in haste. I waited, for two hours and a half, his return from the King. I saw him at six o'clock. His object was to 'invite me into the King's service.' . . . I yielded because I had nothing to oppose to his wishes but my own feelings and disinclination.

Nothing definite was said at that interview as to the office Lord Ashley was to fill, although the Admiralty and the Treasury were mentioned—both a descent from the higher station he had occupied at the India Board, and he dreaded "being called away from real usefulness to do what his valet would probably do better." A few days later he received the following letter from Sir Robert Peel:—

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

WHITEHALL, *Dec. 20th*, 1834.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—You know, I hope, that in making my arrangements my first wish is to do that which I think most likely to be agreeable to you, and to give the greater opportunity of useful exertion.

The Admiralty Board is so *magnificently* constituted that I cannot help adding you to the number of Lords. There will be Earl

de Grey, First Lord, Sir George Cockburn, Sir John Beresford, Sir Charles Rowley, Right Hon. Maurice Fitzgerald, Right Hon. George Dawson, Secretary.

There will thus be only two Civil Lords at the Board in the House of Commons, and it has occurred to me that the *House* at the Admiralty may be agreeable to you.

Ever most truly,

ROBERT PEEL.

Dec. 22nd.—Yesterday I was obliged to answer Peel's letter, in which he offered me a Lordship of the Admiralty. Had I not, by God's grace and the study of religion, subdued the passion of my youth, I should now have been heartbroken. Canning, *eight years ago*, offered me, as a neophyte, a seat at one of the Boards, the first step in a young statesman's life. If I am not now worthy of more, it is surely better to cease to be a candidate for public honours. Yet Peel's letter, so full of flummery, would lead any one to believe that I was a host of excellence. The thing is a contradiction.

The following is the letter referred to in the entry given above:—

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

PANSHANGER, *Dec. 21st*, 1834.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Being absent from London, I did not receive your kind letter before this morning; but I trust that no inconvenience will have arisen from the delay in acknowledging it.

I feel very sensibly your friendly expressions, and the warm concern you have shown in my welfare; but as I was very explicit with you during our interview, I may, I hope, be equally explicit in my answer to you now.

The offer of any situation in the Government is far more than I am entitled to demand. I have said to you already, and I again repeat it, that neither my character nor services can give me the smallest claim to a share in the Administration, and still less to the considerate manner in which you have proposed to me such agreeable colleagues. It would be both honourable and pleasant to act with those gentlemen; and if, therefore, I presume to raise any objection,

it will not be either to the dignity of the place, or the names of the Commissioners.

Whatever be my own feelings or desires in respect of official life, I would most willingly undertake to serve you in any capacity where I could *really* be useful. I doubted, and I doubt still, my means of being so. Everything must be calculated in reference to the course of Parliamentary debate; in this I am by no means practised, and I entertain a very strong desire, for your own sake, that you should engage the co-operation of men who, either actually or prospectively, may assist your Government in the House of Commons.

If I cannot aid you by speaking, how can I here do so by official ministration? The Board of Admiralty will afford me no opportunity of exercising (did I even possess them) any of the qualifications of a public man. I must be, of course, and every one else must know it, a subordinate agent amongst persons of such experience and practice in their own peculiar profession. I could not presume to do more than consult their opinions, and acquiesce in their counsel; neither could I exert any individual action or responsibility, so as to render myself in any wise *personally* useful in your service. Any man of common sense would be quite as efficient; and even the good character you were so kind as to attribute to me, could add nothing of utility, as the whole world knows that the inexperience of a Civil Lord must yield, and justly so, to the weight and experience of his naval colleagues.

I will tell you candidly that I think my motives would be sadly misrepresented in accepting a Lordship—it is, I know, and heartily confess, quite as much as I am worth—but when I see that all my contemporaries have been promoted, and many who have never served put over my head, I cannot but feel that, having neither merit enough to advance, nor even to retain the scale of my old position, I had better give way to other men. I most solemnly assure you that I complain not of their appointments; but the world, I think, would have reason to say that my readiness to accept any situation I could get, was less the result of my principles than of my necessities. Again, I say, did it present me even a chance of being humbly serviceable, I would not object; but here I should be called upon to surrender many pursuits, and many (I hope) beneficial occupations, for a career which could not advantage you or any portion of your Government.

Your brother, you said to me, entitled as he was to higher office, was contented to serve you at the Treasury, but to compensate for that loss, he will enjoy much personal intercourse with you, and, perhaps, your private confidence.

I did not seek for office, believing, as I do, that there are many others far more suited by inclination and ability to those duties; but after my interview with you, I was willing to undertake it in the hopes that I might have some means of being in a slight degree personally useful to you.

Most heartily shall I act, and wish for your success, not only as an honest, and wise, and able Minister, but also (I hope I may say) as my personal friend. I shall be always at your command to undergo any labour, or any odium, in support of the sacred principles on which you stand.

To this letter a reply was received from Lord Granville Somerset, who wrote at the request of Sir Robert Peel, to explain that the office was in fact that of the Civil Representative of the Admiralty in the House of Commons, the Member of that Board whose business it was to move the Estimates, and to be leading Member on all topics connected with the Civil Service of the Admiralty. And, it was added, the motives of Sir Robert Peel were of the kindest nature. In acknowledging this letter Lord Ashley said, "My business and duty are to serve him in his way, not in my own; and since he is willing to bear the responsibility of having appointed me to a prominent situation, and is kind enough to say that I really can contribute somewhat to his aid, I am perfectly ready, however conscious of my own weakness, to undertake the charge he has been pleased to assign me."

26th.—On the evening of 22nd a messenger brought me an explanatory letter from Granville Somerset on the part of Sir

R. Peel. There was then no course left but to accept, and I did so.

What is the right course to be pursued in matters of canvassing voters employed in the Government service? Surely every Government has a legitimate influence that it may exercise on behalf of its friends. This I will aid, but I will be no party to the slightest force or even menace. Hitherto I must say the Carlton Committee have not urged me improperly. God grant that I may do no injustice.

I fear that if I were Prime Minister the world, judging from my course of policy, would set me down as a hypocrite or an enthusiast. Nevertheless, my policy would not be the less right for all that.

Jan. 12th.—Dorchester. To-morrow I shall be re-elected for the county. In all things we require aid, and so, whether it be a great or a small matter, I equally implore God's grace and assistance.

13th.—I rejoice and thank God that I was bold enough to speak manfully in defence of the Church, and I pray He may give me courage ever to persist and to be ready to sacrifice all for the maintaining of His true religion.

During the short time Lord Ashley had held office under the Wellington Administration he had worked persistently, and had spared no pains to possess himself of all the information within his reach concerning Indian affairs, and now, as a Lord of the Admiralty, when it fell to his lot to answer from his place in the House of Commons a multitude of questions on the details of a variety of topics, he again distinguished himself for the accuracy of his information, and the painstaking diligence with which he made himself familiar with every subject connected with the duties of his office during the existence of that short-lived Administration.

The Peel Government was defeated on the 19th February, 1835, on the Election of a Speaker, and again

on the 25th, on a motion of Lord Morpeth for an Amendment on the Address. In April, Lord John Russell, in a series of motions on the Temporalities of the Irish Church, defeated the Government by so large a majority that they resigned on the 8th April. Lord Melbourne then commenced his second Administration, which lasted throughout the rest of the reign of William IV., and during nearly four years of the reign of Queen Victoria.

The events of 1835, in which Lord Ashley was most interested, are thus described:—

Jan. 1st.—The Conservatives and the Radicals will be the two great parties in the House of Commons; between them will float a body of Whigs, bearing alternately to one side or the other, and strong enough to give preponderance to either. The feeling and temper of the country will ultimately decide the character of their politics; if it persist in Conservatism, they will gradually and quietly range themselves with Peel; if it renew its discontent and life of innovation, they will be hand and glove with the Radicals for place and power.

Church Reform is proposed.

Jan. 25th.—Our danger *now* is, perhaps, an overweening confidence that we can do pretty nearly the *same* things as our antagonists, and yet with less peril to the State or its institutions! . . . . Nostrum-mongers, although not actually mischievous in intent, are always so in fact. . . . The difficulties of Church Reform are really awful. I fear lest we should renew the scenes and divisions of the Catholic Question, and most assuredly we shall if the rights, privileges, and dignity of the Church be not deeply respected. How far *the country* will support the prelates, &c., I cannot well calculate; that there is a stirring among the dry bones towards life and religion is evident. . . . Church Reform (if any) must be extensive; it may be so, and yet be safe if rightly founded. I am prepared to go

far, but we shall do very little unless laymen will make sacrifices in proportion to those they demand from the clergy.

On the eve of the resignation of Peel, there is a curious, but characteristic, entry:—

April 8th.—It is a sign, a fearful sign of retributive justice, that every great question, every question involving the existence of principles, the safety of institutions and the stability of governments, has now *for five years* been determined by majorities equal to, or less than, the numbers admitted from the ranks of Popery to the privileges of Members of Parliament. The other night the division was carried by thirty-three, the precise number of Papists in the House of Commons! . . .

We are out. Peel has resigned. It was evident that the Commons would not accept *any* measures at his hands, and they prefer anarchy under themselves to order under him.

Sept. 14th.—The past Session very remarkable; signalised by a more open display of violent language and distinct menace than in any preceding one.

Sept. 30th.—The *Times* of yesterday contains an official letter from Mr. Reece, President of the Methodist Conference, to exhort all Wesleyans to celebrate on Sunday next the blessing of the 'Reformation.' This is well, as it indicates an alliance which must, with discretion, be of great service to the Church of England.

Oct. 14th.—So far as I can judge by the newspapers and the slight conversation I have had with individuals, the Tercentenary of the Reformation (Oct. 4th) was observed with much reverence and sincerity. It was far more general than I had ventured to hope; even many of the Dissenters, in their schools and chapels, seemed nowise less zealous than the members of the Church of England.

Even at this period of his life, there was well developed in him that peculiar capacity which distinguished his more public career—the ability to attend to an amazing number of subjects at the same time, and to allow to each its proper place and proportion. Already he had

become identified with many and various philanthropic efforts, in addition to those connected with the interests of the labouring classes. His influence had largely penetrated into religious circles, and he was now to take the lead in the important ecclesiastical movement, about to be described, with which his name has ever since been closely associated.

On the 19th February, 1836, there was held in the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, a meeting of clergy and laity, with Lord Ashley in the chair. It was convened to discuss the best method of "Extending the means of Grace in and to necessitous parishes, in strict conformity with the spirit, constitution, and discipline of the Established Church." It was not a large gathering, but it was thoroughly representative, about sixty persons being present, many of whom were earnest, practical men. The result of the meeting was the establishment of the Church Pastoral Aid Society—"for the purpose of benefiting the population of our own country by increasing the number of working clergymen in the Church of England, and encouraging the appointment of pious and discreet laymen as helpers to the clergy in duties not ministerial."

It was inevitable that such a society, with such a programme, in such times, should give rise to considerable opposition, criticism, and condemnation. It was alleged that the Society was started without Episcopal sanction; that it infringed in a great degree on the discipline of the United Church; it was assailed as

if it were false to the principles of the Church, and attempts were made to fasten upon it a sectarian and schismatical character.

The rock of offence to the High Church Party was the nature of the lay agency to be employed, and of the association to employ it. It was contended by some that such agency, if used at all, should be limited to candidates for holy orders who had completed their university course, before they were of age for ordination. Others, and among them some of the Bishops, were opposed, not to the efforts of laymen for the spiritual welfare of those around them, but to the introduction into the Church of a new and distinct order of lay teachers, who, as stipendiaries of a voluntary society, would not, it was alleged, be amenable to ecclesiastical authority.

At first the committee were unwilling to abandon or limit lay agency in any degree whatever, but subsequently they became disposed to some modifications, and eventually it was decided that "The society will assist, as it may be able, in the supply to destitute places of lay agents, whether candidates for holy orders or others, or whether partially or wholly to be maintained; which lay agents shall act under the direction of the incumbent, and be removable at his pleasure."

The result of this decision was to estrange many who at first were in favour of the society (among them Mr. W. E. Gladstone, then a young man of twenty-six, who was one of the vice-presidents), and to lead to the

establishment of a rival institution, the "Additional Curates Society."

The first years of the existence of the Pastoral Aid Society were years of trial, difficulty, and ceaseless controversy, and entailed upon Lord Ashley, who took the lead on all occasions, an enormous amount of labour. His good judgment and counsel, his tact in smoothing down differences, his experience of the requirements of poor and neglected parishes, his patient attention to the details of every fresh move in the organisation of the Society, and the influence of his tongue and pen, were invaluable at this time. Nor did his efforts cease with the initial difficulties of the enterprise; on the contrary, he continued to take the deepest interest in its progress and prosperity. For nearly fifty years he was hardly ever absent from the chair on the occasion of the annual meeting, and always reserved for that meeting the full expression of his opinion on the state of the Church and the signs of the times. His speeches on behalf of the Pastoral Aid Society give the Religious History of nearly half a century.

Lord Ashley was appalled to find, from reliable authority, the state of spiritual destitution prevalent in many parts of the country. The path he had taken in public life led him to an intimate knowledge of the destitute condition of some of the manufacturing districts with respect to religious instruction, but he was surprised to learn from official documents, that 100,000 souls were, in spite of every effort, national

and voluntary, annually added to those who, in Protestant England, and under the wing of an Established Church, had neither pastors, sacraments, nor public worship; but were left unheeded, with no man to care for their souls. It was the sense of this pressing and ever-increasing need, that urged him to strain every nerve to make the Pastoral Aid Society the efficient institution it has become; and from first to last he claimed for it, in spite of all argument to the contrary, full recognition as a Church of England Society, regarding the wants of the Church on the one hand, and observing the order of the Church on the other.

Meanwhile, the Government Factory Act of 1833 was meeting with the strongest condemnation from the supporters of the Ten Hours Movement. Its details had been artfully arranged to make different clauses come into operation at different dates, so as to delay the complete working of the Act till 1836. When Lord Ashley threw the Bill into the hands of the Ministry he retired for a time from the contest. Incomplete as the Bill was, it was better than nothing, and he had said "God prosper it."

But he, and other friends of factory legislation, soon saw that the Act was in many respects absurd in its details, and foredoomed to be ineffectual. Practical men declared that it was never meant to be obeyed, and that those who framed it only wished to disgust the people with all factory legislation. As regarded the younger children, the Act was undoubtedly beneficial, inasmuch as it shortened their hours; but in nearly

all other respects it seemed to produce vexation, disappointment, and confusion. In 1835 the new factory inspectors reported 177 convictions under the Act, the number of mills at work and reported upon being 1,948, so that one in every eleven mill-owners had broken the law. The number of proved offences, however, would have been far larger had it not been for the fact that the local magistrates themselves set the law at defiance.

It will assist the reader to comprehend some of the difficulties with which Lord Ashley had to contend, by knowing something of the men with whom he was associated. Sorely tried as he was by his opponents, he was scarcely less tried by his supporters, and the labour of urging on some was often less than the labour of restraining others. One of the most irrepressible of the agitators was Mr. Richard Oastler—a worthy but eccentric man, wielding a large influence over the operatives—who kept up excitement to a white heat, as the following extracts from a lengthy letter, written in the early part of this year, will show:—

Mr. Richard Oastler to Lord Ashley.

FIXBY HALL, NEAR HUDDERSFIELD, *April 17th*, 1835.

MY LORD,— . . . The great points, in my opinion, are, to insist perpetually—'the present Act is ENTIRELY the Masters' Act, obtained by *fraud*, and INTENDED to get rid of the question by IMPOSING on the nation with an "*impracticable*" Act;' to 'deny that it was passed in a state of agitation,' but to 'insist that every kind of evidence was produced in abundance;' that 'your Lordship's Bill was rejected in a storm,' but 'that this Act was passed in a dead

calm,' and that 'your Lordship never interfered, but left it with the Masters and Lord Althorpe.' . . .

My object in once more meeting the public was to contradict two assertions most industriously circulated *by the Masters.* 1st, That the present Act was your Lordship's, or Sadler's, or Oastler's, or Bull's, or Wood's, &c.; and 2nd, That *I dare not now face the public on the Factory Question!!!* These questions are now settled. I was everywhere received with most enthusiastic cheering, nay, my progress was a complete Triumphal March. How often have I heard Whigs—mill-owners, my foes—say, 'Oastler, if you could get the Tories to grant the Ten Hours Bill, and to repeal the Poor Law Bill, all the Dissenters and Reformers in England could not move them.' *Of this I was sure.* I did my best, both with the Duke and Goulborn and Beckett, but they will not see; they will not hear; they are blind and deaf, and they don't know that they are all in the same boat with our poor Factory Children! and that the JEW is sinking them all together. My Lord, I have no hopes of success. I see the Government, whether Tory or Whig, are blind—blind as bats—stone blind. What care the PEOPLE of England about the Dissenters? or the Corporations? or O'Connell? NOT ONE RUSH. *They want bread,* and the Whigs and Tories and Radicals join together in robbing the pauper!!! Oh, shame—shame. And refuse to protect Labour!!! Oh, what folly. It is *labour* that supports the *Throne*—not your JEW with his £10,000,000!! Oh, my Lord, do excuse me. I must write as I feel. I write not for myself. No, my Lord. I expect nothing but poverty and want and death. I look forward to the assassin's knife, or a cold stone bed in a dungeon, but I will never hold my peace so long as I have power to speak. When I am dead, and the Throne and Altar are levelled, then perhaps I shall have been known to speak the truth. . . . You, my Lord, must change your heart for *stone* if you intend to be *cool, whilst you fight the battle of the Factory Child.* . . .

I have, indeed, laboured hard and long, and spent my all, in endeavouring to unite the Aristocrats and the People, on sound constitutional principles, but they turned a deaf ear. Every event that transpires proves I have been right. 'The Labourers,' 'The Labourers,' 'The Labourers,' has been my cry. But the aristocrats would not hear, and now O'CONNELL IS KING!!!! . . .

Oh! what a field for declamation does the *juggling trickery* of

our foes open to us. I'd give a world, if I had it, just for four hours at them in your Honourable (?) House! . . .

Believe me to be (in very deed),

Your Lordship's most obliged and obedient servant,

RICHARD OASTLER.

Harassing as were the main issues of Factory Legislation, its side issues were scarcely less perplexing. Letters innumerable on every conceivable branch of the subject poured in upon Lord Ashley. One correspondent complained that the children were summoned to the mills by the discordant blasts of a horn, and as it was "very disagreeable to have attention drawn to the hardships of the factory children at three, four, five, and six in the morning," he hoped a clause would be inserted in the Act "to make the nuisance punishable by penalty!" Another, who had held the office of Factory Inspector, and had been summarily dismissed because "the faithful discharge of his duties had drawn upon his head the unmitigated feelings of revenge of some of the factory people," begged Lord Ashley to bring this "monstrous outrage" before Parliament. And everybody who had any grievance, real or fancied, or who wanted information, whether entitled to it or not, sent forthwith his complaint or his application to Lord Ashley, who for many years inserted in his Diary words which meant much to him—"Harassed by fruitless correspondence."

During 1835 and 1836, under the conduct of Mr. Oastler, the Rev. Mr. Bull, the Rev. J. R. Stephens, and

other Great-hearts of the cause, the Ten Hours agitation in the North grew stronger and wider. Mr. Charles Hindley, M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne, an extensive mill-owner, pledged himself to bring in a Ten Hours Bill, and to renew his efforts, session after session, till the victory was won. This Bill had been printed and widely distributed, when it was made known that Mr. Poulett Thompson,* M.P. for Manchester and Vice-President of the Board of Trade, was about to bring in a Bill, on behalf of the Government, to repeal the "thirteen-years-of-age" clause in Lord Althorpe's Act of 1833, and to exclude thereby all the ages between twelve and thirteen from the shelter of its clauses. This was, in effect, "to legalise the slavery of some forty thousand children, for the most part females. A more faithless proposal was never made to the integrity and understanding of a legislature; the pledges to the country that children should be 'protected up to a certain point;' the compromise between the masters and the operatives—guaranteed by the interposition of the Government—and the inductions of common-sense, which required at least the fair trial of so solemn an enactment, were all equally violated."†

Notice of the new Government Measure was given in March, 1836, only nine days after the clause referred to came into operation. The factory districts were at once the scene of intense excitement and anxiety. Great meetings were held to uphold the "Bible, truth, and

* Afterwards Lord Sydenham.

† An article by Lord Ashley in *Quarterly Review*, lvii. 417.

justice," against "Gold and Poulett Thompson's Bill." * Petitions were sent up to the House remonstrating against the attempt to repeal the "best part of the present Act."

The second reading of the Government Bill was moved by Mr. Poulett Thompson on May 9th. He declared that children between twelve and thirteen should be allowed to decide for themselves, like their seniors, that sixty-nine hours' work per week would do them no harm, and that the House would throw 35,000 children out of work if it refused to pass the Bill.

Lord Ashley moved that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. He showed that the threatened dismissal of the children was not even possible; quoted evidence to prove how severely the children suffered from the long hours; and met his opponents with a formidable, and, as it proved, irresistible array of facts and figures. A long debate ensued, in the course of which a vigorous opposition to the new measure was manifested, but the Government, confiding in their strength, pressed the Bill to a division. In a House of 354 members, however, they only secured a majority of two, and accordingly thought it wisest to withdraw the Bill.†

Having thus defeated the attempt of the Government to gratify the mill-owners by a retrograde movement, Lord Ashley and his coadjutors saw that it was needful, not only to watch, with increased

* Mr. Oastler at Huddersfield.

† Hansard, 3, s. xxxiii. 737, and xxxiv. 306.

vigilance, the working of the present Act, in order to get as much good out of it as possible, but, at the same time, to press forward towards the passing of laws of a more decidedly beneficial character. On June the 13th he called the attention of Government to a flagrant breach of the Act, some boys having been made to work for thirty-four hours successively in the foul cellar of a Yorkshire factory, the air of which was so bad that workmen tied handkerchiefs round their mouths before going into the place. Lord John Russell promised investigation.

On June 23rd Mr. Charles Hindley moved for leave to bring in a Bill "to Amend the present Factory Acts." The House was surprised, and Lord Ashley thought the time inopportune; but said that, if the Bill were brought in, he should give it his cordial support. Mr. Hindley, after a short debate, withdrew his motion, but not till it had "served the useful purpose of wringing from an unwilling Government a direct and distinct pledge, given by Lord John Russell, that the existing laws should be enforced with all the authority at its command."* The enforcement of the law was difficult to accomplish when the mill-owners and the magistrates were identical. Sometimes magistrates refused to hear factory complaints, and bade applicants go to Mr. Oastler, for it was his law. Mr. Oastler replied by threatening to incite the children to apply their grandmother's knitting-needles to the spindles, "in a way which will teach these law-defying, mill-

* Hansard, 3, s. xxxiv. 489.

owner magistrates to have respect even to 'Oastler's law,' as they have wrongfully designated it."*

Many such wild speeches were made in the course of the agitation, which daily grew in volume and intensity. Reports of the meetings were published as pamphlets, and everywhere circulated. Meanwhile Lord Ashley awaited the opportunity to intervene with effect, doing good service from time to time by pointing out evasions of the present Act. Thus, on July 18th, he called the attention of the House to the fact that one of the factory inspectors was permitting attendance at Sunday-school to be included in the twelve hours' education per week which the Act required. He also pointed out the need for a large increase in the number of inspectors.

During 1837 Lord Ashley refrained from bringing the subject before the House, except in connection with the erratic proceedings of one or two of the inspectors, nor did he take any very prominent part in the agitation out of doors. An immense meeting held at Leeds, to bring about an eleven hours' compromise between masters and men, resulted in an all but unanimous resolution to petition for a Ten Hours Bill. The people grew more enthusiastic; the magistrates, on the other hand, compelled to act by Government supervision, used their power of imposing merely nominal penalties, and made disobedience to the law more profitable than its due observance.

Amongst those who, in the earlier days of the factory

* "History of the Factory Movement," ii. 104.

agitation, were bitterly hostile to legislative action, but afterwards modified their views, was Richard Cobden; and as Lord Shaftesbury was specially mindful of his opinion, it will be interesting to note what, at this stage of the question, were Cobden's exact sentiments with regard to the movement as recorded by his biographer :—

It is historically interesting to know what Liberal electors were thinking about in these days (1839). We find that they asked their candidate his opinion as to the property qualification for Members of Parliament, Primogeniture, the Poor Law Amendment Act, and the Factory Question. The last of the list was probably the most important, for Cobden had taken the trouble, many months before, to set out his opinions on that subject in a letter to the chairman of his committee. The matter remains of vital importance in our industrial system to the present time, and is still, in the face of the competition of other nations, the object of a controversy which is none the less alive in the region of theory because the Legislature has decided it in one way in the region of practice. As that is so, it is interesting still to know Cobden's earliest opinions on the matter; and I have therefore printed at the end of the volume the letter that Cobden wrote, in the autumn of 1836, on the restriction by Parliament of the hours of labour in factories.

What he said comes to this: that, for plain physical reasons, no child ought to be put to work in a cotton mill so early as the age of thirteen; but whatever restrictions on the hours of labour might be desirable, it was not for the Legislature to impose them; it was for the workmen to insist upon them, relying not on Parliament, but on their own action. A workman, by saving the twenty pounds that would carry him across the Atlantic, could make himself as independent of his employer as the employer is independent of him; and in this independence he would be free, without the emasculating interference of Parliament, to drive his own bargain as to how many hours he would work. In meeting his committee at Stockport, Cobden repeated his conviction that the factory operatives had it in their power to shorten the hours of labour without the aid of

Parliament; but to infant labour, as he had said before, he would afford the utmost possible protection. He laughed at the mock philanthropy of Tory landowners, who took so lively an interest in the welfare of the factory population, and yet declined to suffer the slightest relaxation of the Corn Laws, though these did more to degrade and pauperise the labouring classes, by doubling the price of food and limiting employment, than any other evil of which they had to complain.*

On June 22nd, 1838, Lord Ashley, at the request of the factory operatives, moved, as an amendment on the order of the day, the second reading of a "Factories' Regulation Bill" that had been introduced and several times deferred. Into this Bill it was his intention to have inserted a Ten Hours Clause on reaching the committee stage. Lord Ashley charged the Government with having "deluded and mocked" him with false promises, with having taken the matter out of his hands by their solemn pledges, and with having failed to keep their promises. In the course of the debate that followed, Sir Robert Peel said he was not prepared to support the Ten Hours Clause of his noble friend Lord Ashley, but the subject demanded attention, and he implored the House to come to a decision that night. On a division the matter was again shelved by a majority of eight—119 voting for the Government, and 111 for Lord Ashley.†

The public attention (said the *Times*) cannot be too forcibly directed to the scandalous conduct of the Melbourne Government with regard to the Factory Question as exposed by Lord Ashley on

* "Life of Richard Cobden," by John Morley, vol. i., pp. 115–16.
† Hansard.

Friday evening in his most impressive and striking speech. It was not merely that the noble Lord, to whom parents and children, and the cause of humanity, are all alike and so deeply indebted—it is not, we say, that he has himself been 'mocked and deluded' in the prosecution of his benevolent schemes by the broken faith and callous feelings of this mercenary and jobbing clique, but that laws of their own making have been left unenforced, and the unfortunate children unprotected, and that 'all the representations and remonstrances made to the Ministers upon the subject had been treated with total neglect and contempt.' *

On June 28th, the *Times* again devoted a long leading article to the subject, especially denouncing Lord John Russell for asserting that Lord Ashley "is under a delusion which *he has created for himself*, if he supposes that a great many children are suffering under the infliction of grievances." It proceeded to show that Lord John himself was under "one of the most monstrous delusions that mortal man ever created for himself;" seeing that half the children working with surgeons' certificates as thirteen, were evidently not twelve or even eleven; that thousands of pounds had been paid by the children for these fraudulent certificates; that convictions only resulted in half-crown fines; that inspectors took two years to go their rounds, and gave notice of each visit; that some masters gave no meal-times in the nine hours, and it was doubtful whether the Act of 1833 required any; that in Derbyshire and Cheshire (as proved by the Inspector's Report) "a system of tampering with the factory clock prevails" in order to rob the children and others of their time.†

* *Times*, June 25, 1838. † *Times*, June 28, 1838.

These were but samples of existing grievances, and in most cases there were no means of redress, except by appealing to judges who were themselves the oppressors.

Lord Ashley's motion on the Factories' Regulation Bill did not by any means involve an acceptance of the Government measure, which was a remarkable Bill of fifty-nine clauses to amend the fifty clauses of the Act of 1833, and gave inspectors such dispensatory and licensing powers as would have rendered its penal clauses worthless. Lord Ashley's object in dragging it from its obscurity was of course only to keep the subject alive by bringing it before the House. His defeat was, in some respects, a success: it was now evident that the great question could not be evaded.

"The promptitude and activity of his Lordship," says the historian of the movement, "were beyond all praise; certainly, not any leader could have done more for his clients. The respect and attention he commanded in the House of Commons, were outward and visible signs too marked to be misunderstood by Ministers." * Fortified by the evidence of widespread popular support, Lord Ashley renewed the assault on July 20th. An attempt to bring the question forward on July 12th had been frustrated by a "count out," referring to which the *Times* next morning declared that there had been "trickery of the grossest kind."†

On the 20th, Lord Ashley (on the question that the

* "History of the Factory Movement," ii., p. 124.
† *Times*, July 13, 1838.

House do resolve itself into a Committee of Supply) moved "That this House deeply regrets that the law affecting the regulation of the children in factories, having been found imperfect and ineffective to the purpose for which it was passed, has been suffered to continue so long without any amendment." He supported this resolution in one of the ablest speeches ever made on the Factory Question. A great impression was produced on the House by the formidable array of facts and arguments with which he set forth the deplorable condition of the factory operatives, and by his extracts from public documents and reports of inspectors, proving the inability or unwillingness of the Government to make their own Factory Act work efficiently. After denouncing the dilatory conduct of the Government, he said —

Thus had a great Measure, closely affecting the temporal and eternal welfare of so vast a portion of the population, been set aside and treated like a Turnpike Bill. But the noble Lord might be assured that the people of this country had too much humanity, and that he (Lord Ashley) who had humbly undertaken the subject, was too strongly determined to obtain justice, to allow the matter to rest in its present state. Did he really think that he could stifle public sympathy or silence him (Lord Ashley) by such devices? 'Though he should hold his peace, the very stones would immediately cry out.' The evil was daily on the increase, and was yet unremedied, though one-fifth part of the time the House had given to the settlement of the question of negro slavery would have been sufficient to provide a remedy. When that House, in its wisdom and mercy, decided that forty-five hours in a week was a term of labour long enough for an adult negro, he thought it would not have been unbecoming that spirit of lenity if they had considered whether sixty-nine hours a week were not too many for the children of the

British Empire. In the appeal he had now made he had asked nothing unreasonable; he had merely asked for an affirmation of a principle they had already recognised. He wanted them to decide whether they would amend, or repeal, or enforce the Act now in existence. But if they would do none of these things; if they continued idly indifferent, and obstinately shut their eyes to this great and growing evil; if they would give no heed to that fierce and rapid cancer that was gnawing the very vitals of the social system; if they were careless of the growth of an immense population, plunged in ignorance and vice, which neither feared God nor regarded man, then he warned them that they must be prepared for the very worst results that could befall an empire.*

A warm discussion followed, in the course of which Mr. Fox Maule (afterwards Lord Panmure) denied the charges made against the Government, and prophesied evil results from throwing children out of the labour market. Daniel O'Connell turned against the clause, and flatly opposed all that he had himself said at the London Tavern meeting in 1833. Lord John Russell said restricted hours meant diminished wages and imminent starvation; while Mr. Hume declared that the Factory movement was a mere party manœuvre. Several members spoke in support of the resolution, but it was lost on a division—121 voting for Ministers, and 106 against.†

* Shaftesbury's "Speeches," p. 14.

† Hansard, 3, s. xliv. 443:—In reference to this debate a curious circumstance may be noted. The report of Lord Ashley's speech in the *Times* of the next morning makes it conclude with the words: "Then would that great and terrible denunciation pronounced by a prophet of old have a second fulfilment, 'The spoiler shall come upon every city, and no city shall escape; the valley also shall perish, and the plain shall be destroyed, as the Lord hath spoken.'" On July 23 the *Times* stated that its previous report was wrong, and that his Lordship's quotation was from Numbers xxiv. 20: "Amalek was the first of the nations, but his latter

Charles Dickens was always a warm admirer of Lord Ashley, and, as we shall see in the course of this narrative, on several occasions aided materially some of his great labours for the poor. It was towards the close of this year that he became an ally on the Factory Question, and the following letter gives a glimpse of his mind with reference to his future action in the matter:—

Charles Dickens to Mr. Edward Fitzgerald.

48, DOUGHTY STREET, *December 29th*, 1838.

DEAR SIR,—I went, some weeks ago, to Manchester, and saw the *worst* cotton mill. And then I saw the *best*. *Ex uno disce omnes*. There was no great difference between them.

I was obliged to come back suddenly, upon some matters connected with the publication of 'Oliver Twist,' and saw no more. But on the 11th of next month I am going down again, only for three days, and then into the enemy's camp, and the very head-quarters of the factory system advocates. I fear I shall have little opportunity of looking about me, but I should be most happy to avail myself of any introduction from Lord Ashley which, in the course of an hour or so, would enable me to make any fresh observations.

With that nobleman's most benevolent and excellent exertions, and with the evidence which he was the means of bringing forward, I am well acquainted. So far as seeing goes, I have seen enough for my purpose, and what I have seen has disgusted and astonished me beyond all measure. I mean to strike the heaviest blow in my power for these unfortunate creatures, but whether I shall do so in the 'Nickleby,' or wait some other opportunity, I have not yet determined.

Will you make known to Lord Ashley (confidentially) my intentions on this subject, and my earnest desire to avail myself,

end shall be that he perish for ever." Hansard, however, has perpetuated the obviously inappropriate passage from Jeremiah. In the volume of "Speeches" the Biblical allusion is left out altogether.

either now or at some future time, or both, of his kind assistance? Pray thank him warmly, from me, for tendering it, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

It is always interesting to be able to picture a man in the mind's eye, as he stands, in the midst of his work, at certain periods of his career. The following extracts from a "word-portrait," written in 1838, will assist the reader in this respect:—

Lord Ashley possesses, perhaps, the palest, purest, stateliest exterior of any man you will see in a month's perambulation of Westminster; indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a more complete *beau-ideal* of aristocracy.

His Lordship looks about six-and-twenty, but is some ten years older. He is above the medium height—about five feet eleven, with a slender and extremely graceful figure, which might almost pass for that of some classic statue attired in a fashionable English costume; and the similarity is not at all impaired by the rigidity of his Lordship's muscles.

His forehead has also much of the marble about it; his curling dark hair, in its thick masses, resembles that of a sculptured bust, and his fine brow and features are distinctly yet delicately cut; the nose, perhaps, a trifle too prominent to be handsome. He has light blue eyes, deeply set, and near each other, with projecting white eyelids; his mouth is small, retiring, and compressed.

The whole countenance has the coldness, as well as the grace, of a chiselled one, and expresses precision, prudence, and determination in no common degree. To judge from the set form of the lips, you would say not only that he never acts from impulse, but that he seldom, if ever, acted from an impulse in his life. All that Lord Ashley does seems to be done from conviction and principle, and not even a muscle dares to move without an order from head-quarters. Every separate lock of his hair appears to curl, because it has a reason for so doing, and knows that to be the right course of conduct.

I believe his character quite corresponds with his appearance; he is said to be long in determining on a line of proceeding; but, when his mind is once made up, nothing can turn him aside or alter his resolution; he proceeds with an indefatigable perseverance, and spares no effort to accomplish his purpose. . . . .

As pieces of composition his addresses are faultless; every sentence is perfect in its form and correct in its bearing. His delivery is fluent, but not rapid; his voice fine and rich in tone, but not sufficiently exerted to be generally audible; and his manner, though evidently he is quite in earnest, is animated but somewhat cold. . . .

When he addresses an audience he stands with his hand resting on the platform rail, and as erect as such a position will possibly allow; he looks his hearers coolly in the face, and, with a very slight bowing movement, barely sufficient to save him from the appearance of stiffness, he delivers, without a moment's hesitation, and with great dignity of voice and manner, a short, calm, serious address. The applause with which he is always heard (for he is very popular in the Societies over which he presides) seems rather an interruption than a pleasure to him, as it breaks into the mutual dependence of his sentences.

I have understood that his Lordship is very nervous, and yet the most striking feature of his public deportment is his apparently rigid self-possession, which he never loses for a moment. . . .

CHAPTER VI.

1838—1839.

Commencement of Diaries—Lord Melbourne—Lockhart's Life of Scott—Appointment of Vice-Consul at Jerusalem—Lord Lindsay's Travels—A Case in Lunacy—Success of Pastoral Aid Society—At Windsor Castle—Progress of Science—Heresy in High Feather—Letter from Lord Melbourne—The State and Prospects of the Jews—Religious and Political Action in Jerusalem—Letter from Sir Robert Peel—Fall of the Melbourne Administration—Sir Robert Peel Sent for—The "Bedchamber Question"—Appointment in Royal Household offered to Lord Ashley—Peel urges its Acceptance—Attempt to Form a Ministry Fails—Lord Melbourne Recalled—Board of Education, consisting of a Committee of the Privy Council, Appointed—Letter and Memorandum from Duke of Wellington—Lord Stanley' Motion to Revoke the Order in Council—Supported by Lord Ashley—Th Measure Attacked as Adverse to the Constitution, and as Hostile to the Church and to Revealed Religion—Lord Stanley's Amendment Lost—The Establishment of the Committee of Council on Education.

In September, 1838, Lord Ashley, who had never completely overcome, as he thought, his tendency to allow time to pass unimproved, determined to commence the systematic writing of a Diary. It was undertaken, in the first place, to assist his "treacherous memory," and in the next to be a source of amusement to him in his old age. But there was yet another reason: he had an almost insuperable aversion to writing, and he determined to adopt this expedient as a means to assist him in overcoming that aversion. There are in the course of the Diaries occasional gaps and breaks, but these are easily accounted for by the pressure of his enormous

labours. It is marvellous that, with the amount of correspondence he carried on, the articles he wrote, and the speeches he prepared, he could ever find time for, or force himself to the task of, posting up a record of passing events, however brief. But his Diaries, exclusive of four travel-diaries, occupy twelve quarto volumes, averaging several hundred pages in a volume, and were continued until very nearly the close of his life. They are written with extreme care; every line is straight as an arrow, although on unruled paper, and there is scarcely a blot or erasure on any of the pages. He had precisely the same gift in writing that he had in speech: his words and his thoughts came in right order and sequence, and the most apt and expressive adjective that could adorn a sentence always fell into its proper place. He never, in his public speeches or in conversation, had to hesitate or recall a word; the exact word he wanted, and generally the best word that could be used, was ready at the right moment. This was also the case in his writing; in the whole of his Diaries there are probably not half a dozen words scored through in order to substitute others.

At the time the Diary commences, Lord Melbourne was First Minister of the Crown, and had been the head of the Cabinet from 1834. He was the son of Peniston Lamb, first Viscount Melbourne, of Brocket Hall, Herts; his wife, Lady Caroline Lamb, who died in 1828, wrote novels, and was notorious for her admiration of Lord Byron. The sister of Lord

Melbourne, the Hon. Emily Lamb, was married in 1805 to the fifth Earl Cowper (who died June 27th, 1837), and her daughter Emily, it will be remembered, became the wife of Lord Ashley. Lady Cowper, the mother of Lady Ashley, was married a second time, in 1839, to Viscount Palmerston, the famous Minister.

Such were the family relationships, to which frequent allusion is made in the Diaries.

Sept. 28.—Every one who begins to keep a journal regrets that he did not do so before. I follow the general example, and regret the many 'fine and apt' things, both of fact and imagination, that are now irrecoverably lost. I had a book, a few years ago, in which I made, from time to time, some short desultory entries, but the natural impatience of my disposition, and the mischievous and indulged habit of doing nothing consecutively, broke the thread of my record, and I now resume a business which will conjoin a head and a tail by the exclusion of all intermediate carcase. Yet an actual journal, a punctual narrative, of every day's history would be an intolerable bore—a bore when written and a bore when remembered—at least it would be so to me; the probability is that this book of memorandums will share the fate of all my other attempts, and go into oblivion unsullied by ink or pencil; but, should it be carried on, I will make it a mere cage for light and grave thoughts (the paucity of them will render the task easy), which, unless they be caught as they arise, take wing like larks and owls and are gone for ever. . . .

Just finished Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott. The man is as well displayed in his true light as Johnson was by Boswell, though the one is shown by his conversation, the other by his letters and diary. Never more interested than by this book, and yet never more painfully affected; the seventh volume is elegant and touching, and develops a degree of energy and virtue that I should have thought, until now, confined to works of fiction. I knew the man, and to know him was to love him. The two greatest characters of the last century and of the present, perhaps of any one,

are, in my mind, the Duke of Wellington and Sir W. Scott, and they have many points of resemblance, none more striking than their simplicity. . . .

Sept. 29.—Took leave this morning of Young, who has just been appointed her Majesty's Vice-Consul at *Jerusalem!* He will sail in a day or two for the Holy Land. If this is duly considered, what a wonderful event it is! The ancient city of the people of God is about to resume a place among the nations, and England is the first of Gentile kingdoms that ceases 'to tread her down.' If I had not an aversion to writing, almost insuperable, I would record here, for the benefit of my very weak and treacherous memory, all the steps whereby this good deed has been done, but the arrangement of the narrative, and the execution of it, would cost me too much penmanship; I shall always, at any rate, remember that God put it into my heart to conceive the plan for His honour, gave me influence to prevail with Palmerston, and provided a man for the situation who 'can remember Jerusalem in his mirth.' Wrote by him a few lines to Pieritz, and sent him a very small sum of money for the Hebrew converts there (I wish it were larger), that I might revive the practice of apostolic times (Romans xv. 26), and 'make a certain contribution for the poor saints that are at Jerusalem!'

Oct. 3rd.—Lord Lindsay's 'Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land' are very creditable to him, more so in the feelings and sentiments they express than in the originality and composition. But he saw and felt like a man who fattened on the Word of God, and found it as delicious as it is wholesome and true. I am convinced that Providence has laid up in store many riches of 'testimony' to the authenticity of the Bible, to be produced in these evil days of apostacy and unbelief that will afflict the earth in the latter times. Egypt will yield largely in confirmation of the Jewish records; and Palestine, when dug and harrowed by enterprising travellers, must exhibit the past with all the vividness of the present. The very violences of Ibrahim Pasha (the Scourge of Syria) have opened the first sources of its political regeneration by offering free access to the stranger in the repression of native lawlessness; hundreds now go in a twelvemonth where one trod the way in a quarter of a century, and the Bible is becoming a common road-book! God give me, and mine, grace to help forward this accumulation of testimony, that our lamps may be trimmed and our loins girded, whenever we are called on, in the

awful advance of saucy rationalism or malignant infidelity, to 'render a reason of the hope that is in us.'

I should like to see a good treatise, exhibiting the successive developments of evidence of the truth of God's Word, suited to the character and wants of each age successively. . . .

Gave a decision to-day, along with colleagues, in the Commission in Lunacy (upon a division of 6 to 4, the first division that has taken place since the institution of the body, now ten years ago), that one, R. P., should be set at liberty. It is an unpleasant and responsible office either to detain or discharge a patient: in the first case you hazard the commission of cruelty to the prisoner; in the second to his friends or the public. We can lay down no fixed rules for decision; we must take our course, according to doctor's prescriptions, *pro re nata*. In the instance before us, R. P. (as he is designated in the correspondence of his relatives) had been seized only a few days when we proceeded to inquire into his alleged insanity and the grounds of his detention; a more heartless ruffian, one more low in mind and coarse in language, though a man of talent and education, never entered the walls of a prison or a madhouse. The opposite party, however, could not prove against him one single act of personal violence; his words, his manner, his feelings, were awfully wicked; but had never as yet (although their charge extended over several years) broken out into action. In fact a decision on our part, that he was rightfully detained, would have authorised the incarceration in a Bedlam of seven-tenths of the human race who have ever been excited to violence of speech and gesture. Three days sitting, myself chairman, of five hours each, and all 'gratis!'

Oct. 4th.—In the chair of the Pastoral Aid Society. Under God's good providence, this Society has wrought wonders; it has scarcely subsisted two years and a half, and we can number thousands and tens of thousands who have received, almost for the first time, through the channels our labour has opened, the knowledge and the practice of the Gospel of Christ. We pray that we may see the fruit of our toil every time we meet in committee for despatch of business; no prayer was ever so largely or so speedily answered; very little of our seed has fallen by the wayside, or become the prey of *obscœni volucres*. I never was called by God's mercy to so happy and blessed a work as to labour on behalf of this Society,

and preside at its head; the language of thankfulness and gratified piety in the various letters from the clergy whom we have assisted is a foretaste (God grant that it be said with all abandonment of self-righteousness) of the blessed words, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant!'

My youngest boy christened to-day at St. George's Church—named Antony Lionel George: George after his godmother, Lady Dover, with a reference also to poor Dover. It is a lovely and solemn ceremony, heavenly in its purport and almost so in its composition. May God in His mercy grant that as the child was this day 'signed with the sign of the Cross,' so he may never be ashamed to confess, and to fight for, a crucified Saviour! The service abominably performed by the curate, Mr. S——.

Oct. 8th.—Panshanger. Here again, after an interval of nearly two years. Scarcely any change in men or things: a little in the feelings with which I visit it; nor is this unnatural, for, notwithstanding the kindness of the present owners, my position is necessarily altered. I had lived in this house for many years as my home, as a man would live, bag and baggage, with his father;—now we are guests where before we were inmates. At church yesterday; had not been there since I followed poor Lord Cowper's funeral. . . .

Could we not erect a Protestant Bishopric at Jerusalem, and give him jurisdiction over all the Levant, Malta, and whatever chaplaincies there might be on the coast of Africa?

11th.—Windsor Castle. Here for a few days by desire of her Majesty—unquestionably a great honour, which demands all gratitude and loyalty from us. We have the mornings to ourselves, and the beauty and magnificence of the place, the fineness of the weather, and the comfort of the apartments, enable us to pass the time very agreeably. . . .

12th.—A noble ride yesterday through the park with her Majesty and train. The order of the ride, and the arrangements at dinner, the same as usual; in fact the same since her Majesty mounted the throne. No ride to-day; the Queen had a bad cold.

I should be most ungrateful did I not feel and speak of her condescension and kindness with the warmest affection and loyalty, from the hour she became Queen to the present day, I and mine have received one invariable succession of friendly and hospitable acts, bestowed with a degree of ease, good-humour, and considerate-

ness, that would be captivating in any private person. She manifests a desire to make her favours as pleasant as they are honourable; and in most instances (strange to be said of a Court) she is successful.

15th.—Weather has been very bad. Cold in the extreme. Yesterday (Sunday) Queen did not attend chapel, nor walk on the terrace. The difference in the day was marked in the evening by the absence of music at dinner and afterwards, and no whist for the Duchess of Kent. I am agreeably surprised here by the civility of the servants, the ready attendance, the ease with which everything is procured, above all, the comfort of the house: it has, conjoined with all its magnificence, the arrangements and convenience of a private dwelling. Let me see, the hours were ten o'clock for breakfast, unless it were preferred to breakfast in one's own room; two o'clock for luncheon; a ride, or a drive, at three o'clock for two hours or so; dinner at half-past seven. A military band at dinner, and the Queen's band after dinner, filled up, and very necessarily, the pauses of conversation. We sat till half-past eleven at a round table, and then went to bed.

The year 1838 was remarkable for the development of scientific wonders. On September 17th the London and Birmingham Railway was opened throughout its whole length; in the early part of the year steamships had crossed the Atlantic between New York and this country; the dream of communication with India by steam was indulged in; telegraphic messages were beginning to be sent—the first experiment, between Euston Square and Camden Town Stations, was made in July of the previous year; and the idea of a Penny Post was under consideration. To many of these events allusion is made in the Diary and speeches of Lord Ashley:—

Oct. 19.—Rowton. Came by the railroad to Birmingham; the speed is sublime, but the amusement and interest of travelling are gone. We shoot like an arrow through almost a dead solitude. We

see, now and then, cattle and sheep, but human beings are rare as jewels; no carts, no carriages, no foot-passengers, no towns, no villages. I believe it to be much safer than the road, and incomparably more dull.

We are come to a high pass when two Bishops put down their names as subscribers to a volume of sermons published by a Socinian! Bishops Maltby and Stanley have carried their liberality to this extent, and, as old ladies say, What next? Dr. Lant Carpenter, too, the Unitarian Hierophant, has obtained, from the Queen, permission to dedicate to her a Harmony of the Gospels! Thus heresy is in high feather. Were Arius alive now, he would be promoted to Canterbury. I wrote to Melbourne about it, treating the announcement, which was publicly advertised, as a 'mistake.'

Lord Melbourne's reply was as follows:—

Lord Melbourne to Lord Ashley.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *October 17th*, 1838.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—I have this morning received your letter, and I am much obliged to you for it; but I think it right not to leave you for a moment under the impression that the advertisement arises from mistake. . . . This advertisement was shown to me but the other day, and knowing that the matter had not been submitted by me to the Queen, I wrote to John Russell to inquire, and received from him the following reply:—'Some time ago I agreed on Lansdowne's application that Dr. Lant Carpenter should dedicate his Harmony of the Gospels to the Queen, provided it were not Unitarian and doctrinal.' I perceive that in his dedication Dr. Carpenter states that if any portion of his work had been devoted to the expression of his own Unitarian opinions, he would not have solicited permission to dedicate it to the Queen: and Dr. Conybeare Prichard, of Bristol, also bears testimony to the general Christian character of the book in a letter to the head of the Bristol Literary Institution, Dr. Gerald. There appears to me to be no reason why a book written by an Unitarian should not be patronised by the Queen, provided the work itself be not of an Unitarian character. Dr. Lardner we know to have been an Unitarian preacher, but his particular sectarian opinions do not, I believe—of course, I do not speak positively—appear in his great work on the Credibility of the Gospel

History. Surely, there would not have been any impropriety if the Monarch of that day had permitted that work to be dedicated to him.

Believe me, my dear Ashley,

Yours faithfully,

MELBOURNE.

An article contributed by Lord Ashley to the December number of the *Quarterly Review* was ostensibly a notice of Lord Lindsay's "Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land," but was really written to draw attention to the state and prospects of the Jews. After speaking of Lord Lindsay's labours, and following him in his travels, Lord Ashley indulged in a little light criticism on the style of the writer:—

> We cannot repress a gentle hint that he is vastly too fond of an attitude in his writing; frequently, when the time is come for a sentiment, he throws himself, like a dancing master, into the first position, and pours forth a passage, excellent indeed in its spirit and observations, but florid and verbose enough for an Irish reporter. There are 'and oh's' in sufficient number to supply a six months' correspondence to a whole boarding-school of young ladies.

Leaving Lord Lindsay's book, after the first ten pages, the remainder of the article was devoted to a masterly sketch of the growing interest manifested in regard to the Holy Land—an interest not confined to Christians, but shared in and avowed by the whole body of the Jews. It was no new sentiment that animated the children of the dispersion as to their return to their own land: the novelty was, the fearless avowal of the hope; it was no new thing that there should be a revival of religious feeling among the Jewish people; the novelty was

that this was not only not followed by Christian persecution, but that the Christians were manifesting a new and tender interest in the Hebrew people, between whom intercourse and reciprocal inquiry now became far more possible. He traced out an existing feeling among the Jews of Poland and Russia, of India and elsewhere, that the time for the turning of their captivity was nigh at hand; and he saw, at the root of this feeling, a growing approximation towards Christianity, as shown by the records of many societies and the testimony of many travellers. There was apparently an abatement of the old antipathies and prejudices; there was a desire to investigate the claims of Christianity; and recent conversions to the Faith had taken place to a great extent among persons of cultivated understandings and literary attainments. There was a demand for copies of the Word of God, a more kindly reception given to missionaries, and everywhere indications appeared of a prodigious change, not the least being that Hebrew disputants would now reason with the missionaries *out of the Scriptures*.

The main object of Lord Ashley in this article was to give publicity to movements in which he took an intense personal interest, and which were to become, chiefly through his instrumentality, subjects of the same absorbing interest in the religious and political world. He wrote:—

> But a more important undertaking has already been begun by the zeal and piety of those who entertain an interest for the Jewish nation. They have designed the establishment of a church at

Jerusalem, if possible on Mount Zion itself, where the order of our service and the prayers of our Liturgy shall daily be set before the faithful in the Hebrew language. A considerable sum has been collected for this purpose; the missionaries are already resident on the spot; and nothing is wanting but to complete the purchase of the ground on which to erect the sacred edifice. Mr. Nicolayson, having received ordination at the hands of the Bishop of London, has been appointed to the charge; and Mr. Pieritz, a Hebrew convert, is associated in the duty. The service meanwhile proceeds, though 'the ark of God is under curtains;' and a small but faithful congregation of proselytes hear daily the Evangelical verities of our Church on the Mount of the Holy City itself, in the language of the Prophets, and in the spirit of the Apostles. To any one who reflects on this event, it must appear one of the most striking that have occurred in modern days, perhaps in any days since the corruptions began in the Church of Christ. It is well known that for centuries the Greek, the Romanist, the Armenian, and the Turk have had their places of worship in the city of Jerusalem, and the latitudinarianism of Ibrahim Pasha had lately accorded that privilege to the Jews. The pure doctrines of the Reformation, as embodied and professed in the Church of England, have alone been unrepresented amidst all these corruptions; and Christianity has been contemplated both by Mussulman and Jew, as a system most hateful to the creed of each, a compound of mummery and image-worship.

This was an action on the part of the Church; another equally striking action on the part of the State was next recorded, to which allusion has already been made in the quotation from the Diary, under date September 29th:—

The growing interest manifested for these regions, the larger investment of British capital, and the confluence of British travellers and strangers from all parts of the world, have recently induced the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to station there a representative of our Sovereign in the person of a Vice-Consul. This gentleman set sail for Alexandria at the end of last September; his residence will be fixed at Jerusalem, but his jurisdiction will extend to the whole

country within the ancient limits of the Holy Land; he is thus accredited, as it were, to the former kingdom of David and the Twelve Tribes. The soil and climate of Palestine are singularly adapted to the growth of produce required for the exigencies of Great Britain; the finest cotton may be obtained in almost unlimited abundance; silk and madder are the staple of the country, and olive-oil is now, as it ever was, the fatness of the land. Capital and skill are alone required; the presence of a British officer, and the increased security of property which his presence will confer, may invite them from these islands to the cultivation of Palestine; and the Jews, who will betake themselves to agriculture in no other land, having found, in the English Consul, a mediator between their people and the pasha, will probably return in yet greater numbers, and become once more the husbandmen of Judea and Galilee.

The longest gap in Lord Ashley's early Diaries occurs between October, 1838, and February, 1839. In the interval the threatened progress of Popery had largely engaged his attention.

Feb. 2.—This is a fair specimen of 'gurnalising,' as Walter Scott says, to have passed three months without an entry. I have written an article on the Jews in the *Quarterly;* set agoing another on the Archbishop of Cologne, and stirred up the *Times* to warn the country to learn wisdom from the experience of the King of Prussia, and prepare itself for resistance, or disgraceful and perilous submission, to the progress of Popery. Never did plan succeed better. The article and the newspaper comments on it have produced *all* the effect that is possible in the present day on the inert masses and ignorant or unthinking individuals of the richer classes. It is but small in comparison of the danger; nevertheless, it is a beginning full of hope; it has run through the country in all directions, opened many eyes, and convinced some few hearts; and though bepraised, trumpeted, used in menace by London and provincial press, no one has dared to contravene its facts or reasonings. I think my friend the Rabbi McCaul* may well

* Rev. Alex. McCaul. He was playfully called "Rabbi" by Lord Ashley on account of his knowledge of Hebrew and his interest in the Jews.

rejoice and thank God for the fruit of his labours. As for my own work, I am astonished when I reflect on it. At the time I undertook to write the article, I knew nothing of the Jewish question save and except the appointment of a Vice-Consul.

Not only did Lord Ashley "stir up the *Times*" with regard to Popery, but he aroused activity in many other quarters. Among those to whom he wrote on the subject was Sir Robert Peel, who replied thus :—

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

DRAYTON MANOR, *January 11th*, 1839.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—I ought before this to have thanked you for having been good enough to call my attention to the article in the last *Quarterly Review* on the subject of Papal Usurpations and the Spirit of Popery. I have long thought that there were fearful indications of the approach of a great religious struggle, which will probably be co-extensive with Popery and Protestantism in Europe.

There is probably an intimate union and combination among the professors of the Roman Catholic faith. I fear the harmony is not so great among their opponents. I little thought that a torch of discord would be lighted up within the walls of the University of Oxford.

Ever, my dear Ashley,

Most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

The Ministry of Lord Melbourne was not popular, and in May (1839) a proposition to set aside for five years the constitution of Jamaica was fatal to it. The measure was hotly opposed; a majority of only five in its favour was a virtual defeat, and in consequence the Ministry resigned.

The Queen sent for the Duke of Wellington, and

he advised her to apply to Sir Robert Peel, on the ground that "the chief difficulties of a Conservative Government would be in the House of Commons." Up to a certain point Sir Robert Peel was successful in his negotiations as regarded the new appointments, and then a series of difficulties arose to which reference is made in Lord Ashley's Diary. It was found that in the Royal Household the ladies most closely in attendance upon the Queen were Lady Normanby—the wife of Lord Normanby, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland under the Whigs—and the sister of Lord Morpeth, the Irish Secretary. It became evident to Sir Robert Peel that he could not proceed with his appointments unless there should be a readjustment of the Royal Household as regarded the ladies in close attendance upon the Queen. If a new Irish policy were to be worked—and the policy of the Conservatives was in direct opposition to that of the Whigs—it could not be done satisfactorily if the wife and the sister of the displaced statesmen remained the confidential companions of the Queen.

It is probable that had this matter been made perfectly clear at the outset, the difficulty, known as the "Bedchamber Question," would not have arisen. As it was, there was a misunderstanding and a complication. While Peel desired a readjustment only as regarded the higher offices, the impression made upon the mind of the Queen was, that the composition of her whole Household was to be changed. It was a saying of the Duke of Wellington, when speaking of the ease

and elegance of Lord Melbourne, and his gift of doing things gracefully—"I have no small talk, and Peel has no manners," and it is probable that, in this instance, the mode in which the alterations were proposed may have had some influence on the result.

The Queen wrote to Sir Robert Peel:—

The Queen having considered the proposal made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel, to remove the Ladies of her Bedchamber, cannot consent to a course which she considers to be contrary to usage, and is repugnant to her feelings.

To this communication Sir Robert Peel replied:—

Having had the opportunity, through your Majesty's gracious consideration, of reflecting upon this point, he humbly submits to your Majesty that he is compelled, by a sense of public duty, and of the interests of your Majesty's service, to adhere to the opinion which he ventured to address to your Majesty. He trusts he may be permitted at the same time to express to your Majesty his grateful acknowledgments for the distinction which your Majesty conferred upon him by requiring his advice and assistance in the attempt to form an Administration; and his earnest prayer that whatever arrangements your Majesty may be enabled to make for that purpose, may be most conducive to your Majesty's personal comfort and happiness, and to the promotion of the public welfare.

Thus ended Peel's attempt to form a Ministry, and Lord Melbourne was recalled. He said:—

I resume office unequivocally, and solely for this reason, that I will not desert my Sovereign in a situation of difficulty and distress, especially when a demand is made upon her Majesty with which I think she ought not to comply; a demand inconsistent with her personal honour, and which, if acquiesced in, would render her reign liable to all the changes and variations of political parties, and make her domestic life one constant scene of unhappiness and discomfort.

The matter created a great deal of public excitement at the time, but eventually it cooled down, and in the end

the question was settled in a manner satisfactory to all, viz., that on a change of ministry "the Queen would listen to any representation from the incoming Prime Minister as to the composition of her Household, and would arrange for the retirement, of their own accord, of any ladies who were so closely related to the leaders of Opposition as to render their presence inconvenient."

Incidentally the Bedchamber Question had an important bearing upon Lord Ashley, whose relation to the affair is told in the following words:—

May 11.—Gaps of course. Up to the present day not an entry, and yet I have seen, and heard, and done enough to fill volumes, that is with matter interesting to myself. Peel in, and Peel out, to be uttered almost in the same breath. Both steps became him.

On morning of 9th received letter from Peel desiring my instant attendance. Went thither; waited a short time; he then joined me and opened conversation by saying that the sense of his responsibility weighed him down. 'Here am I,' added he, 'called on to consider the construction of the Queen's Household, and I wish very much to have your free and confidential advice on the subject. I remember that I am to provide the attendants and companions of *this young woman, on whose moral and religious character* depends the welfare of millions of human beings. What shall I do? I wish to have around her those who will be, to the country and myself, a guarantee that the tone and temper of their character and conversation will tend to her moral improvement. The formation of a Cabinet, the appointment to public offices, is easy enough; it is a trifle compared to the difficulties and necessities of this part of my business. Now,' said he, 'will *you* assist me; will *you* take a place in the Queen's Household? Your character is such in the country; you are so connected with the religious societies and the religion of the country; you are so well known and enjoy so high a reputation, that you can do more than any man. Indeed, I said to Arbuthnot this morning there were but two men who could render me essential service, and

they are the Duke of Wellington and Ashley. I am *ashamed*,' he added with emphasis, 'to ask such a thing of you. I know how unworthy any place about Court is of you, but you see what my position is, the service you may render to the Queen, and the satisfaction I may thereby give to the country and to myself.' I was thunderstruck. Everything rushed before my mind: the trivialities of a Court life, the loss of time, the total surrender of my political occupations, and of all that an honourable ambition had prompted me to hope for; instead of being a Minister, to become a mere puppet: to abandon every public employment and all private and domestic comfort; to submit, moreover, to the insults and intrigues that every subaltern in a palace must be aware of, was too much to bear. I felt my vanity not a little wounded *then;* I felt it would be wounded much more when people said that Peel had placed me according to his estimate of my abilities. I had not desired office; I was anxious to avoid it; but a life at Court I had ever contemplated with the utmost horror as the most disagreeable. I was silent for some minutes, and then I told him that, while I felt the whole force of his appeal, I could not but consider the absolute and painful sacrifice of everything I valued in public and private life; that I thought he had misjudged my efficiency, as, being a Commoner, I could not hold any place which might bring me at Court into contact with the Queen—nevertheless, that, as I believed the interests, temporal and eternal, of many millions to be wrapped up in the success of his Administration, and no man should live for himself alone, but should do his duty in that state of life to which it should please God to call him, I would, if he *really* and truly thought I could serve his purpose, accept, if he wished it, the office of Chief Scullion! I thought he would have burst into tears. 'You have given me,' he said, 'more relief than you are aware of.' We then proceeded to discuss appointments. . . . My impression was, throughout, that never did I see a man in a higher frame of mind for the discharge of his duties; in a state of heart more solemn, more delicate, and more virtuous. I am sure that no parent ever felt towards his own daughter a more deep sense of duty and affectionate interest than he did then towards Queen Victoria. I added that he must appoint, not only persons against whom nothing could be said, but those of whom it would be at once remarked, 'This is a good appointment.'

Lord Ashley then drove with Sir Robert Peel to Buckingham Palace, but did not go in himself. On the way thither, the conversation was resumed.

'He asked me my opinion of . . . . . I objected to him as no great thing, in himself, and as having a noisy wife, who would be distasteful to the Queen. 'My suggestion is,' I said, 'in respect of the ladies, that you do no more than is absolutely necessary;' he quite agreed; he did not seem to anticipate any difficulties whatsoever in anything respecting the Household. 'There are the maids of honour,' he said; 'why should I remove Miss Rice, for instance? I don't think it necessary.' 'Certainly not,' I replied; 'it is more gracious to the Queen, and more gracious to those whom you succeed, to leave as many as you can without danger to yourself.' He entirely concurred; and I remarked that the 'Queen should be the Queen of the Kingdom, not of a party.' He then repeated his gratitude to me, and we separated. He had no view to patronage, and was endeavouring simply to combine the public necessity with the Queen's personal satisfaction. Now, whether I was right, or whether I was wrong, God alone can know. I implored His grace, as I ever will do, before I went, and prayed for 'counsel, wisdom, and understanding.' On reflection, I renew my antipathies, but adhere to my decision.

May 14th.—On Friday morning I went to him, and heard, to my astonishment, of his resignation; he gave me a clear and succinct narrative of the whole, and his letter to read. I told him at the end he was a fine fellow, and that I rejoiced both in his conduct and the step he had taken. I am now writing on May 14; his explanation of last night tells a great deal, but not the whole. 'I remembered,' said he to me, after he had done speaking, 'that I was talking of a Lady not present in this House,' 'and,' I added, 'that Lady your Sovereign.' 'Precisely,' he rejoined. He had, in his interview with the Queen, entreated her not to be precipitate, but calmly to consider his propositions; three successive times did he see her; and once, by her permission, he fetched the Duke of Wellington, who urged the same things, and can tell the same story; the final decision was then deferred to the Friday morning, and was as we all know. 'Nothing can be more unjust than to charge me,' he said,

'with an attempt to change all the ladies; I should, for instance, have been really sorry had Lady Lyttleton quitted her Majesty.'

When Peel's Administration of three days—"three glorious days"—had ended, he retired, satisfied with himself, and without a dissentient voice from any one of his party. The Diary continues—

May 21st.—Melbourne is back again. . . . Reports everywhere prevalent that the Ministry, though formed, cannot be sustained. I am inclined to believe, from Melbourne's language to Anson, that he is labouring to persuade the Queen to revert to the Tories; his own Government he feels to be impossible without such concessions to Radicalism as will destroy both Whigs and Tories together. If he is honourable, and in earnest, he will succeed.

Dined last night at the palace. I cannot but love the Queen, she is so kind and good to me and mine; I do love her, and will serve her; it is a duty and a pleasure, a duty to her and to God! Poor soul! she was low-spirited; I do deeply feel for her. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Oh, that she knew what alone makes a yoke easy, and a burden light! This entire episode has been painful; it has shown me another proof of what I always assert, that party feeling is superior to all passions; no one seems to fall so soon before it as your professors of principle.

Early in 1839 (February 12) Lord John Russell had announced the intention of Government to constitute a Board of Education, consisting of five Privy Councillors, and to place at its disposal from £20,000 to £30,000 per annum as a grant in aid of schools. Hitherto—that is to say from 1834, when the first grant of public money for the purposes of Elementary Education was made by Parliament—the distribution had been carried out by the Lords of the Treasury through the National School Society and the British and Foreign School Society. It was now proposed that the grant should

be increased by £10,000; that it should be distributed by a Committee of the Privy Council, and that instead of the grants being confined to Church of England or Protestant Schools, they should be extended to schools not necessarily connected with the two great educational societies, even including those in which the Roman Catholic version of the Bible was read.

The scheme met with fierce opposition, chiefly on the ground that public money ought not to pass through the hands of the Committee of the Privy Council, and that it ought not to be in any way diverted from schools in connection with the Established Church.

The Duke of Wellington, whose opinion Lord Ashley was always glad to have, held very decided views on the subject, to which he gave expression in the following communication:—

The Duke of Wellington to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, *May 20th*, 1839.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I have received your note, and I am much concerned that I cannot attend the meeting to be presided over by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of Education.

I don't know what course our leaders in the House of Commons will take upon the subject.

I could say nothing without running the risk of differing in opinion with them.

I do entertain a very strong opinion upon it, and have written a memorandum upon it, which I will send to you as soon as I can get it copied.

I will subscribe in every diocese with which I have any relation, provided it is to establish schools really and *bonâ fide* under the exclusive superintendence and direction of the clergy of the Church of England.

I must subscribe, if so required by law, and pay for the establishment of schools, established on the principles of the Minutes and Orders of Council, under the superintendence of the Committee of Council.

But I will not subscribe, or, unless compelled by law, pay one farthing towards the establishment of such systems.

This is my opinion and resolution in few words.

Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,

WELLINGTON.

The memorandum of the Duke of Wellington, written in his own hand, is characteristic:—

Memorandum, May 20th, 1839.

It has been deemed desirable to increase the means for the education of the people in England and Wales.

The Administration, as well as the Church, have turned their attention to the subject.

The Administration have recorded their views upon the subject in different Minutes or Orders in Council.

A Committee of the Council Board has been established for the purpose of regulating all questions relating to education.

It has been proposed by this Committee to establish a school or schools for the education of school-masters of all religious opinions, model schools, &c. &c.

The funds voted by Parliament to be applied to the purposes of education will, of course, be placed at the disposition of this committee of the Privy Council, or of her Majesty acting by the advice of her servants, at the suggestion of this committee of the Privy Council.

We have witnessed the consequence of the adoption in Ireland of a similar system for the education of the people.

When the money will be granted by Parliament to the Crown, nobody can dispute the power of the Crown to grant it, as may be advised, according to the intentions of Parliament.

Nobody, in these days, can doubt that the intentions of those who made the grant are not that the people shall be educated

according to the tenets of the Church of England, as would appear to be desirable and necessary to any reasonable individual who reads the Acts of Parliament for establishing in England the Reformed Religion of the Church of England.

The Committee of the Council Board will not only suggest the mode in which the money shall be distributed, and the detailed distribution thereof; but will have the superintendence of the expenditure, and of the schools in the establishment or maintenance of which the money shall be expended.

I will suppose the case that a sum of money is granted by Government to any diocese; for instance, to the diocese of Canterbury, in aid of sums raised by subscription to promote the plans of the Canterbury Diocesan Education Society.

Will not the grant of this sum of money by Government, out of the Parliamentary grant of £30,000, entitle the Committee of the Privy Council to interfere in the expenditure, not only of that sum of money granted by Government to the Canterbury Diocesan Education Society, but likewise of those sums of money raised by subscription?

Parliament has a right to regulate matters of education. As a subject of this realm, and as a member of Parliament, I may be of opinion that these matters ought to be regulated in a particular manner.

That is to say, that money ought not to be levied upon the subject, or granted by Parliament, for the purpose of educating the people in Popery, in the tenets of the Unitarians, in those of the Anabaptists, in those of any sect not in communion with the Church of England; or at all, excepting in the tenets of the Church of England.

That is my opinion.

But if my opinion should be over-ruled, and Parliament should decide otherwise, and should levy money and grant the same for the purpose of being expended under the direction of the Privy Council in the manner above suggested as proposed, as a good and loyal subject I must submit to the law.

But I will not subscribe to carry this scheme into execution.

I will not subscribe to promote the objects of any Diocesan Education Society, unless I shall be previously assured that it is not intended to solicit, or to receive, if offered, any part of the sum

granted by Parliament, and placed at the disposal of Government, to promote the objects of Government, and that if such public aid should be received, the amount of my subscription shall be returned to me.

I make one exception to this stipulation, that is, in case the money should be granted for the purpose of establishing or maintaining one or more particular schools to be particularly denominated.

These would, of course, come under the superintendence of the Board of Council.

But the grant of the money specially for these schools would not affect the other schools either existing in the diocese or to be established by the Diocesan Education Societies, by the application of the funds raised by subscription.

On the 14th June Lord Stanley moved for "an humble address to Her Majesty to revoke the Order in Council appointing a Committee of Council to superintend the application of any sums voted by Parliament for the purpose of promoting public education."

Lord Ashley supported the motion in a long and exhaustive speech, and by arguments which, it must be confessed, are not in accordance with modern views. He said that while he would not assert that the plan proposed by the Government was unconstitutional, he would assert that the measure would nevertheless be adverse to the Constitution. The Committee were to determine the principle, mode, and measure of distribution; to introduce new systems of education, to say what was to be taught, and what was to be withheld; what was the form of belief to be propagated; to define the limits of doctrine, and to declare what was to be common to all, and what was to be considered as special to a few. He objected to the mode in which Lord John

Russell had submitted the question;—it should not have been a motion "That the Order of the Day for the Committee of Supply be now read," but a Bill, inasmuch as it would then be sent up to the House of Lords, the only branch of the Legislature where the Church is represented. He said:—

> It is a mockery to require the assent of their Lordships to a turnpike or a road Bill, and pass it by on the weighty topics of moral and religious education. It is above all a matter of astonishment and regret that the Bishops of the land, the parties most responsible for the good conduct and government of the people in this country in spirituals, should be denied the liberty to express their opinions on the tendency of the proposed system to promote the spiritual welfare of the Church. Has the noble Lord assigned any public advantages to be derived from such a course? The party-advantages are evident enough; the opposition to it in another place might be inconvenient and fatal; but we have a right to demand some public grounds. Consider the evil nature of the precedent you are laying down by converting measures of unspeakable interest into mere money-votes, abating thereby the reverence due to the subject matter, limiting the means and opportunities of consideration to the House of Commons, and wholly excluding the House of Lords.

Lord Ashley then attacked the measure itself in unsparing terms. He regarded it as hostile to the Church, inasmuch as she would gradually be deprived of all control and superintendence over her own schools, except those that might be founded on the purely voluntary system. He foresaw that all the new schools, and probably half the old ones, would require assistance, and that, if they accepted a grant, they must submit to the sole, or, at least, the joint inspectorship of the State,

and it was not difficult to see the degree of authority that would fall to the lot of the weaker party.

Nothing less than the question who should command the whole mind of the country was involved, and it was not fitting that merely political persons should devise and control the proposed system. Not only did he regard it as hostile to the Church, but as hostile to Revealed Religion itself. In the Government plan, religion was to be divided into "general and special," and that he considered to imply a disjunction of the most sacred truths, and the opening of the door to every kind of heresy. He said, in conclusion :—

You may call all this bigotry and fanaticism, but I maintain that it is the solemn sentiment of a nation, and, as such, entitled to respect. Will the noble Lord force his plan upon the country? This would be persecution; and the more ridiculous, as it would be undertaken to carry out principles which, as members of the Established Church, the Ministers must conscientiously deny. I recollect well the time when the Dissenters petitioned for the abolition of church-rates, on the ground that it was unjust to summon them to support the fabric of a Church whose doctrines they repudiated. On that occasion they pleaded conscience; the Ministers allowed the plea, and proposed a remedy. Though these Dissenters were a minority—a small minority of the whole country—yet the Government proposed to abolish, in their behalf, an impost which had subsisted for 800 years, and under which all the property of the kingdom had been taken. They now reverse the policy, and propose to force on the great majority a novel tax, for the purpose of giving instruction in creeds which the majority declare to be unscriptural and false, repugnant alike to their feelings and their religion. I know that, in making these remarks, I expose myself to the charge of bigotry and illiberality. I regret it; but I cannot consent to abate the expression of any sentiments I may have avowed this evening. I have no objection, nay, quite the reverse, to consider any plan that may tend to the moral advancement of the people of

England; but I will never consent to any plan that shall sever religious from secular education; and by religious education I mean the full, direct, and special teaching of all the great and distinctive doctrines of the Christian faith.

The House divided on Thursday, June 20th. For Lord John Russell's motion, 180; for Lord Stanley's amendment, 175. But the matter did not rest here; a fiercer struggle awaited it in the Upper House, to which it was transferred, when the Archbishop of Canterbury moved and carried an address to the Queen praying her to revoke the Order in Council. The Queen replied firmly, and at the same time gently rebuked the peers for insinuating that she was inattentive to the interests of the Established Church. "Of the proceedings of the Committee," she said, "annual reports will be laid before Parliament, so that the House of Lords will be enabled to exercise its judgment upon them; and I trust that the funds placed at my disposal will be found to have been strictly applied to the objects for which they were granted."

The Committee of Council on Education was therefore nominated—the institution by which our system of public instruction has been managed ever since.

CHAPTER VII.

SCOTLAND—1839.

The Bull Ring, Birmingham—Poverty and Luxury in Liverpool—Boldness—The Slave Trade—Southey—Carlisle—Afternoon Service—Sir Walter Scott—The Poet Crabbe—Architecture of Kirks—Churches, Ancient and Modern—Extempore Prayer—Edinburgh Castle—Annals of Scotland—In the Trossachs—Melancholy without Despondency—Charm of Scott's Genius—Rossie—The Northern Lights—The Carse of Gowrie—Dunkeld—Fanaticism of Early Reformers—Gaelic Life—The System of Gleaning—Descendants of Prince Charles Edward—Oban—Scotch Architects—Glasgow Factories—Dr. Macleod—Rev. Robert Montgomery—Blindness—In Courts and Alleys—Sir Archibald Alison—Cora Linn—Chillingham—Red Deer and Wild Cattle—The Duchess of Northumberland—Ravensworth—Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham—Fountains Abbey—Ripon Cathedral—Newby—York—Cathedral Services—Castle Howard—Chatsworth—Haddon Hall—Home—Letter from Daniel Webster—An Estrangement—Marriage of Lord Palmerston to Lady Cowper—Happy Close of the Year.

On the 9th August Lord and Lady Ashley, accompanied by their eldest son, set off for a tour in Scotland. Only once before in his Parliamentary life had he quitted London while the Houses were sitting. There were urgent reasons for his doing so now, or he would not have left when, as he says, it "is the time for Parliamentary rogues and vagabonds;" when "job may follow job, and blacken the whole surface of the Lords and Commons." A closely-written Diary of over a hundred quarto pages tells the story of his travels, penned at odd moments and in divers places during the tour.

August 9th, 1839.—Left London by the 2 o'clock train for Birmingham. Found Roebuck in the carriage: he was civil and by no means disagreeable. . . 10th.—Saw the Bull Ring, famous for mobs and conflagrations. These towns always affect me—the mass of human-kind, whom nothing restrains but force or habit, uninfluenced, because unreached, by any moral or religious discipline, presents a standing miracle. We imagine a force and trust to a habit; it is neither one nor the other. '*Sceptra tenens mollitque animos et temperat iras. Ni faciat!*'—. . . .

Spanked along the road to Liverpool. It is quite a just remark that the Devil, if he travelled, would go by the train. . . . Surveyed the town, admired its buildings, commended its broad streets, and wondered at its wealth. Ships, colonies, and commerce, with a vengeance, and yet (I thank God for it) there seem to be more churches here than in any town I have seen. . . . Thousands of the dirtiest, worst-clad children I ever saw, throng the streets, presenting a strange inconsistency with the signs of luxury all around. You marvel whence they come, till you get a peep into the side-alleys. We perceive at once the Irish parentage of these cheerful, but unclean, beings. But Liverpool is a town of good repute; though 'her merchants are princes and her traffickers the honourable of the earth,' they serve God with a portion of their wealth, and raise temples to His name and worship. . . .

August 12th.—Bowness. Surely no one can enjoy, as we are enjoying, a respite from public anxiety and toil, without deep, sincere, and endless acknowledgments to God who has given us the health, the time, and the means to see Him and bless Him in His beautiful works. I do hope and pray that this journey may be blessed to us both, in body and in soul; that we may acquire fresh strength, both physical and mental, a quickened zeal, and a tougher patience to labour for His honour and service, and, as He shall ordain, for the welfare of mankind in the name and merits of our only Saviour.

Lord Ashley did not take any very prominent part in the great movement for the abolition of the slave trade; but his sympathies were warmly with those who were bearing the brunt of the battle, and frequent

references to their labours, and to the horrors of the system, are to be found in his Journal. Thus we find him, on his holiday tour, studying the latest information on the subject, in the volume just published by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, entitled "The Slave Trade and its Remedy."

Aug. 13th.—Have been reading on the journey, Buxton's account of the actual state of the Slave trade. It is enough to make a man miserable for life; and, in fact, were it not providentially ordained that we forget some things, and grow dead to others, we should, had we a spark of sentiment, be unceasingly suffering. But sympathy is useless, nay, contemptible, without corresponding action; what can we do to wipe out this 'damned spot,' and mitigate this horrid tyranny? The human arm has utterly failed; treaties, force, persuasion, the march of intellect, and the lessons of Christianity, all have stumbled like wretched infants with rickety legs and idiotic apprehensions. Let those who believe in God, and have faith in Him, cry day and night, and almost, like Jacob, wrestle, as it were, for a blessing on those peoples and nations, black though they be. But will *man* ever succeed? It is our duty to persevere in the holy attempt, but the triumph, I believe, is reserved for other hands and other days; for that peculiar and hallowed time when *He* 'shall undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free.'

The inn here is a pattern of an inn; clean, cheerful, small, convenient, civil people, good things; with every little circumstance that a cockney imagines to constitute the charm of rustic excellence. Never was there such a day; the clouds every now and then intercepting the sun, threw such noble shadows on the hills; the outline of the mountains and the headlands unrivalled I should think in Greece, and certainly in Italy. We went to see the view from the Rayrigg; delicious; the lights varied it at every moment, the whole lake seemed to sparkle, and every succeeding hour till now, nine o'clock, has exhibited a new and peculiar beauty in the sky and in the landscape. Arthur Kinnaird joined us to-day in our boat to the Rayrigg. He is an agreeable, good-humoured man, with a

sound honest conscience, as he has proved by the resignation of his seat in Parliament.

The correspondence with Robert Southey, begun in 1829, continued with great regularity and growing interest. Southey often repeated his invitation to Lord Ashley to break away from his ever-increasing duties, and take some quiet recreation at the Lakes. He wrote:—

. . . . Few things would give me more pleasure than to row you and Lady Ashley round this beautiful lake in a good old boat, called the Ark, for its form and capacious size, and to go up Skiddaw with you, which is the easy work of five hours; and to show you my books (probably the best collection that ever was possessed by one who had no other wealth), and to let you see my way of life, than which a more tranquil or happier one could not be devised, if tranquillity and happiness depended upon ourselves alone.

But this pleasure was not to be realised, as the following entry will show:—

Aug. 15th.—Called at Southey's house, and found that he was absent. I had been led to fear this; but although a visit to him had been, for many years, a great object with me, and a very principal motive of my journey this season, I could not recall my plans and forego the gratification of seeing the Lakes. I may never have another opportunity, perhaps, of seeing him in this world. Well, may God bless him, and his, in this life and the next, for the mighty good his works have done. I owe much, very much to them; and I especially remember his Book of the Church, his Colloquies, and Moral Essays. . . .

It was not only to the works of Southey that Lord Ashley was indebted; he had derived great benefit from his personal friendship. On one occasion, when they were talking together on methods of work, reference

was made to the strain laid on the mind by too continuous attention to one theme of study. Southey narrated a plan he had adopted, by which he not only secured relaxation, but, by a frequent change of mental pursuits, was able to accomplish almost any amount of work with vigour and freshness. "He told me," said Lord Shaftesbury, in speaking to young men on the necessity of labour as an element in all healthy recreation and rest, "that he had six or seven different reading desks in his study, with a different book or theme on each; on one, a magazine article; on another, a poem; on another, a study in history; on another, a letter to a friend; and so on. When he tired of the one he went to the other, and found himself so refreshed by the change that he was able to be in his study from early in the morning till late at night, going to each subject with fresh zest and vigour."

It was singular that Lord Ashley should have written, "I may never have another opportunity, perhaps, of seeing him in this world," for even while he was writing it, the beginning of the end had come—and he never saw his friend again. In June of the following year he received a letter from Mrs. Southey (better known by her maiden name of Caroline Bowles), who had only been married to the poet in June, 1839. The letter was as follows:—

Mrs. Southey to Lord Ashley

GRETA HALL, 20*th June*, 1840.

MY LORD,—The regard with which you have so long honoured my beloved husband, together with my knowledge of his high consideration for your Lordship, induces me to believe that I act

consonantly with what would be his desire, could he express it, in making you acquainted with the cause of his prolonged silence; one, if not two of your Lordship's letters having lain ten or twelve months in his desk unanswered, although noted for immediate reply on our arrival at Keswick.

It is more than probable that public rumour has conveyed to you something of the sad truth—that serious indisposition of the most afflicting nature has for many months incapacitated Mr. Southey from all use of his pen, all literary application, all continuance of his extensive correspondence. No specific disease of any kind having manifested itself unequivocally, his Brother and Physician, Dr. Henry Southey, encouraged me to hope that, as the debilitating effects of repeated attacks of influenza wore off, his constitution would gradually right itself, and the mind (*then* affected only by sympathetic languor) recover its healthful tone.

On this hope I lived till within the last few months—till the sad conviction pressed itself upon me, that all rational ground for it was giving way. That 'the night when no man can work' was closing on my husband's life of moral usefulness, and that though, with care, his existence may be many years prolonged in this state of being, I must look heavenward only, beyond 'the pale and grave of death,' for the restoration which will then be perfect and indestructible.

In the meantime, God be thanked! there is no actual suffering, and in my grievous trial I have the consolation of a humble hope that, in permitting our late union, *He* has provided for my beloved husband, in his friend of two-and-twenty years, a more fitting companion for the days of his decline, than any other *earthly* friend could be.

The receipt of a third circular from the incorporated National Society, of which your Lordship is chairman, has decided me to make the foregoing communication. I had for some time hesitated on the fitness of such an intrusion on your Lordship from one personally unknown to you.

Had all been well with Mr. Southey, I am sure he would have joined 'heart and hand' in co-operation with your Lordship to the furtherance of an end so important as that proposed by the National Society.

I beg to subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

With unwearied devotion and tenderness this gifted woman—whose poems and other literary labours were very popular in her day, and still have a charm for many—ministered to her husband, who sank deeper and deeper into unconsciousness, until in 1843 he passed away. Soon afterwards Lord Ashley wrote in his Diary—

March 24th.—After three years of mental eclipse Robert Southey has been gathered to his fathers; I loved and honoured him; that man's noble writings have, more than any other man's, advanced God's glory and the inalienable rights of our race. He was essentially the friend of the poor, the young, and the defenceless—no one so true, so eloquent, and so powerful. . . .

The friend of his youth was never forgotten; and among Lord Shaftesbury's papers was found a letter, dated 1864, thanking him in terms of warmest gratitude, that through his influence with Lord Palmerston, "The Queen had been pleased to confer a pension of £100 a-year upon Mrs. Hill, as the daughter of Robert Southey."

The Diary continues:—

Aug. 20th.—Not had time till now to make any entries. Saw the cathedral at Carlisle, old, and somewhat ungainly. There are points in it of beauty and interest, but the charm (and that is an unfailing one to my mind) lies in its antiquity. . . . . Carlisle is a bad place, and always has been. Hand-loom weavers here, as elsewhere, are the stock-in-trade for the agitators to work with. . . . Sunday.—Netherby. To church—sermon good and pious. No evening service; this was a disappointment. I dearly love the afternoon service of a rural parish. Its omission is a great error; the service is good for all, and necessary for many who cannot attend the earlier worship. It is the ordinance of the Church,

and the business of the day. The longer I live the more I reverence and adore the benevolent wisdom of God, which has set apart one day in seven for His service and man's refreshment. It is the peculiar right, privilege, and comfort of the poor. The established service in this diminutive parish, struck me forcibly as a proof of the advantage and necessity of an Endowed Church, and a composed Liturgy. . . . Tuesday.—On the road to Newbattle. A glorious day though cold, but admirably adapted to distant views. Passed the house of Sir Walter Scott. Nearly twenty years ago I spent some days in the society and house of that great man, whose memory I hope will ever be blessed. Since that day how many of those I met there have been gathered to their fathers—Sir Walter, his two daughters, neither of them, I believe, older than myself; I understand, too, Mrs. Maclean, and Thompson the tutor. . . .

Newbattle Abbey, the seat of the Marquis of Lothian, stands on the site of an abbey founded by David I. for a community of Cistercian monks. The last abbot was an ancestor of the noble Marquis. This was the next halting-place of Lord Ashley on his tour—

Arrived after a long journey—long in time, not so in distance. Found Lothian away; a letter despatched to warn us, and which we had missed.

Aug. 21st.—Crabbe is a mighty poet. I have renewed my acquaintance with him on the journey. To appreciate him thoroughly demands the experience of mature age and varied life. However represented, in poetry or in prose, I enter fully into all the wrongs and distresses of the poor; it is not, alas, every one that does so, and Crabbe directs his great powers to the elevation of their cause. He has wonderfully succeeded, but what can he boast of real good more than the prophet Ezekiel? 'Lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but *they do them not*' (xxxiii. 32).

Aug. 22nd.—Lothian returned last night. Rode to see the ruins of Crichton Castle, celebrated in 'Marmion.' Impressive, as ancient

ruins always are, but less splendid than the remains of English castles. . . . I observe, in many directions, a considerable change in the architecture of the kirks, indicating, I hope, a certain change in the ecclesiastical feeling. You may see towers and steeples and ornamented windows, but, above all, various parts of the edifice surmounted by a cross; it is especially so at Libberton and Dalkeith. May this be taken as a proof of the abatement of the bigoted ignorance and furious spirit of the Covenanters, and a *practical* advance towards the reasonable service of the Church of England?

Aug. 23rd.—To-day we must depart. They have been exceedingly kind to us, and have made the house particularly agreeable. This is the great drawback in touring; no sooner are you well shaken together, and become at ease, than the tocsin sounds for separation. It is, however, a fac-simile of the world itself, and as such should be improved into a moral lesson. . . . The children that I have seen in these northern parts, beginning with Westmoreland, are, in many instances, very pretty. They interest me exceedingly, and I feel a sympathy and a love for the whole infantine world.

Aug. 24th.—Walked to Rosslyn Castle and Chapel. The latter is a beautiful specimen of the Gothic, and *now* carefully preserved by the owner. In these days we have not the will, and, had we the will, we have not the taste and the skill, to raise such edifices to the honour and worship of Almighty God. We dole out our miserable subscriptions, and erect a building for God's House which most of those who contribute would not think suitable for their stables; thus our nobles and merchants dwell in their palaces of vermilion, while 'the Ark of God is under curtains.' It is a wonderful thing, and one which ought to shame us, that seven-tenths of the churches where our countrymen now worship the Lord, in spirit and in truth, raised their venerable heads in the dark times of Popery and superstition! Where should we have been now had they not preceded us?

Aug. 25th.—To Kirk! absolutely the Presbyterian Kirk. What could we do otherwise if we desired to go to any place of worship at all? But they protest against Popery and preach the Atonement in faith and love, so I can, under stress of weather, take shelter in one of their chapels. But their service I cannot call worship; it appeals neither to the senses, the feelings, nor the reason; the business of the congregation is to listen; they have neither part nor voice in the function. They cannot pray, for their thoughts are turned

from private supplication, but are not turned into a public channel, for they wait on the minister and must follow him. You must listen first to catch what he says, and then to pass a hasty judgment on what he utters. Any one who is sincere would wish to ponder the meditations of his heart before he makes them the request of his lips. No responses, no Amens; all is silent, save the minister, who discharges the whole ceremony and labours under the weight of his own tautologies. I complain not so much of what he says, as of what he omits. . . .

Aug. 26.—Edinburgh. Visited the Castle. It is hardly possible to imagine anything more noble for the residence of man than the city as it lies at your feet; nature has lent considerable aid in her rocks, and hills, and waters, giving thereby a magnificence to the scene, that even Babylon, the Lady of Kingdoms, could not have boasted. Saw the Regalia with the deepest interest—all antiquity moves me—but the antiquity of bygone rule, and empire fled, is singularly impressive. The crown is a precious memorial of a noble and heart-stirring deed in the history of Scotland. It is the crown of Robert Bruce, made by his order, after the glorious victory of Bannockburn, to supply the place of the jewels carried away to England by our brigand King Edward. I have always sympathised with the Scottish people in their resistance to English aggressions; no Caledonian, kilted or unkilted, in this country, can more delight in the triumphs of Wallace and Bruce. My patriotism, though by God's blessing I believe it to be deep, fervent, and true, does not extend to exultation in insolence, cruelty, and injustice. . . . The annals of Scotland are full of events. So many have been transacted within so narrow a compass of territory, that almost every square mile is dignified by some occurrence in the pages of history. Wherever you go, the imagination and the memory are constantly at work; the contrast of things in the present day is infinitely pleasing to the spirit of political economy; but the poetry is gone; yet, no doubt, to the advantage of the human race; those things that make the best figure in narrative and verse, are, for the most part, terrible in the reality. . . .

The enthusiasm of Lord Ashley for Scotland and the Scots was not a passing emotion kindled by the

pleasurable circumstances of his holiday. Again and again he returned to Scotland, and, up to the close of his life, he expressed the same sentiments of attachment to the country and its people that he felt in these earlier years. In 1875, when he visited Glasgow to assist in the establishment of a Home for Incurables, he said, playfully, but in good truth, "In the Home for Incurables I may almost claim a berth for myself, for I plead guilty to an incurable love for the people of Scotland."

To Holyrood House on foot, down the High Street and Canongate, and thus through a great part of the old town. The whole thing is far more like a foreign city. Had I not heard the English language on all sides, I should have believed myself to be in some Flemish town; the buildings, the caps and bare feet, the transaction of everything in the street, the dirt, the smell, the stir and general appearance of life, made me think I had crossed the Channel. It would have amused us to have perambulated the streets for hours. . . .

Linlithgow. The ruins of the palace, very fine indeed, and, of course, as all ruins are, very interesting. These old Scotch females who act as Cicerones amuse me much. They get their story well up, and clack away like a scarecrow with clappers.

Aug. 29. . . . Walked through the Trossachs to the head of the lake, most attractive and sublime scenery, alternately tender and grand, sometimes both united, exciting in our minds the idea of that Great Being (if we may venture to use such a similitude) who alone combines in Himself supreme love and supreme power. The vegetation is wildly luxuriant; dwarf oak, fern, heather, furze, &c., all mingled together, which receives a softening delicate tint from the lovely, graceful hues of the heather. Minny was melancholy in this walk, and talked much of 'olden time' and people long since dead, and living ones growing old, the painful contemplation of years advancing without piety, and sorrows without experience. The lovely evening, with its calm and soothing breezes, bestirred

this in her heart; and truly this is oftentimes the effect of fine prospects and a setting sun. There is a melancholy without despondency; a sober and pensive dejection which is infinitely healthy to the soul; the glory that God sheds over His works, even in their corrupted condition, revives the hopes of man, and while He feels and bewails the height from which he has fallen, he lifts his eyes and his heart to it in faith and fear; yet, 'in the sure and certain hope of a happy resurrection through Him that hath redeemed us.'

Aug. 30. . . . Walter Scott has contrived to throw an indescribable charm over the whole region. People have absolutely talked themselves, and quoted themselves, into a full belief of everything he imagined; a sufficient proof of the excellence of his genius! But it is all melancholy to me; I knew and loved the master-mind which is now dead and gone; and I cannot divest myself here in Scotland of the recollection of him.

Aug. 31.—Found that our carriage had been robbed during the night of some articles not very valuable. Regretted that anything of the kind should have happened in the country of the Gael; attributed it to some English servants who were about, yet more through antiquarian sympathy for these Celtic tribes, than any just evidence against the Saxon! . . . .

The travellers next proceeded to Rossie Priory, the beautiful mansion of the Kinnaird family, in a charming situation, and overlooking the banks of the Tay.

To Rossie, Lord Kinnaird's . . . found here, besides the family, Lord Kinnaird's sister Olivia, Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby, their daughter, Lady Fitzharris, and a Captain Baker, also Lord Stormont. The usual preliminaries of stiffness, dulness, and hesitation being past; when we had, as dogs, sniffed every corner and ascertained the whole lay of the place, we became very sociable and were well amused. . . .

Sept. 2.—The people here are very amiable and pleasant; . . . nothing can be kinder, nothing more hospitable. . . . This is an excellent house; large, comfortable, and handsome, full of articles of

wealth and taste, pictures, statues and china, infinite in extent and value. The place is gentlemanlike and highly agreeable, commanding fine views of the country and the course of the river Tay.

Sept. 3rd.—At midnight saw the Northern Lights, or at any rate some very beautiful luminous appearances in the heavens; it seemed to hang over us like a tent formed by streamers and rays of light, while a dark mass of red colour perambulated it from one end to the other; its parts and arrangement were constantly changing, though to the last it retained the appearance of a luminous body flowing from a single point above.

> 'He knew by the streamers that shone so bright,
> The spirits were riding the Northern Light.'

Such were the hopes and fears of the ancient magic, but we can contemplate these wonders with different eyes and different feelings. 'The firmament showeth *His* handiwork.'

Sept. 4th.—A drive of singular beauty; a series of the most delicious views of the Carse of Gowrie bounded by the distant hills. No one, unless he see this place on a really favourable day, can form a judgment of its fascinations—the intermixture of mountain and cultivated plains, the glow of the harvest, the blue expanse of the Tay, the dark foliage of pines and wooded hills, are inconceivably rich. The day, too, was in itself absolutely luscious. . . .

Sept. 5th.—Dunkeld. Issued out to see the cathedral, very ancient and very ruinous; this is again the handiwork of the Reformers, '*Quae regio non plena laboris!*' Perhaps a certain degree of violence towards these splendid and eye-striking edifices, which had so often and so long been abused to superstition, was inevitable in the then state of men's minds; perhaps it was not; but in the present day surely it would be an act of sacrilege to lay hands on these, or any part whatever of these venerable churches. And yet there are men who even now, at this hour, would revive the dormant feeling of fanaticism, and level the glorious cathedrals of York, of Lincoln, and of Westminster, with the dust around them. Dr. McCrie, in his Life of Knox, sternly exhorts the world to imitate those times, and wipe out every trace of a temple which idolatry has defiled. He is foolishly, criminally wrong. History and principle are both against him. The early Christians converted to their use the heathen shrines; and why more destroy these buildings, whose

purpose is changed, than a proselyte heathen or a repentant sinner? Hezekiah broke up the brazen Serpent and made it Nehushtan, because it was unavailable for good, and had, itself, become an object of worship. Those cathedrals had become the *receptacles* of superstition, not the actual 'lie' that was adored. . . .

In the evening, by Lord Glenlyon's invitation, went to see the Highlanders dance their reels in costume. Very entertaining, perfectly national, and they were happy as grigs. They worked like fellows whose lives depended on the number of steps they could cut in each figure.

Sept. 7th.—Started early for Inverness; delighted with the scenery; uncommonly wild and free, very unlike the other Highlands we had seen. Here we beheld, for the first time, true Gaelic life, the real abodes of the Celtic population; every now and then a few black spots in the middle of the waste marked a Highland hamlet. At a distance it looked like a Hottentot kraal, when near, like a corporation of pig-styes; yet the people in them seem well-clothed, and the children are stout and ruddy. This is the true taste of the Highlander; we cannot judge of their condition by the appearance of the frequented parts of Perthshire. Landlords and landladies have learned the trick of setting up 'sweet cottages' by the roadside! . . . .

Wherever Lord Ashley went, he always had the welfare of the poor in his thoughts, and, whenever he wanted information as to their condition, he was not content to get it from any other source than direct from themselves. It was natural for him to walk into the harvest field and talk to the reapers, and it was equally natural for him to sympathise with them in their toils and the lack of generosity which shut them out from the joys of harvest. He always regarded liberality in employers as an essential part of practical Christianity, and the privilege of gleaning in the cornfields after the reapers as the right of the poor,

notwithstanding the fact that modern law has decided to the contrary.

Sept. 11th.—I walked into the fields hard by to talk to the reapers. No wonder the Scotch farmer can afford to give a better rent, when he gives so much worse a wage as the remuneration of labour—one shilling a day to the women, and fifteen pence to the men, for twelve hours *at harvest time* is considered sufficient! We saw standing in the field two buckets of water; their employer gives no other refreshment. Nor does Sawney recognise either the practice, or the philanthropy, of the 'system of gleaning.' 'We always take a long rake,' said the farmer to me, 'and gather it up.' To be sure he does, and thus makes of none effect one of the most gracious and beautiful provisions of the Levitical law: 'And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest' (Lev. xix. 9). Again: 'When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not make clean riddance of the corners of thy field when thou reapest, neither shalt thou gather any gleaning of thy harvest; thou shalt leave them unto the poor and to the stranger. I am the Lord your God' (xxiii. 22). . . . . A fine drive to see the house of Lord Lovat, who inherits the name and property of the old villain of the Forty-five, though not by descent. 'He loveth the Papists, and hath built them a synagogue' at Inverness, being himself a Romanist. . . . Went on to see two very curious creatures, *protégés* of Lord Lovat's. They give out that they are lawful descendants of Prince Charles Edward, and have, I hear, privately exhibited to their choice adherents a certificate of marriage between the Pretender and a girl of the Western Highlands—a thing not very difficult to forge. Lord Lovat evidently believes their story, and has built for them an excellent house in a most beautiful glen. The whole thing worth seeing as a sample of the sublime and the ridiculous. They call themselves Stuarts, but allow others to trumpet their claims, carefully abstaining from any personal mention of their 'rights.' The house is full of claymores, dirks, &c., &c., and on all sides you see emblazoned the arms, or part of the armorial bearings, of the Royal Family. At the end of the room are two white standards. The heroes themselves are clad in the full Highland costume, which they wear on all occasions; the

eldest with a jacket of rich red, and royal buttons. Both have prodigiously large moustachios and flowing hair. It is really striking the resemblance the eldest bears to Charles I. I talked to him to observe the likeness. It is particularly strong in the eyes, but in every part no son ever took more after his father than this man after the king. Their manners are courteous and easy, especially of the eldest (the king !), who appears to be an intelligent and educated man; there is, nevertheless, and it is probably part of the humbug, amid the utmost civility, a certain air of condescension and royal self-abasement. Now, what do they propose to do by all this trumpery? To pretend so much, without any hope or desire to assert it, is laughable to others and unpleasant to themselves; to entertain any thoughts of exciting a sentiment in favour of the exiled and now *extinct* family, would entitle any one Stuart, legitimate or illegitimate, to the best stall for incurables in Bedlam.

Oban. Had a dressing-room with a window in the ceiling, so that when it was opened the rain came in. This is perverse in Scotch architects; it renders it impossible to enjoy fresh air in a climate where the rain is so abundant that they have a million spouts of water for one ray of sunshine. . . . My room so low that, if I attempted to brush the crown of my head, I rapped my knuckles against the ceiling; and the bed so short, that, if I stretched my legs, I drove my head against the other wall. I was like a basket of game—covered in the middle, with head and feet out. . . .

One of the visits on this journey, which appears to have given Lord Ashley unusual pleasure, was paid to Mr. Alison, the historian, afterwards Sir Archibald Alison. It was in this year that the first volume of his great work, "The History of Europe," was published.

Sept. 21st.—Early to Alison's; kindly and sincerely received. To Glasgow with him; Minny accompanied us. We saw first Mr Monteith's calico printing works. They have, in the dyeing department, all the effect of magical trick. . . . Mr. Napier's ironworks, the factory of steam-engines, boilers, and the whole apparatus of

these scientific monsters of the deep—these wonderful subjugators of nature by science, permitted, by a bountiful Providence, for man's benefit, but perverted to the glorifying of his own intellect. . . . Minny drove home; Alison and I walked. At dinner Colonel and Mrs. Kearney, Dr. Macleod, of the Scotch Church, a man of great natural abilities, original, simple, full of zeal, kind in his manner, and, I am told, infinitely kind in his heart. I had seen him once before, but I have now made his acquaintance, and am delighted that I have done so. Mr. Montgomery, the author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' &c., &c., lately ordained in the English Church, and appointed to an Episcopal Church in Glasgow. Some good talk—very good talk; an hour of excellent conversation with Alison after the company was gone; and to bed.

22nd, Sunday.—To Glasgow, to the Episcopal Church; heard Mr. Montgomery preach. His sermon was directed against the intellectual scepticism of the day, caused, I understand, by an anonymous letter, which warned him of the attendance that day of some neighbouring infidels, and the presence, moreover, announced to him by the beadle, of the Committee of Socialists. Many things of his discourse and many features of his manner would lie open to criticism, but I saw and felt great reason to thank God, who had raised up such a man at such a time, for such an audience, and amid such circumstances. There were passages of rhetorical and argumentative eloquence, rich and copious illustrations, Scriptural and scientific knowledge, all elevated and graced by the self-humiliation of Truth and the wisdom of the doctrine of Redemption. He described Satan as 'intellect without God.' Walked home with Alison, who was deeply impressed by the vigorous truths of the discourse.*

* Mr. Montgomery was variously estimated. Miss Elizabeth Barrett, afterwards Mrs. E. B. Browning, in a letter to Mr. Horne, the author of "The Spirit of the Age," describes Montgomery thus:—"Are you aware that the most popular poet alive is the Rev. Robert Montgomery, who walks into his 20-and-somethingth edition 'like nothing'? I mean the author of 'Satan,' 'Woman,' 'Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'The Messiah,' the *least* of these being in its teens of editions, and the greatest not worth a bark of my dog Flushie's. Mr. Flushie is more a poet by the shining of his eyes! Is it not wonderful that this man who waves his white handkerchief from the pulpit till the tears run in rivulets all round, should have another trick of oratory—writing—where he can't show the ring on his little finger!"

Among those on whose behalf Lord Ashley felt the keenest sympathy were the blind. He was wont to say that insanity and blindness were the two direst afflictions that could befall mankind, and we have seen how vigorously and successfully he had exerted himself on behalf of the insane. Terrible as was their condition, that of the indigent blind of the metropolis was scarcely less so; but until the year 1834 no opportunity for making any special effort for them had occurred. In that year a Mr. Harman called upon him, and representing that these poor creatures were wholly uncared for, urged upon him that an institution should be founded for the purpose of visiting them in the cellars, and dark damp slums where they were hidden away. The result of that interview was the formation of the "Indigent Blind Visiting Society." The object of this admirable institution was to seek the general improvement of the condition of the indigent blind by systematic visitation in their own dwellings; by providing them with guides to take them to places of worship, and to classes for their instruction in reading and writing, and in various branches of remunerative employment, and by affording them pecuniary relief in times of great necessity. For fifty years Lord Shaftesbury was President of the Society, and took an unabated interest in its labours. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in the Journals of his travels that he lost no opportunity of ascertaining how the blind were being dealt with in the places he visited.

Sept. 23rd.—Glasgow. To the Blind School. This is, indeed, a thing to gladden man's heart when he observes the power and mercy of God, compensating for the privation of one sense by the supernatural vivacity of another. It is beautiful and consolatory to behold the peace of mind that these poor creatures enjoy, through the instrumentality, under Providence, of these inventions; they are now become capable of every mental and spiritual gratification; many can exercise various trades and callings, and, instead of being a clog, prove an assistance to their families. I could hardly refrain from tears when I saw their easy and happy acquaintance with the art of reading Scripture, and heard the pleasure they took in the pursuit. Blindness is, next to insanity, the heaviest of God's visitations; bears with it something of mystery, inasmuch as God has ever reserved to Himself personally, as it were, the power of restoring the eyesight. No mere man has been permitted to wield this power.

Sept. 24th. . . . Joined Alison at the Registration Court, and walked with him through the 'dreadful' parts of this amazing city—it is a small square plot intersected by small alleys, like gutters, crammed with houses, dunghills, and human beings; hence arise, he tells me, nine-tenths of the disease and nine-tenths of the crime in Glasgow; and well it may. Health would be impossible in such a climate; the air, tainted by perpetual exhalations from the most stinking and stagnant sources, a pavement never dry, in lanes not broad enough to admit a wheel-barrow. And is moral propriety and moral cleanliness, so to speak, more probable? Quite the reverse. Discontent, malignity, filthy and vicious habits, beastly thoughts and beastly actions must be, and are, the results of such associations. Oh! for a temporary but sharp despotism, which, founding its exercise on an imitation of God, would pass beneficial laws, and compel men against their wills to do wisely! There should be a law prohibiting the construction of streets, except of a fixed, and that a very considerable, width. In large open spaces there is more health, more air, more cleanliness, more observation; and public opinion comes in along with light. Though you could not thus exterminate what is bad, you would externally abate it, and, as Burke says, 'Vice itself would lose half its evil, by losing all its grossness.' These are the last abodes of many of the factory population; broken in health and spirits, corrupted in mind, and ignorant alike of what is useful and true, be it in

temporal or eternal things, they pass, after the days of their fitness for mill-labour, from one point of degradation to another, till they sink down, as to a common centre, in this dark pit of misery. The high-mettled racer is a type of them, as in his life, so also in his death. 'Who knoweth,' said Solomon, 'the spirit of a man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?' But do these differ from the beast? I trow not. . . .

No one at dinner but ourselves—much useful and pleasant conversation. Alison is a man after my own heart; we agree in our views of ancient and modern history; we hold the same opinions of the future, and we never tire of discussing the same subjects. His reading is immense, his powers of reflection commensurate: his thoughts deep and just, founded on induction and corrected by experience. He takes expanded surveys of past, present, and future times . . . sees the first chapters of Genesis in the history of all kingdoms, peoples, and nations. He stated beautifully and truly that the democratic principle is anti-Christian, being founded on a hostile and contradictory basis; the Christian Religion asserts man to be morally corrupt, Democracy assumes him to be perfect, or at least perfectable. He plainly discerns the French Revolution in the Apocalypse, and is now engaged in the composition of a closing chapter to his History, in which he will show that the whole struggle in the world, from Adam until now, in every kingdom, and tongue, and nation, springs from the truths revealed at the Fall—a perpetual conflict between the truth of man's sin and the endeavours of his heart to browbeat and suppress it. I have derived immense benefit and great pleasure from my intercourse with him. . .

Sept. 25th. . . . . Went to see Cora Linn, the great fall; day most favourable for it. Taken with all its accompaniments of scenery, it is the noblest cascade, perhaps, in Europe. The perpetual flow, and deep, though soothing sound, resembles immortal eloquence. Thought of St. John's description of our Saviour, 'And His voice was as the sound of many waters.'

Lord and Lady Ashley next visited Chillingham Castle, the residence of the Earl and Countess of Tankerville, celebrated for its herds of wild cattle.

Sept. 26th.—To Chillingham. Found here no one but Henry Liddell, M.P. for Northumberland, and his son. Glad of it. Sometimes pleasant to have but few people. Nothing kinder than our reception.

Sept. 27th.—This delicious old castle is ten times as agreeable as it would be, were it transmogrified by modern staircases and new rooms, with nothing left of a castle but the name. The very originality, to us at least, of this kind of domicile, has a charm. The apartments are neither many nor large; but the bedrooms are abundant and comfortable. The gardens and grounds are very striking from their harmony with the edifice; all has an air of grandeur, less owing to the splendour of the castle and its appurtenances than to the spacious, solitary region which surrounds it, the herds of red deer and wild cattle, and the manifest antiquity impressed on every object. . . Out walking with Minny and Accy,* and Lord and Lady Tankerville, and Mr. Cole the gamekeeper, to look for the wild cattle. Had already seen them, through a telescope, lying in mass on the hill-side; beautiful and interesting creatures, I have no doubt that they are the pure descendants of the aboriginal cattle of the island, driven by degrees, like the ancient Britons by their invaders, to the remote and wild fastnesses of Northumberland. . . . We came upon them in full view; they rose immediately and retreated in order, the bulls closing the rear. The sight was worth a journey of two hundred miles; there is nothing like it in England—nothing even in Europe. Sandy—the antlered despot of the park—seems to be the lord and master of Chillingham; he is far more talked about than Lord Tankerville, and, in fact, there is reason for it, as he puts every one's limbs in danger, and Lord Tankerville threatens none. What with bulls, and what with stags, our lives here are in a constant state of excitement, a pleasing sense of dignified peril. We discuss them by day, and dream of them by night. . .

On leaving Chillingham, the travellers proceeded to Alnwick Castle, the princely abode of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, one of the grandest specimens in the kingdom of an old baronial residence.

* His son Antony.

Every stone of the castle, and every acre of its grounds, which extend for miles, bristles with legends of the times when its strength and situation rendered it one of the most important defences against the invasions of the Scots.

Oct. 1st.—Alnwick. Quitted Chillingham with regret;—had received much kindness and hospitality, and very great amusement. Received, almost when on the point of starting, an invitation from the Duchess of Northumberland. Resolved to go on immediately. . . .

Had no idea of the splendour of the castle, nor that so much of what is ancient remained. The towers, courts, and gateways are majestic. Though the interior of the habitable part is new, the chief of the masonry throughout is of very early date. In this respect it very often surpasses Windsor.

Oct. 2nd.—Breakfast at 9 o'clock, punctual as clockwork. This appears to be a Northumbrian virtue—it was so at Chillingham, and I infer from a letter of Lady Ravensworth's that it is so likewise at her castle. Made the circuit of the walls—the precincts comprise five acres.

Oct. 3rd. . . . Parted from her Grace, in high admiration of her character, and great fondness for herself. To Ravensworth.

Oct. 4th.—This is a good house; handsome rooms, and full of fine things. The people are dear, kind, friendly people whom I have long known. 'Peace be to this house!'

Oct. 5th.—To Durham and saw the cathedral. Stood on the tombstone of Van Mildert, the last Bishop of Durham, and the last prince-bishop that ever will be there. Church reforms have levelled all these dignities. Perhaps they were right, perhaps they were necessary, but one's antiquarian sympathies are keenly excited. A better man, or a more munificent soul, never flourished in the whole catalogue of our bishops—a catalogue dignified by all that is great and good in learning, wisdom, generosity, and religion. I knew him well, and most profoundly esteemed him; would that it pleased God to give us others such as he to adorn and sustain His Church.

Newby, the residence of Mr. and Lady Mary Vyner, was next visited, and an excursion was made to Studley

Royal, the seat of the late Earl of Ripon, father of the present Marquis. The magnificent ruin of Fountains Abbey adjoins, and is part of the domain.

Oct. 7th.—Drove to Studley Park and Fountains Abbey. The park abounds with magnificent trees, tempting me, most terribly, to covet my neighbour's goods. Fountains Abbey, by common consent the finest ruin in England, is infinitely graceful, infinitely touching. Looking at these delicious relics we are apt to think of nothing but the pomps and impressive ritual of the Romish worship, their long vigils and devout superstition; all that is captivating even in error; their piety; their hymns and their prayers. All that could charm the sense, overwhelmed the mind then, and the imagination subjugates it now. We should not like to return to the coarse and filthy orgies of those dens of hypocrisy; the oppression, vice, and violence that reigned in their precincts, the degradation of soul and body, for time and eternity! Yet, why could we not retain the building, when we got rid of the inmates? . . . . . .

9th.—To Ripon to call on the Bishop and see the minster. Saw the Bishop and his new palace, at least the skeleton of it; a pretty thing and a comfortable. I wish these bishoprics had larger revenues; £4,500 a year are wholly inadequate to the claims made on the diocesan by the wants of the W. Riding. The minster a handsome and interesting church, now the cathedral. Many periods and many styles of architecture; much Saxon; the chapter-house especially curious, entirely of the ancient order. The crypt, now turned into a species of catacomb, and garnished with skulls and cross bones. 'Gracious God, what is man?' said Lord Bolingbroke, as he stood weeping and disbelieving over the death-bed of Pope; how much more true, how much more exalted, the exclamation of the Psalmist, 'Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that Thou regardest him? Thou madest him a little lower than the angels, to crown him with glory and worship.' I know not what scoffers and sceptics may feel in the contemplation of these, and the like exhibitions, of mortality; had I not, by God's blessing, 'a sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection,' I should lose my senses with disgust and terror.

Oct. 11th. . . . Took a walk with Minny. Sun broiling.

Much interesting conversation with the darling. It is a wonderful accomplishment, and a most bountiful answer to one's prayers, to have obtained a wife, in the highest matters and the smallest details, after my imagination and my heart. Often do I recollect the very words and sentiments of my entreaties to God, that He would give me a wife for my comfort, improvement, and safety; He has granted me to the full *all* that I desired, and far *more* than I deserved. Praised be His holy name. . . .

Oct. 14th.—Very sorry to leave Newby. The people I have long, very long, known. Many virtues and many attractions. To me and mine they have ever been kind, friendly, and affectionate. I hardly know those from whose society I derive more quiet satisfaction, or from whom I part with deeper regret. To Bishopsthorpe. Found the Archbishop in high force—dear friendly old man. Prayers in the chapel. . . .

Oct. 15th.—York. . . . Saw the minster; the most lovely of all perishable buildings—the most refined conceptions of the most refined ages of Greece and Rome, were poor in comparison of this; the very aspect of the edifice inspires a religious sentiment; and a few moments' contemplation overwhelm you with the awe that impressed and elevated the heart of Jacob: 'How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.' . . . . . Saw, within the compass of the first edifice, an ancient altar of great size, the steps leading up to it still quite perfect, an early and glorious triumph of the Cross. Here then, as at St. Peter's, the House of Christ rose and stood erect over the House of Baal. . .

Heard part of the afternoon service. . . . And people would destroy this service, and call it a vain ceremonial, an useless form? Cloaking their real stinginess under utilitarian argumentation (a disgusting thing in itself), they calculate pounds, shillings, and pence, and show that, for an organist and a choir, they might have two curates. So they might, and they might have ten times as many for the keep of a dozen gilded footmen, or a third of their usual port wine, or, for any imperceptible abatement of luxury, be their rank high, middling, or low. Why not have both? Why not sustain this soul-inspiring worship, for the honour of God and the comfort and elevation of the human heart; and then, if they so desire, devote the residue to their palaces. I hope and believe that a better feeling is arising; the

trains, I am told, bring hundreds from Leeds to hear the anthem. The taste and the due reverence will thus be diffused, and our cathedrals will thus again become the boast and glory of our land.

To Castle Howard. Nearly nineteen years have elapsed since I was last here. I came then with Morpeth (both of us just entered at Oxford) on our return from a tour in Scotland. I come back now, advanced in life, married, the father of six children; our respective capacities and respective careers (then in an obscurity full of hope) well known; the past now left to me for reflection, and, thank God, not altogether a painful one; the future, for eternity and my children. Found them all unchanged here; except in age and position. Just as friendly, affectionate, and sincere as ever. Time has mellowed and consolidated their feelings; it has effaced none. . . . . I rejoiced to have visited them once more, and to have renewed my intimacy and ancient habits. This is the great advantage of periodical visits to country houses; valuable friendships are made, sustained, or revived; new acquaintances are formed to fill the gaps that the course of nature has rent in your circle, and you gain some little prospect that you will not be stranded by time on the bleak shore of a forgotten or friendless old age. They enlarge, too, the mind and soften the spirit; the visitors and the visited summon up all that they have in them of the most amiable; many a sharp feeling is subdued and many a good one begotten by this rural intercourse. . .

Almost the last visit on the tour was paid to Chatsworth, the stately residence of the Duke of Devonshire. From thence Lord Ashley proceeded to Rowton, the home of his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Lady Charlotte Lyster.

To Chatsworth. . . . An immense party to meet the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge—foreigners 'plenty as blackberries.' . . .

I can just conceive that some ancient Roman villa, the possession of some Emperor of taste and wealth, was the type of Chatsworth. They have many things which bear resemblance. Splendid and unwieldy buildings, far too large for use, and infinitely too extended for comfort. Grandeur which wearies by its excess and its

repeated calls for admiration. Everything magnificent, and half of it unnecessary, even for the just display of the dignity suited to the rank and fortune of the proprietor—everything in the wildest abundance that constitutes wealth. All is vast, yet nothing clumsy; magnificence and refinement are combined. It is royal. His greenhouses, foreign plants, his gardens and cottages, would alone ruin half the German potentates. It is a curious thing to have seen; it is probably the last great effort of hereditary wealth, of aristocratical competition with the splendour of kings. Acquired properties can never be so magnificent, either in extent or in display; hereditary properties are undergoing diminution, and the custom, moreover, of primogeniture (the sole means of retaining the unity of possessions) has reached the full, and is now upon the wane. . . .

Nov. 1 to 8.—At Rowton. Residence there, as usual, happy, cheerful, and refreshing. I love the people, I love the place; it ever does me good, in body and in mind: it soothes and pleases me.

8th.—To Birmingham; distance from Shrewsbury forty-three miles, six hours performing it. Much bored by the tardy pace of the horses—'how slow they goes, they goes like cows walks!' said the child.

9th.—To London. Thus are we all again, once more, together, preserved and reunited, by God's kind Providence, under the same roof. We looked for health and amusement, we found both; we sought instruction, it has not been wanting; body and mind have been alike strengthened.

On the last page of the Diary written on this tour there is the following note :—

1880. . . . . Believe have never read this since it was written. . . . .

'Nessun maggiore dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.'

Dante.

In the spring of this year Daniel Webster made his first and only visit to Europe, and Lord Ashley was one

of those in whose society he found much pleasure. They corresponded for some time after Mr. Webster returned to America, and on the principle of mutual help, as indicated in the following letter :—

Daniel Webster to Lord Ashley.

LONDON, *November 19th*, 1839.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—On my return from the Continent, I had the pleasure to find here your letter from Bishopsthorpe. I was quite in hopes of falling in with you at the North, as I heard of you in several places ; but we were, as you suggest, constantly on the wing, having much space to fly through in a short time.

I leave England, my dear Lord, much gratified, but with a good deal of natural regret, that I cannot, for the present, at least, farther cultivate the agreeable acquaintances I have had the honour and good fortune to make.

I hope you will allow me to say that it will give me great pleasure to keep myself in your remembrance by an occasional letter. I read the London papers, and, of course, the debates of Parliament as there reported. If, on any of the great questions likely to come before the House, your own speeches should be published, corrected, in pamphlet form, I should be quite glad to receive a copy. Whatever I may think you would like to receive, I shall have pleasure in sending you in return. Perhaps you would like an accurate account of the *ballot system* as practised in the several States which use it. If so, I could easily obtain, at Washington, exact statements from members of Congress from the several States. I received the little volume containing your essays, for which I am quite obliged to you. I pray you make my respects to Lady Ashley ; and when you next have intercourse with the Archbishop, do me the favour to remember me kindly to him and his daughters. He is an admirable example of vigorous, cheerful, respected old age.

With all good wishes for you and yours,

I am, my dear Lord, faithfully yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

There were two events, towards the close of the year 1839, which had a marked influence on the private life of Lord Ashley. Through no fault of his own his father had again become estranged from him. There had never been much sympathy between them—thoughts, habits, pursuits, ideals, were all poles asunder—and the course that Lord Ashley had marked out for himself had, from the first, met with the strong disapprobation of his father. It was a source of anxiety and regret, but it was a matter for which there was no help. Believing, as he did, that it was the voice of God which spoke to him, and urged him to go forward in his labours on behalf of the poor and the oppressed, he "conferred not with flesh and blood," and the consequence was, that the coldness of his father strengthened into an opposition very painful to a nature so sensitive as Lord Ashley's. A reconciliation was brought about, however, at this time, and the way in which it was regarded is very touchingly recorded in the Journal.

Nov. 23.—I can hardly believe myself or my senses; here I am in St. Giles's, reconciled to my father, and actually receiving from him, ardent and sincere marks of kindness and affection! **Who would have thought, not I at least, when I quitted** this house *ten* (!) years ago, that I should never return to it, until I came a married man, with six children! But it is a blessed thing that it has happened at last; a thing good for him and good for me, a thing for which I ought, and for which I do, thank God most heartily. He is now an old man, and it would have been a sad and a terrible matter had he died otherwise than in peace with his children; but God be praised, we are reconciled, and his heart and mine are lighter. His amiableness is wonderful; he puts himself, as the phrase is, to sixteens to find ways of giving us pleasure.

Nov. 25th.—Quite fidgety and unsettled, walking in fact, and wandering in thought, through mere satisfaction. Just looked out of my window, and saw the kids pacing the lawn, giving life, and health, and joy to the whole scene—blessed them, and blessed God, who is good to me and mine beyond all, even His, goodness.

Dec. 3.—It cannot be disguised, I do enjoy being here; it is very natural, and not criminal, to derive profound and sincere pleasure from a restoration of long-omitted pursuits, long-denied affections, and long-desired scenes; but experience and mature life, and God's grace, teach me to 'rejoice with trembling.' These things of this world, like Jonah's gourd, come up in a night, and may perish in a night. I do most entirely thank God for His mercy in softening my father's heart, and pouring therein the sympathies of charity and truth. Not only in great things, but in the smallest, there is a wonderful and a *complete* change. . . .

The second important event to which we have referred is told in these words:—

Dec. 16th.—This day my mother-in-law will be married to Palmerston. . . . .

The marriage of Lady Cowper to Lord Palmerston was an event which had an important bearing on the future of Lord Ashley. For many years, we shall find them associated in the closest intimacy, and the influence of their lives acting, and re-acting, on one another.

Lady Cowper was a recognised Queen of Society. Twenty years before her marriage with Lord Palmerston, she had ruled the world of fashion at Almack's, when Palmerston, one of the greatest dandies of the day, was a leading spirit in that gay circle. She was clever, brilliant, and witty; and after her marriage with Lord Palmerston "her assemblies —

neutral ground where distinguished persons of all parties, whether foreign or domestic, met for social intercourse, forgetting for the moment their political differences—were a powerful aid to him as head of a Government." Mr. Disraeli in a speech at Glasgow, while alluding to it as a happy circumstance of public life in England that we do not, as a rule, permit our political opinions to interfere with our social relations, recalled, in the following words, one of his reminiscences: "If you are on the Continent, and wish to pay your respects to a minister, and go to his reception, you are invited by the minister. The consequence is that you find no one there except those that follow him. It is not so in England. I remember some years ago meeting, under the charming roof of one of the most accomplished women of the time, the most celebrated diplomatist of nearly half a century, and he said to me, 'What a wonderful system of society you have in England! I have not been on speaking terms with Lord Palmerston for three weeks, and yet here I am; but you see I am paying a visit to Lady Palmerston."*

There was much in the character of Lady Palmerston that was truly estimable and lovable; and a time was coming when Lord Ashley was to find in her a staunch and valuable friend, in whose society he would take ever-increasing delight, and whose large-hearted sympathies would bring him much comfort and satisfaction.

Few years in Lord Ashley's history closed more

* "Life of Lord Palmerston." By Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P.

happily than this. Projects that he had long had very near at heart, had taken definite shape; forces to assist in carrying them to completion were developing their strength; and, in addition to all this, a great void in his life was filled. The sense of estrangement between himself and his father had been an oppressive weight for many years, and now the burden was removed. A pleasant picture of his life at this time is given in the closing words of his Diary for 1839 :—

Dec. 25th.—Christmas Day. St. Giles's. A long-established festival for soul and body, the date and centre of domestic 'gatherings;' a day blessed by everything that is gracious in past, present, and future times. After a long period of gloomy weather, the sun shone brightly. The church was alive with holly, and thronged by a decent, well-behaved, well-dressed congregation. The sacrament was administered to about one hundred communicants (an immense proportion in so small a parish), of whom I and my father formed a part, reconciled, God be praised, and made one again after so large an interval of human life. Never have I, by God's goodness, more enjoyed the public service of our blessed church, felt more soothed and elevated, more warmed and strengthened to future efforts under His guidance and rule, and in submission to His service.

Dec. 31st. Much occupied of late in cutting down bushes and improving the garden—this is a healthy and innocent pleasure. 'God Almighty,' says Bacon, '*first* planted a garden.' So He did, and man was told 'to dress it and keep it.' This is the thing I have ever desired, and now I have my own way, for Lord S. is delighted to give it me, and is happy that I take so lively an interest in it.

CHAPTER VIII.

1840.

Announcement of the Queen's Marriage—A Magistrate—The Old Story renewed—The only Conservative Principle—Marriage of the Queen—Letter from Daniel Webster—Attempt upon the Queen's Life—Church Extension—Chimney Sweeps—Early Legislation—Various Acts for Protection of Climbing Boys—Lord Ashley takes up the Question—Mr. Stevens—Labours In and Out of the House—Law Suits as "Test" Cases—A Rescued Boy—Progress of the Factory Movement—Mr. Oastler—Appointment of a Select Committee—Children not Protected by the Factory Acts—Commission Granted to Inquire into the Employment of Children—The Syrian Question—Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha—Prospects of the Jewish People—Efforts for their Protection—Return to their Own Land—Conflict with France Anticipated—Memorandum to Lord Palmerston—The "Bear" Ellice—Thiers and Guizot—Fall of Acre—At Broadlands—Article in *Quarterly* on "Infant Labour"—Socialism and Chartism.

The Parliament of 1840 was opened by the Queen in person, and the speech from the Throne announced her intention to marry her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a step which she hoped would be "conducive to the interests of her people as well as to her own domestic happiness." Sir Robert Peel, in the course of the discussion that followed in the House of Commons, observed that her Majesty "had the singular good fortune to be able to gratify her private feelings while she performed her public duty, and to obtain the best guarantee for happiness by contracting an alliance founded on affection."

The early meeting of Parliament broke up the

period of rest and satisfaction that Lord Ashley was enjoying with his father at St. Giles's.

Jan. 6.—Although no chicken, I had never attended a Sessions before, either as a spectator or a magistrate. I was interested and instructed, and I endeavoured, by God's mercy, to do judgment and love mercy. Our residence here is drawing to a close—the early meeting of Parliament, Jan. 16, for the Queen's marriage, we suppose, will separate us very soon. It will be a Providence, and almost a wonder, if we ever come together again, perfect in our health, our happiness, and our numbers.

Jan. 9th.—Acted as a magistrate in the local meeting at Cranborne. These things are epochs in one's life, and I have run half my course before I attain this one. It is easy now to understand, by experience, how difficult it is to combine the *due* administration of justice with the love of mercy. Raise then your eyes to the counsels of Heaven, and survey but the millionth part of the outmost verge of God's attributes and operations; unsparing justice and unlimited pardon at one and the same moment.

Jan. 12th.—Sunday. The last we shall enjoy for the present in St. Giles's Church. Were we under the caprices of a blind chance, I should quit this dear place in fear and sorrow; but, praised be God, we know in whom we trust, and He will unite us again, or separate us for ever, as seemeth best to His merciful wisdom.

Jan. 23rd.—London. '*Crambe repetita*'—the old story renewed. The Carlton Club, the House of Commons, the turmoil and vicissitudes of politics, the hopes and fears of party! But politics and party *now* are not what politics and party were formerly; the struggle is between antagonist principles, and the issue is life or death to the Constitution in Church and State, under which the mercy of God has hitherto appointed us to live. I can imagine a successful resistance on our part, but I see eventual triumph for our enemies, because a mighty revolution is gradually taking place in the habits and character of thinking, among men. To oppose this is to oppose the flow of the river Amazon—steady, certain, and overwhelming. The only Conservative principle is the Protestant religion as embodied in the doctrines and framework of the Church of England.

As a nation we have rejected it, and, as individuals, we neglect it; the few, compared with the numbers of 'the great,' in this realm, who have brought oil in their lamps, will hardly form the proportion of the ten to the population of Gomorrah. I am always cast down when I estimate by comparison with others my Parliamentary capacity of doing service, '*Je manque de profondeur et de suite.*' My memory is deficient, my knowledge scanty; I have no readiness for impromptu speaking; all must be prepared, and the greater part even to the language; but nevertheless I must do my best, and commit the issue to Him in whose service I am labouring.

During the comparatively short previous Parliamentary career of Lord Ashley, the occupancy of the Throne had been marked by frequent changes. The death of King George IV. in 1830, the accession of King William IV., his decease in 1837, and the accession thereupon of Queen Victoria, are events in history to which we need not refer particularly, although, as the entries in the Diaries and note-books prove, they were matters of great personal interest to Lord Ashley. An extract, written just when the excitement attendant upon the Queen's coronation was subsiding, may be given here, as a specimen, and as a prelude to the subsequent entry in his Diary referring to her marriage:—

July 2, 1838.—It has been a wonderful period, one long and seriously to be remembered by every Englishman. An idle pageant, forsooth? As idle as the coronation of King Solomon, or the dedication of his temple. The service itself refutes the notion; so solemn, so deeply religious, so humbling, and yet so sublime! Every word of it is invaluable; throughout, the Church is everything, secular greatness nothing. She declares, in the name and by the

authority of God, and almost enforces, as a condition preliminary to her benediction, all that can make princes wise to temporal and eternal glory. Many—very many—were deeply impressed. The crowds immense; perhaps half a million of people assembled, in admiring affection and loyalty, to witness the Royal procession. Both during the day and the night such order and good-humour observed as would have done honour to a private family. Even the fair in Hyde Park has been quiet, decent, respectful, and safe. What a nation this is! What materials for happiness and power! What seeds of honour to God and service to man! May He grant to us yet to be His humble, joyous, and effective instruments for His great and gracious purposes!

Feb. 10th, 1840.—A day of events! The Queen was married. . . . I and Minny were present by invitation. A Coronation gains everything by splendour and numbers; it is a national act, and receives force and fire from national demonstrations. But a Marriage is, in its essence, private and particular; although the marriage of a Queen, it is domestic; and the interest must be drawn from the same sources as those which furnish interest to any other marriage.

March 6th.—Days fly swifter than a weaver's shuttle; we number them, and so obtain the first part of the Psalmist's prayer; but we do not apply our hearts unto wisdom, and so lose the second. For my part, I am full of schemes and no accomplishments of them, 'Never ending, still beginning'—devising undertakings, worthy of all the statesmen thrown into a mass, that ever existed, with Parliamentary and oratorical abilities diametrically opposite.

A chatty letter from Mr. Daniel Webster to Lord Ashley, written in May of this year, when the election of General Harrison as President of the United States was proceeding, and which was followed by the appointment of Mr. Webster as Secretary of State, indicates the friendly feelings existing between the great American statesman and the

English philanthropist, to which we have previously referred :—

Daniel Webster to Lord Ashley.

WASHINGTON, *May 27th*, 1840.

DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I owe you many thanks for a kind note which I received at the moment of my departure from London last autumn, and for the present of a copy of a very excellent edition of the Holy Bible. You could have given me nothing more acceptable, and I shall keep it near me, as a valued token of your regard. The older I grow, and the more I read the Holy Scriptures, the more reverence I have for them, and the more convinced I am that they are not only the best guide for the conduct of this life, but the foundation of all hope respecting a future state of existence.

We have an edition of the New Testament which I am fond of using, and of which I would send you a copy if I could lay my hand on one here. It is the common and authorised text, without being broken into verses.

I send you an account of the canals and railroads in the United States, by which you will see what progress we are making, especially in the latter kind of communication. I suppose the lines of railroad now in operation in the United States exceed, in aggregate length, by three or four times, that of all other railroads in the world. This is not wonderful, considering the extent of the country, and the cheapness and facility with which railroads are built in many parts of it.

I send you also a little annual, called the *Token*, which I have not looked over, but which I thought likely to be as good as any of these ephemeral things; and I send it because it is edited by Mr. Goodrich, the veritable *Peter Parley*, who may have been heard of in Lady Ashley's nursery.

Our Congressional documents are barren of interest just now, and I think of nothing worthy your attention. We are in the midst of a very warm political election. Our President, as you know, is chosen for four years, and a choice is to be made next November. Mr. Van Buren is candidate for re-election, and General W. H.

Harrison is the opposing candidate, and is supported by the party now called Whigs. Party denominations have changed often with us, and names do very little towards description. The Whigs are, in fact, the Conservative party. Their opponents call them Aristocrats, British Whigs, &c., &c. The other party call themselves Democrats, and their opponents call them Radicals, or Tories, or anything else opprobrious. Whig and Tory were the old party names here in the time of the Revolution, and Whigs of the present generation think it expedient to take the party denomination by which Washington and others were distinguished.

General Harrison is an elderly man, of an old family in Virginia, bred to the army, and at different times has occupied stations of considerable importance in civil life. He has not been regarded as eminent for talents, but has read a good deal, writes pretty well, is of good character, and amiable temper. His life has been spent very much in our New World, in the West, in the forest, and in the neighbourhood of the Indian tribes.

New settlers in that country build their houses of trunks of trees, and these are called 'log cabins.' Some political opponent unluckily attempted to ridicule the idea of making President one who had lived in a log cabin, and had drunk 'hard cider.' This foolish sneer has very much influenced the whole Western country. The people in that region are all alive for the 'log cabin' candidate, and will give him very great support. Representations of log cabins are everywhere, on newspapers, on handkerchiefs, on buttons, on everything. The result of the election is, of course, in some degree uncertain, but present appearances indicate strongly that General Harrison will be elected. I have known him long and well; we have always been on quite friendly terms, and I have hopes that his election may do something towards checking us in the courses in which we have recently been running.

I read the English papers with new interest since I have seen England. Among others, I take the *Times*, but the bitterness of that print towards me, and the gross ignorance of those who write for it, on American subjects, render it certainly less agreeable. It is strange that such a paper, so Conservative at home, should publish and applaud everything written here by the lowest Radicals and the followers of Fanny Wright. I cannot account for it.

Mrs. Webster is with me, and we both desire to be respectfully remembered to Lady Ashley. I read your speech on introducing your Bill with great interest. Indeed, I read all you say, and notice all you do, with interest. Present me also to Mr. Lockhart when you meet him.

I have the honour to be,

With faithful regard, yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The Diary continues:—

June 12th.—The last month, filled with horrible events, tends much to recall to our minds, the natural sinfulness of man and the uncertainty of all worldly things. Lord William Russell murdered in his bed by an unknown hand, under circumstances which superadd horror upon horror to the crime. On the 10th of this month the Queen's life attempted on Constitution Hill. By God's merciful and gracious Providence she was delivered from the danger—the same good Providence which has so long and so undeservedly watched over this Empire. What a state of things, had the King of Hanover come to the throne by such a previous vacancy of it! God grant that we may, as individuals and as a nation, lay these things seriously to heart, and give Him, in private and in public, unceasing thanks and glory! I went down to the House of Commons to propose a public thanksgiving, but was withheld by hearing a full and open recognition of God's mercy in the Address, and, moreover, I was sitting in the gangway, and, while musing what I should do, I was anticipated by that good man, Plumptre. So it has been proposed, and God be praised for it.

The attempt upon the life of the Queen was made by Edward Oxford, a pot-boy of seventeen. There was no political significance in the crime, nor, indeed, in any of the attempts on the life of her Majesty made by others in the course of a few years following. In the case of Oxford the deed was the result of a

craving for notoriety, induced by his connection with a so-called secret society named Young England, at which amateur highwaymen and assassins—young and foolish like himself—met armed with swords and loaded pistols, and with black crape caps to cover their faces. In certain quarters there was an effort to make political capital out of the affair, but it was clearly proved that there was no wide-spread disaffection.

July 1.—Last night Church Extension was launched by Sir H. Inglis—I could not speak; there was no opportunity for it. The House was in such a state that a speech, such as I must have made, would have been intolerable at 11 o'clock. Having suffered cold and clammy sweats all the forepart of the evening, I was disappointed, almost, not to answer Baines; he would have 'cut up' beautifully. There was no debate; in fact, no one of note, except Inglis, spoke at all. Though defeated by nineteen we gained a victory; the question will, under God, be carried another year, notwithstanding the lukewarmness of our friends.

My hands are too full, Jews, Chimney-sweeps, Factory Children, Education, Church Extension, &c., &c. I shall succeed, I fear, partially in all, and completely in none. Yet we must persevere; there is hope. For years I laboured in the Factory cause; some few sympathised, more ridiculed, as many resisted, and far more were indifferent; but how stands the question now? *many* confess the good that has been done, and *no one* ventures to deny it; the refuted are silent, and the mockers abashed; a path is opened to future and wide exertions; the horizon brightens with the dawn of day, and hope is displayed for the things of this world and the next.

As we turn to each fresh phase of philanthropic labour, in which the energies of Lord Ashley were successively, or, indeed, more often simultaneously, engaged, we are constantly reminded of the hard battle that always has to be fought, whenever the dictates of

humanity come into conflict with motives of self-interest. In the history of public opinion on great moral questions, it is almost universally found that a long time elapses before the conscience of a nation is distinctly awakened to any evil that exists, and in which it takes a part.

It was so in the case of Juvenile Chimney-Sweeps. For more than a hundred years, the miseries of these poor little creatures were persistently kept before the public by philanthropic individuals, and yet the iniquities of the system were not abolished. Chiefly in order that owners of property should be spared the expense of having to alter their chimneys, children were permitted to lead lives of torture and degradation.

As early as 1760, a letter appeared in the *Public Advertiser* advocating the cause of the little sweeps; and, in particular, suggesting that masters should be punished if they let their apprentices go about without proper covering. Among the readers of that letter was Jonas Hanway, a fellow-worker with Robert Raikes in founding Sunday schools. He co-operated with several London merchants and others, who, in 1773, formed a committee, and wrote letters to master chimney-sweepers appealing to their humanity on behalf of their apprentices. For a time some good was done by these letters. In 1785, Hanway published his "Sentimental History of Chimney-Sweepers in London and Westminster; Showing the necessity of putting them under regulation to prevent the grossest inhumanity to the Climbing Boys, &c.' Three years afterwards, Parliament was induced to pass an Act forbidding master chimney-sweeps to have more

than six apprentices, or to take them under eight years of age. And this was all that could be wrung from Parliament for nearly fifty years. Early in the present century we find the "Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor," taking up the subject of Climbing Boys and influencing the masters where possible. Then came the "Society for Superseding the Necessity of Climbing Boys," numbering among its supporters the Prince of Wales, Sir Thomas Baring, William Wilberforce, Stephen Lushington, and others. This Society encouraged the use of a machine to do the work hitherto performed by boys, and presented it gratuitously to poor masters.

Attempts were vainly made in 1804, 1807, 1808, and 1809 to induce Parliament to grant the little chimney-sweepers further protection. The subject was referred, in 1817, to a Select Committee, and the printed report is a record of sickening horrors. It reveals how children of a suitable size were stolen for the purpose, sold by their parents, inveigled from workhouses, or apprenticed by Poor Law Guardians, and forced up narrow chimneys by cruel blows, by pricking the soles of the feet, or by applying wisps of lighted straw. The food and lodging of these children (some of them little girls); their sores and bruises; their peculiar diseases; the occasional death of some of them from suffocation, the physical and moral ruin for life of the survivors—all this was set forth for the benefit of both Houses of Parliament, and made known to the public in a harrowing article, by Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh*

Review. The Commons passed an "Amending Bill" to improve the Act of 1788, but it was thrown out on the third reading in the House of Lords. In 1834, an Act was passed with stricter clauses for ensuring that no apprentice should be employed under ten years of age. It was also made a misdemeanour to send a child up a chimney on fire, for the purpose of extinguishing it. Hitherto, this atrocity had been of frequent occurrence. For the future, apprentices were to go on trial, and not be bound if they objected. The Act also imposed penalties for ill-treating apprentices, and made some regulations as to the size of chimneys. Flues were not, in future, to measure less than fourteen inches by nine, and all projecting angles were to be rounded off. Parliament did not see its way to prohibit entirely the occasional smothering of a child, but was desirous of making the scene of the tragedy a little more comfortable than had hitherto been the case. Even this moderate and compromising Bill was opposed by Lord Kenyon and others, on the ground of its endangering the safety of the metropolis, and the "Sun," the "Phœnix," and some other Insurance Companies petitioned against it.

A new departure was taken in 1840, when an Act was passed, punishing, with fine, all who should "compel, or knowingly allow, any one under the age of twenty-one years, to ascend or descend a chimney, or enter a flue, for the purpose of sweeping or cleaning it."* No chimney-sweeper's apprentice was to be under sixteen

* 3 & 4 Vict. cap. 85.

years of age. This Act, like the preceding one, also contained regulations as to the future construction of chimneys.

In the passage of this Bill through the House of Commons, Lord Ashley was warmly interested, and took part in the debates that ensued. On April 14th, when, in Committee of the whole House, a resolution was passed giving leave for a Bill to be brought in for the regulation of chimney-sweepers and chimneys, he expressed his gratitude to the Government for the manner in which they had taken up this measure. The House had been very kind and benevolent to the children employed in factories, he said, but, from personal inquiry into both cases, he could say that the condition of those children was tenfold better than that of the chimney-sweepers. Every Fire Insurance Company in London, except one, had adopted machines for sweeping chimneys, and recommended their adoption to others. He trusted that the system of sweeping chimneys by children would shortly pass away, for it had led to more misery and more degradation than had prevailed in any other Christian country.*

When the Bill was in Committee Lord Ashley aided the promoters by making vigilant efforts to prevent it from being spoiled by amendments. In the course of his remarks, he said that he had no notion that cruelties so barbarous could be perpetrated in any civilised country, as had been recently brought under his notice in connection with this subject.

* Hansard, Debates, 3, s. liii. 1093.

Children of seven, six, and even five years were sent on this dangerous service. It was a fact, within his own personal knowledge, that a child of four and a half years was at the present moment employed in sweeping chimneys. The practice led to extensive demoralisation, and to loathsome disease. The children were sent up naked: they often passed the night naked on the soot-heap, and the soot produced a most noxious effect upon their flesh. As regards the demoralising effect of the system, it was a fact that there were at that time twenty-three climbing boys in Newgate for various offences.

In combating a strong effort to make the age for apprentices twelve instead of sixteen, he said that even as the clause stood, it would be difficult to prevent children from being employed by chimney-sweepers at a very early age.* The Bill, after passing the Commons, was carried successfully through the Lords, in spite of a strong opposition, and a formidable attempt to shelve it, by referring it to a Select Committee, and on August 7th it received the Royal Assent.

The labours of Lord Ashley in Parliament were, as a rule, the least part of his work on behalf of any cause he espoused; and it was so in the present case. He went to see the climbing boys at their work; he confronted the masters; he ascertained the actual feeling of employers; he took legal proceedings at his own expense as "test" cases, and even made provision for life, in certain instances, for the poor little sufferers whom he was able to rescue from their living death. It would have

* *Times*, June 26, 1840, and Hansard, 3, s. lv. 108.

been impossible, however, for him to have accomplished what he did had he not been largely assisted by others, and he was never backward in acknowledging the help he received. In his efforts on behalf of the climbing boys, at this time and later on, he was greatly indebted to the aid of Mr. Stevens, the Secretary to the Hand-in-Hand Insurance Office, a large-hearted, benevolent man, who laboured unweariedly in the cause. It was he who really set on foot the present movement, and it was he who eventually brought all the Insurance Offices to see that the old system was as unnecessary as it was cruel.

July 4.—Anxious, very anxious, about my sweeps; the Conservative (!) Peers threaten a fierce opposition, and the Radical Ministers warmly support the Bill. Normanby has been manly, open, kind-hearted, and firm. As I said to him in a letter, so say I now, 'God help him with the Bill, and *God bless him for it!*' I shall have no ease or pleasure in the recess, should these poor children be despised by the Lords, and tossed to the mercy of their savage purchasers. I find that Evangelical religionists are not those on whom I can rely. The Factory Question, and every question, for what is called 'humanity,' receive as much support from the 'men of the world' as from the men who say they will have nothing to do with it!

I do not wonder at the Duke of Wellington; I have never expected from him anything of the 'soft and tender' kind—let people say what they will, *he is a hard man.* Stevens tells me he left the Oxford Petition at Apsley House, thinking that the Duke, as Chancellor, would present it; he received this answer, 'Mr. Stevens has *thought fit* to leave some petitions at Apsley House; *they will be found with the porter.*'

July 21.—Much anxiety, hard labour, many hopes, and many fears, all rendered useless by 'counting out the House.' The object of years within my grasp, and put aside in a moment. A notice to investigate the condition of all the wretched and helpless children in pin works, needle works, collieries, &c., &c. The necessary and

beneficial consequence of the Factory Question! God knows I had felt for it, and prayed for it; but the day arrived, everything seemed adverse, a morning sitting, a late period of the Session, and a wet afternoon; and, true enough, at five o'clock there were but thirty-seven members, and these mostly Radicals or Whigs. Shall I have another opportunity? The inquiry, without a statement in Parliament, will be but half the battle, nay, not so much—I must have public knowledge and public opinion working with it. Well, it is God's cause, and I commit it altogether to Him. I am, however, sadly disappointed, but how weak and short-sighted is man! This temporary failure may be the harbinger of success.

Aug. 24.—Succeeded in both my suits. I undertook them in a spirit of justice. I constituted myself, no doubt, a defender of the poor, to see that the poor and miserable had their rights; but 'I looked, and there was none to help. I wondered that there was none to uphold, therefore God's arm, it brought salvation to me, and His fury, it upheld me.' I stood to lose several hundred pounds, but I have not lost a farthing; I have advanced the cause, done individual justice, anticipated many calamities by this forced prevention, and soothed, I hope, many angry, discontented Chartist spirits by showing them that men of rank and property can, and do, care for the rights and feelings of all their brethren. Let no one ever *despair* of a good cause for want of coadjutors; let him persevere, persevere, persevere, and God will raise him up friends and assistants! I have had, and still have, Jowett and Low; they are matchless.

Sept. 16.—I hear encouraging things, both of my speech in the House of Commons, and of my suit *v.* Stocks. The manufacturers are pleased to find others denounced as well as themselves, and declare that, if they are not handled 'singly,' they have not so much repugnance to be handled 'tightly.' The justice of the suit is so manifest that even (so to speak) 'my enemies are at peace with me.' What man ever lost in the long-run by seeking God's honour?

Sept. 19.—Stevens wrote to me yesterday, and gave me information that he had at last succeeded in negotiating the delivery of the wretched sweep behind my house in London. I had begun to negotiate, but the master stood out for more money than was fair, and we determined to seek the unnatural father of the boy, and tempt him, by the offer of a gratuitous education. We have done so, and have prospered; and the child will this day be conveyed from his soot-

hole to the Union School on Norwood Hill, where, under God's blessing and especial, merciful grace, he will be trained in the knowledge, and love, and faith of our common Lord and only Saviour Jesus Christ. I entertain hopes of the boy; he is described as gentle, and of a sweet disposition; we all know he has suffered, and were eager to rescue him from his temporal and spiritual tyrant. May God, in His unbounded goodness and mercy, accept and defend the child, and train him up to His honour and service, now and for ever, through the mediation and love of our dear and blessed Lord!

The month of August was memorable for the success of Lord Ashley's labours on behalf of suffering children. Not only did he carry the day with regard to the climbing boys, but he also won the battle on behalf of the factory children. We must go back a little in the narrative, to trace the progress of the movement.

The division taken on his Resolution in the House in July, 1838, was, as we have seen, sufficiently close to force upon Government the conviction that, unless they did something themselves, he would become supreme on this question. Accordingly, on February 15, 1839, they brought forward a Factory Act Amendment Bill. It provided that no child should work in more than one factory on the same day, introduced certain safeguards as to the granting and checking of certificates of age, and required two hours' schooling each day. In the debate which followed, Lord Ashley welcomed the Bill as an improvement, so far as it went; and as a justification of his own policy in so often calling the attention of the House to the subject.* The House only got into Committee on the Bill on July 1, having been

* Hansard, 3, s. xlv. 883.

delayed and adjourned so frequently, as to call forth from Lord Ashley an indignant protest. It came out in debate, that £8,300 had been received in penalties during 1838, and that the inspectors found it impossible to keep the law from being violated. A proposal to raise the limit of age for "young persons" from eighteen to twenty-one, was defeated by 87 to 44. Lord Ashley's attempt to get silk-mills included in the operation of the Bill, was negatived by 49 to 55. He made another effort to improve the Bill, by moving a reduction of the number of hours of weekly labour for "young persons" from 69 to 58. Amongst those who opposed this proposition, was Mr. J. Pease, of Darlington, who declared that "if the hours of labour were abridged, he must, unless he submitted to torture and over-drive the children, inevitably close his manufactory." By 94 to 62 the amendment was lost.*

When the Order of the Day for the further consideration of the Factories Bill was reached, on July 26th, Lord John Russell informed the House, "that in consequence of Lord Ashley having declared his intention of opposing the Bill," if it were not extended to silk-mills, he (Lord John Russell) had determined to withdraw the measure. A greater tribute to the strength of Lord Ashley's position could not have been paid. It should be remembered that just at this time there was rather a lull in the popular agitation on the question. The Chartist movement was absorbing public interest, and although its leaders sympathised

* Hansard, 3, s. xlviii. 1067, &c.

with the Ten Hours Movement, yet, amidst the din of political agitation, and the prevalent popular discontent, the need for special social reforms was more or less lost sight of. In addition to this, Mr. Oastler, who had hitherto kept the enthusiasm alive on public platforms, was thrown into prison for debt by his former employer. He had been one of the prime movers in the agitation, and his withdrawal was a severe loss to the cause. He was detained in the Fleet Prison from August, 1838, to February, 1844, when his debt, amounting to over £3,000, was paid by public subscription.

On the 31st March, Lord Ashley's proposal for a Select Committee to inquire into the operation of the "Act for the Regulation of Mills and Factories," was agreed to without opposition.* The investigations of this Committee, over which he presided, were exceedingly comprehensive. The first six reports (914 pages) contain the evidence of witnesses. The actual report, published in 1841, testified to the improvement that had taken place in the condition of young factory-workers, and proposed various means for preventing the frequent infringements of the law.† In the Factory Act of 1844, many of these proposals were, as we shall see, adopted.

Leaving the question of the improvement of the Factory Acts temporarily in abeyance whilst the above-named Committee was engaged in its labours, Lord Ashley, on August 4th, 1840, commenced a crusade on

* Hansard, 3, s. lii. 859.

† See Parl. Papers, 1840, x., and 1841, ix.

behalf of the thousands of children and young persons to whom these Acts as yet gave no protection whatever. He moved, in the House, "That an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that her Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct an inquiry to be made into the employment of the children of the poorer classes in Mines and Collieries, and in the various branches of trade and manufacture in which numbers of children work together, not being included in the provisions of the Acts for regulating the employment of children and young persons in Mills and Factories; and to collect information as to the ages at which they are employed, the number of hours they are engaged in work, the time allowed each day for meals, and as to the actual state, condition, and treatment of such children; and as to the effects of such employment, both with regard to their morals and their bodily health." He explained his motives for introducing this fresh subject by saying:—

I have long been taunted with narrow and exclusive attention to the children in the factories alone; I have been told, in language and writing, that there were other cases fully as grievous, and not less numerous; that I was unjust and inconsiderate in my denouncement of the one, and my omission of the other. I have, however, long contemplated this effort which I am now making; I had long resolved that, so soon as I could see the factory children, as it were, safe in harbour, I would undertake a new task. The Committee of this Session on Mills and Factories, having fully substantiated the necessity, and rendered certain the amendment of the law, I am now endeavouring to obtain an inquiry into the actual circumstances and condition of another large part of our juvenile population. . . . . Now, whatever may be done or proposed in time to come, we have, I

think, a right to know the state of our juvenile population; the House has a right, the country has a right. How is it possible to address ourselves to the remedy of evils which we all feel, unless we have previously ascertained both the nature and the cause of them? The first step towards a cure is a knowledge of the disorder. We have asserted these truths in our Factory Legislation; and I have on my side the authority of all civilised nations of modern times; the practice of this House; the common-sense of the thing; and the justice of the principle.

He then proceeded to describe the unhealthy and oppressive character of the legalised slavery to which the children were subjected, in connection with employment in earthenware, porcelain, hosiery, pin and needle making, manufacture of arms, iron works and forges, iron foundries, glass trade, collieries, calico printing, tobacco manufacture, button factories, bleaching and paper mills, and various other industries.

And now (he said in conclusion) my first grand object is to bring these children within the reach of education; it will then be time enough to fight about the mode. Only let us exhibit these evils—there is wit enough, experience enough, activity enough, and principle enough in the country, to devise some remedy. I am sure that the exhibition of the peril will terrify even the most sluggish and the most reluctant, into some attempt at amendment; but I hope for far better motives. For my own part I will say, though possibly I may be charged with cant and hypocrisy, that I have been bold enough to undertake this task, because I must regard the objects of it as beings created, as ourselves, by the same Maker, redeemed by the same Saviour, and destined to the same immortality; and it is, therefore, in this spirit, and with these sentiments, which, I am sure, are participated in by all who hear me, that I now venture to entreat the countenance of this House, and the co-operation of her Majesty's Ministers, first to investigate, and ultimately to remove, these sad evils, which press so deeply and so extensively on such a large and such an interesting portion of the human race.

After a short discussion, the motion was agreed to and a Commission granted, and this was as convincing a proof as could well be given that Lord Ashley had attained a power and influence, in the House of Commons as a Social Reformer, which it would be unsafe for any Government to resist. To the report of the Commissioners, and the results that followed, we shall have to refer later on.

Aug. 3rd.—Shall I get my motion on to-morrow, or shall I not? I speak to all my friends to ensure a House. 'Oh, you are sure of a House,' they say; 'quite sure;' 'but I,' adds every one, 'am going away!' Thus it is: for a party movement you may command numbers; for one of principle, hardly your own shadow. *Twelve o'clock, night.* Successful beyond all expectations; waited in anxiety from twelve o'clock. Every ten minutes seemed to open my turn after the orders of the day, for so it was arranged for me by the Government, to whom (could I choose otherwise with no more than six friends?) I yielded everything; the House was barely kept. At three minutes before four the Black Rod summoned us to the House of Lords; had he arrived three minutes earlier or three minutes later the House would have been lost, for a division was called for, with insufficient numbers. As it was, the Government sent for fresh men; we increased our strength, and the interval of the Speaker's absence gave a novelty and a spirit on his return. Thank God a thousand times for His mercy and goodness! I spoke my case, delivered my opinions, made my motion, and was most attentively and kindly received. I do rejoice in the flattering and civil things that were said to me; nevertheless, I wind up with the prayer: 'To them be all the benefit, but to *Thee* be *all* the glory in Christ Jesus our Lord!' Of Conservatives a very small sprinkling—many, at least enough, were in London, but *three* or *four* came! Why was I left to the mercies of Whigs and Radicals? Yet so it was, and I will say always and everywhere, that the behaviour of the Government towards me was most kind and most gentlemanlike.

Towards the close of this year the "Syrian Question," regarded by the public with but little interest at

first, became, as it involved the prospect of war with France, one of the burning topics of the day.

Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, after many victories gained by his adopted son, Ibraham Pasha, over the armies of the Porte, had rendered himself virtually supreme in Syria. In 1839, a long-determined effort was made by the Sultan to subdue him, but his arms, under Ibraham Pasha, were again triumphant. Not long after this the Sultan died, and the Capitan Pasha, or Lord High Admiral of the Ottoman fleet, went over to the enemy, carrying his ships with him. The co-operation of England and the other European Powers was now sought and obtained to support the waning fortunes of Turkey. There were then, as always, many conflicting interests among the Western Powers. England's traditional policy was to preserve the Turkish Empire as a safeguard against Russia. Austria sided with England, as also did Russia herself, from motives diametrically opposite. Prussia was lukewarm in the matter, and France was jealous of any influence that England might have in Egypt.

On the 15th July, 1840, a convention was signed in London, between the Courts of Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, on the one part; and the Ottoman Porte on the other, for the pacification of the Levant. France took no part in the alliance, and for some time it was an open question whether she would not engage in actual hostility against it. M. Thiers, the Prime Minister, did not disguise his opinion, that

England was seeking a pretext to drive out Mehemet Ali, not from Syria only, but also from Egypt, in order that she might obtain possession. Louis Philippe, on the other hand, was most anxious to avoid any quarrel with England, and, on the resignation of M. Thiers, in consequence of an objection on the part of the King to certain passages inserted in the Royal Speech, of a nature likely to bring about a war, M. Guizot, who was strongly in favour of peace, became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the peace-party carried the day.

Meanwhile the terms of the July Convention were duly proposed to Mehemet Ali, and were met with a point-blank rejection on the 5th September. On the 7th of that month, Beyrout was bombarded by the allied fleet, and on the 10th an engagement took place between the allied troops and Ibraham Pasha, which terminated in the complete defeat of the latter, and his flight to the mountains. On the 3rd November Acre was bombarded and captured, and shortly afterwards Alexandria itself was blockaded.

Mehemet Ali was obliged to come to terms, and on July 18th, 1841, the "Treaty of London for the Pacification of the Levant" was signed. The claim of Mehemet Ali to Syria was abandoned, on condition of the Pashalic of Egypt being made hereditary in his family, and certain other stipulations were added which need not be specified here.

These events, apart from their own merits, were of intense interest to Lord Ashley. He had long cherished

the belief, founded upon an earnest and diligent study of the prophecies contained in Holy Scripture, that the Jews were to return to their inheritance in the Holy Land, and it appeared to him that the time was ripe for the accomplishment of those prophecies. Eventually the settlement of the Syrian Question assisted to make possible a scheme upon which his heart was set—the establishment of an Anglican Bishopric in Jerusalem.

July 24th.—It seems as though money were the only thing wanting to regenerate the world. Never was an age so fertile in good plans, or with apparently more and better men to execute them, but where are the means? Churches, missionaries, clergymen, all temporal and spiritual associations, what is required for them? Money! Why money would almost restore the Jews to the Holy Land. Certainly so far as Mehemet Ali is the arbiter of their destinies. . . .

Anxious about the hopes and prospects of the Jewish people. Everything seems ripe for their return to Palestine; 'the way of the kings of the East is prepared.' Could the five Powers of the West be induced to guarantee the security of life and possessions to the Hebrew race, they would now flow back in rapidly augmenting numbers. Then by the blessing of God I will prepare a document, fortify it by all the evidence I can accumulate, and, confiding to the wisdom and mercy of the Almighty, lay it before the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. . . .

August 1.—Dined with Palmerston. After dinner left alone with him. Propounded my scheme, which seemed to strike his fancy; he asked some questions, and readily promised to consider it. How singular is the order of Providence! Singular, that is if estimated by man's ways! Palmerston has already been chosen by God to be an instrument of good to His ancient people; to do homage, as it were, to their inheritance, and to recognise their rights without believing their destiny. And it seems he will yet do more. But though the motive be kind, it is not sound. I am forced to argue politically, financially, commercially; these considerations strike him

home; he weeps not like his Master over Jerusalem, nor prays that now, at last, she may put on her beautiful garments. . . .

August 24th.—The *Times* of 17th of August filled me with astonishment. I wish I had put down at the moment, what I felt on reading it; half satisfaction, half dismay; pleased to see my opinions and projects so far taken up and approved;—alarmed lest this premature disclosure of them should bring upon us all the charge of fanaticism. Now who could have believed, a few years ago, that this subject could have been treated in a newspaper of wide circulation, gravely, sincerely, and zealously, yet so it is; and who sees not the handwriting of God upon the wall? The very insults, misrepresentations, and persecutions of the Jews at Damascus bring forward the main question; and Mehemet Ali, 'howbeit he thinketh not so,' is a mighty instrument for the benefit of this people!

Palmerston tells me that he has already written to Lord Ponsonby, to direct him to open an intercourse with Reschid Pasha at Constantinople respecting protection and encouragement to the Jews. This is a prelude to the Antitype of the decree of Cyrus, but, humanly speaking, we must pray for more caution. Those gentlemen who have now got access to the columns of the *Times* will, by over-zeal, bring a charge of fanaticism on the whole question. O God, from whom *alone* 'cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding, be Thou our Guide, our Instructor, and our Friend.'

August 29th.—The newspapers teem with documents about the Jews. Many assail, and many defend them. I have as yet read nothing (except McCaul's treatise) which exhibits any statement either new or clever. The motion of the *Times* in this matter has stirred up an immense variety of projects and opinions; every one has a thought, and every one has an interpretation. What a chaos of schemes and disputes is on the horizon, for the time when the affairs of the Jews shall be really and fully before the world! What violence, what hatred, what combination, what discussion. What a stir of every passion and every feeling in men's hearts! Where should we be were there not 'One who stilleth the madness of the people!'

Sept. 1st.—Broadlands. We have left Cowes, and I do not regret it. The air, or some other cause, gave a perpetual languor; one had neither elasticity of body, nor liveliness of spirit. This is its

general character; but I am come to the sad conclusion that the sea does not agree with me.

Sept. 5th.—St. Giles's. 'Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand.' Once more settled here, bag and baggage, mother and kids, in the portion of my fathers, under my own vine, and under my own fig tree, and drinking waters out of my own cistern.

Sept. 16th.—Attended yesterday at Blandford to set on foot a branch association to the Society for the Extinction of the Slave trade. Having been instrumental in forming the parent,* I could not refuse, though I hate these meetings, to patronise the child. I never spoke with less effect; the audience were like so many mummies, and the platform assigned to the orator put me in mind of Jingles' stage at a fair. *Quoad* me, the thing was a failure; *quoad* the branch, it was tolerably well. Really these speeches at these meetings are so much alike and in the same style, that I long to say, 'Gentlemen and ladies, the mixture as before,' and then close it.

Sept. 25th.—Yesterday began my paper for Palmerston containing, in full, the propositions for the recall of the Jews to their ancient land. 'Recall' is too strong; it is simply a 'permission,' should they think fit to avail themselves of it. I wish to prepare a short document, which may refresh his memory, and exist as a record both of the suggestion and the character of it.

The document, read in the light of the efforts that have been made in later years by Englishmen, Americans, Germans, and Jews, in the Plain of Sharon, the Vale of Urtas, and other spots in Palestine, and the wider efforts in other parts of Syria, is interesting and curious.

* The first public meeting of the Society for the Extinction of the Slave Trade was held in Exeter Hall on June 1st in this year, presided over by Prince Albert, who then made his first public address in England. ("He was very nervous," writes the Queen in "Early Years," "before he went, and had repeated his speech to me in the morning by heart.") Mr. Fowell Buxton, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Ashley were the other principal speakers.

Lord Ashley to Viscount Palmerston.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *September 25th*, 1840.

MY LORD,—The powers of Europe having determined that they will take into their own hands the adjustment of the Syrian Question, I venture to suggest a measure, which being adopted will, I hope, promote the development of the immense fertility of all those countries that lie between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean Sea.

The consideration of the person or the authority to whom these territories may be assigned by the award of the contracting Powers is of no importance. The plan presupposes simply the existence of a recognised and competent Dominion; the establishment and execution of Laws; and a Government both willing and able to maintain internal peace.

Those vast regions are now nearly desolate; every year the produce of them become less, because the hands that should till them become fewer. As a source of revenue they are almost worthless, compared, at least, with the riches that industry might force from them. They require both labour and capital.

Capital, however, is of too sensitive a nature to flow with readiness in any country where neither property nor life can be regarded as secure; but if this indispensable assurance be first given, the avarice of man will be a sufficient motive, and it will betake itself with alacrity to any spot where a speedy or an ample return may be promised to the speculator.

An inducement such as this, is sufficient to stimulate the mercantile zeal of every money-maker under Heaven, and it would be advisable that the Power, whoever he may be, to whom these provinces may fall, should issue and perform a solemn engagement to establish, in his laws affecting property, the principles and practices of European civilisation; but, in respect of these regions now under dispute, there are, so far as a numerous, though scattered, people is concerned, other inducements and other hopes, over and above those which influence the general mass of mankind.

Without entering into the grounds of the desire and expectation entertained by the Hebrew race of their return ultimately to the land of their fathers, it may be safely asserted that they contemplate a restoration to the soil of Palestine. They believe, moreover, that the time is near at hand. Every recollection of the past, and every

prospect of the future, animates their hope; and fear alone for their persons and their estates represses their exertions. If the Governing Power of the Syrian provinces would promulgate equal laws and equal protection to Jew and Gentile, and confirm his decrees by accepting the four Powers as guarantees of his engagement, to be set forth and ratified in an article of the Treaty, the way would at once be opened, confidence would be revived, and, prevailing throughout these regions, would bring with it some of the wealth and enterprise of the world at large, and, by allaying their suspicions, call forth to the full the hidden wealth and industry of the Jewish people.

There are many reasons why more is to be anticipated from them than from any others who might settle there. They have ancient reminiscences and deep affection for the land;—it is connected in their hearts with all that is bright in times past, and with all that is bright in those which are to come; their industry and perseverance are prodigious; they subsist, and cheerfully, on the smallest pittance; they are, almost everywhere, accustomed to arbitrary rule, and being totally indifferent to political objects, confine their hopes to the enjoyment of what they can accumulate. Long ages of suffering have trained their people to habits of endurance and self-denial; they would joyfully exhibit them in the settlement and service of their ancient country.

If we consider their return in the light of a new establishment or colonisation of Palestine, we shall find it to be the cheapest and safest mode of supplying the wastes of those depopulated regions. They will return at their own expense, and with no hazard but to themselves; they will submit to the existing form of Government, having no preconceived theories to gratify, and having been almost everywhere trained in implicit obedience to autocratic rule; they will acknowledge the present appropriation of the soil in the hands of its actual possessors, being content to obtain an interest in its produce by the legitimate methods of rent or purchase. Disconnected, as they are, from all the peoples of the earth, they would appeal to no national or political sympathies for assistance in the path of wrong; and the guarantee which I propose, for insertion in the Treaty to be carried out by the personal protection of the respective Consuls and Vice-Consuls of the several nations, would be sufficient to protect them in the exercise of their right. . . . .

The plan here proposed may be recommended by the consideration

that large results are promised to the application of very small means; that no pecuniary outlay is demanded of the engaging parties; that while disappointment would bring no ill-effects, except to those who declined the offer, the benefits to be derived from it would belong impartially to the whole civilised world. . . . .

I have the honour to be, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant,

ASHLEY.

The Viscount Palmerston, M.P.,

Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

For seven or eight years of their early married life Lord and Lady Ashley had lived constantly, while in the country, with Lord and Lady Cowper, a period to which the later Journals refer as full of happiness. The London house, 49, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, is also often mentioned as "my beloved home." Here we find him on November 4th, the date of the following entry.

Nov. 4th.—London. I hope I have done right in this: I have suppressed all party considerations, and have used every effort to persuade the *Times* to take just views of the Syrian Question. I have been successful. Lord Palmerston told me this evening that the concurrence of the Tory papers had smoothed ten thousand difficulties. This is better, even for the party, than a hundred triumphs of one section over another.

Sunday, Nov. 7th.—Minny is gone to Panshanger, and I am all alone—not a bairn with me, and nothing but a housekeeper and three maids! Yet this is good for me. I now taste, by separation, more truly the blessings of God's goodness; His manifold, gracious, and paternal bounty in the gifts He has bestowed upon me of a wife and children—and such a wife and such children! But all things must sit loosely on this earth. God has given, and God may take away. I now can imagine what I should suffer if bereaved of these

dear and darling creatures. How great are the benefits we enjoy, and how poor and miserable are our thanks! . . . Read, to-day, Burton's 'Testimonies of the Ante-Nicene Fathers,' an invaluable book, full of everlasting and comfortable knowledge; and more particularly was I instructed and consoled by his comment on Acts xx. 28 (in the extracts from St. Ignatius), confirmatory of the reading, 'the Church of GOD,' which 'He purchased with His own blood.' Also Matthew Henry's comment on the first chapter of Genesis. What a mind! Whatever part of Scripture he handles he presents it, so to speak, in a new light. What so pointed and just as his remarks! what more touching and sincere than his piety! what more ingenious and yet more true than his discoveries of Christ in every page of the Bible! He alike astonishes and delights by his unanswerable application of meanings and events to men, to nations, or to things; while the whole is conveyed in language so neat, so accurate, and forcible, that, apart from the subject treated by him, it would confer a literary pleasure. . . . And now I go to my rest in peace. Would to God it were the same with all the world!

Nov. 9th.—It is really heart-stirring to read of our successes in Syria, the forward valour, the iron-steadfastness, of our countrymen; wherever they go, they impart life, and soul, and energy—one midshipman does more, than a hundred Turks, though they be all Seraskiers—every man is an army, every sailor a fleet, and yet the whole fleet acts as one sailor. Marvellous the effects of discipline acting on the vigour of British character. What materials for greatness! What elements for service! What instruments, should it so please God, for the alliance and protection of His ancient people, and for His final purposes on earth! And yet there are men who would destroy all this; our political institutions, which have made us what we are, and our Church, which, under God, has made our institutions. 'Turn then again, O Lord of Hosts, look down from Heaven, behold and visit this vine, and the place of the vineyard that Thy right hand hath planted, and the branch that Thou madest so strong for Thyself.'

Many, I understand, are angry that the *Times* upholds Palmerston's policy—they are losing, they think, an opportunity of attack—so they are, and deeply should they be obliged to us for saving them, first from the crime of openly taking part against the interests of their country; and, secondly, from the disgrace of assailing the Minister, and then doing, should they obtain office, the very thing

for which they assailed him. But I hope and believe that the *Leaders* of our party do not share these sentiments—so far, however, as I myself am concerned, I don't care a straw if they do.

Nov. 12th.—Did ever country present such a spectacle in its administration? Their differences and cabals are become notorious as the secrets of the town-crier; one-third is with Palmerston, one-third, it seems, against him, and one-third do not know which way to go. The 'Bear' Ellice,* they say (and it must have been a pure love of intrigue and mischief), urged Thiers to resist the policy of Palmerston, assuring him that the Cabinet would never meet any *real* French resistance.

England and Europe may then thank this man for all their past alarms and present expenses! Lord Holland writes to Guizot, and tells him everything. Clarendon talks to everybody, follows in the tail of Charles Greville, and throws confusion into the Cabinet, which, said Lord Minto, was very unanimous and reciprocal in confidence, till Clarendon joined it. The Duc de Broglie writes to Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Lansdowne writes to Broglie; can this be done without communication, on my Lord's part, of his misgivings, waverings, &c., &c., and all the mischievous puerilities of the English Cabinet? Palmerston and his friends in the Ministry are propped up by the *Times* and *Standard* against the other portion, which is bepraised by the *Examiner* and the *Morning Herald*. The fact is there has been a foul intrigue to displace Palmerston and get his office; the plotters designated Clarendon to the situation (did they think him more docile to themselves personally?); he, forsooth, saw the thing, and asked no questions. Meanwhile, Melbourne, the Prime Minister, suffers all this, having neither authority nor principle! A man of the slightest force of mind would have stopped it in an instant. I confess I am disgusted at the unpatriotism and pusillanimity of these fellows; they sign the Treaty of the 15th of July, they undertake to carry it out; Thiers blusters, and they crouch; Palmerston is firm, thank God, Thiers is dismissed, Guizot appointed, and our success in Syria complete. Guizot calls out, 'Give me a concession, I want to make

* This name was given to the Right Hon. Edward Ellice in allusion to Stock Exchange transactions, and with a side reference to his roughness of demeanour.

a flourish in Paris;—surrender to Mehemet Ali the Pashalic of Acre as a boon to the French people.' Instantly—although this surrender would be tantamount to a reversal of everything we have done, tantamount to an investiture on him of the whole of Palestine, and in fact, the whole of everything that is contested; although it would be a treachery to our allies, and a stultification (to say no worse) of ourselves; instantly they catch up Guizot's note (who, by-the-by, is a thorough Parisian, with Parisian feelings and Parisian views), and say, 'Give it him, you will otherwise have a revolution in France, and where should we be then?' Why, where? all would be lost, perhaps—except our honour.

Nov. 16th.—St. Giles's again. It is very curious to see me an ardent supporter of Palmerston, using every endeavour to counteract Guizot and Clarendon in their influence over the *Times*, and fighting his battles against his own friends! He is charged with having made a promise to Guizot that he would furnish him with something by way of a flourish to the French Chambers. He denies the statement, and undergoes, in consequence, the imputation of obstinacy, readiness for war, indifference to the success of the King's Administration, &c., &c. This is his statement to me—Guizot, when he first arrived, during his stay and at his departure, held one and the same language; 'so long,' said he, 'as you carry on operations by sea against the Pasha, and with Turkish troops, France cannot have any ground of remonstrance.' Just before Guizot quitted England to assume the government he called on Lord Palmerston and said, 'You see my position and difficulties, and must give me support.' Palmerston professed his great desire for peace, his anxiety for the French alliance, and his forward readiness to aid Guizot's administration by anything that he 'could do within the terms of the Treaty.' 'You must give me,' said Guizot, 'something that you would not give to Thiers.' 'I cannot,' said Palmerston, 'abate the least of what I considered necessary to the honour and interests of England, merely because one man is substituted for another; that would make our diplomacy *personal*, not *political*.' Guizot then went to Brunow,* and told him that 'he saw it was hopeless to ask any concession from Lord Palmerston!' Now is not Guizot a Frenchman as much as any one? Has he not

* The Russian Ambassador.

French notions, feelings, morals, and ambition? Is he not ready enough to prop up his Ministry by the sacrifice of our character? They tell me he is a great 'Colonist of Africa,' of Algeria, and a warm advocate for a station in the South of the Mediterranean. The fact is, all this Parisian hostility, or rather resistance (for hostile that nation will be under all circumstances to the end of time), takes its rise from the traitorous meddling and intrigues of the man called Bear Ellice. Guizot told both Brunow and Bulow that Thiers (when Minister) would never listen to him, although Ambassador, but only to Mr. Ellice, and Palmerston had similar intelligence from another quarter. He constantly and successfully incited Thiers to resist the British Cabinet, by betraying their weakness and misrepresenting their sincerity. *Hic tamen vicit.* In vain Guizot urged on Thiers that a treaty would certainly be formed and executed without him. Thiers betook himself to his counterpart, Ellice, and was deceived by him.

Dec. 8th.—Affairs have wonderfully advanced in Syria. Acre has fallen (the most impregnable City of the East) into our hands, after three hours' bombardment! On our side scarcely any loss.

Thiers now avows himself the Apostle of Revolution. His speeches contain all the principles, though they as yet avoid the language, of Danton and Marat. What a hornet it is! 'I was prepared,' said he, 'for a war in which might be shed the blood of ten generations.' And, clever as he is, he is, notwithstanding, a fool; he seeks to raise a feeling, even in England, against Palmerston, and yet he adds (*Globe*, Nov. 30), 'the views of France upon Egypt are a profound and ancient French instinct.' He affects hatred and fear of Russia; yet he instructs Walewski to urge Mehemet Ali to march to Constantinople, the very course that would bring the Russians into Turkey. Palmerston should steadily refuse to make any speeches or give any explanations; his defence would lie in extracts from the Debates of the Chamber, and the orations of M. Thiers.

After Christmas-tide we find Lord Ashley again at Broadlands, and the contagion of the genial and cheerful society of Lord and Lady Palmerston seems to have infected him, for he writes: "Here we are, a family

reunion, with the *domestic* adjuncts of two Foreign Ambassadors, two Cabinet Ministers, and two friends."

There probably was never a statesman more social in disposition, or more ready to throw himself heartily into everything that interested his friends and guests, than Lord Palmerston; and while he brought the shrewdest common-sense to bear practically upon every matter under discussion, he would brighten up every topic by his pleasant jokes, his irresistible playfulness, and his unfailing good humour. In his society Lord Ashley took ever-increasing pleasure, and the day was not far distant when he was to find in him one of his truest and staunchest allies in many of his most cherished plans.

It was at Broadlands that the final entries for the year were written in the Diary.

My article on 'Infant Labour' has appeared in this *Quarterly*. Lockhart gave me every assistance towards obtaining a place for it; he bepraised it much, but I have not heard a word from any one else.

The love of many waxeth cold;—not a newspaper will re-echo the appeal, and I have mourned like a dismal bird of the night, frightening many, and fascinating none. Such is the fruit of toil from man, but we have a sure and consolatory word to tell us that 'our labour is not in vain in the Lord.'

France is discussing a Factory Bill in her Chamber of Deputies. There is exhibited some sense and some principle—there is also the reverse; but we have gained in that country, and in the whole civilised world, this mighty admission that the evil does prevail, that it deeply and seriously affects the bodily and mental condition of large masses of the human race, and that if a *safe* remedy can be found (and 'safe' means 'inexpensive'), it should be applied.

Lord Ashley's article on "Infant Labour," published in the December number of the *Quarterly Review*, was,

to some extent, a recapitulation of the arguments he had used in his speech on the subject in the House of Commons, and was written for the purpose of keeping alive the public interest in "mercy by statute." It showed that the clamour, and the awful predictions of ruined trade and a starving population, raised when the first efforts were made some seven years previously, had failed to influence the movers, who had throughout been guided by "one great and quickening principle, comfortable and true as revelation itself (for it is deduced from it), that nothing which is morally wrong can be politically right."

The class on whose behalf legislation was now sought, exceeded in a tenfold degree the number of those who were engaged in the four great departments of industry, the cotton, the woollen, the worsted, and the flax, whose labours were regulated by the provisions of statute-law. Numerous as they were, however, many causes combined to shut them out from observation and sympathy. They were not concentrated in single spots, in large masses, and enormous buildings, but were spread over the whole country, and attracted little attention, because it was no one's interest to examine their wrongs and institute that wholesome agitation which, in the case of their brotherhood in the factories, had acted first on the feelings of the country, and, at last, on the decisions of Parliament. Notwithstanding this, it had been found that thousands upon thousands of poor children were engaged in trades, in many instances dangerous and hurtful, in which they were

employed through fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen hours of daily relentless toil. Some of the lace-mills about Nottingham were open all through the night, and the children were detained, in order to be ready when wanted. It was in evidence that they were found lying about on the floor, weary and exhausted, waiting for their turns to come. Similar cruelties were practised in other trades—in the silk manufacture, for example, little girls of tender years, of eight, of seven, and even of six, were employed in arduous labour for ten hours a day. Some of the children were so small that they had to be placed on stools before they could reach their work.

A review of continental and transatlantic legislation on Infantile Labour showed that everywhere, in Europe and America, steps were being taken to wipe out the old system of domestic slavery, and thus to follow the example which Great Britain was setting. Much, however, remained to be done in this country, and expectation was fixed upon the Report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate the claims of the children not included in the Factory Acts. Great issues were at stake. The minds of men were not as tranquil as they had been, and discontent could not be frowned down, or rebellion checked with equal facility.

In the course of his article Lord Ashley said :—

> The two great demons in morals and politics, Socialism and Chartism, are stalking through the land ; yet they are but symptoms of an universal disease, spread throughout vast masses of the people, who, so far from concurring in the *status quo*, suppose that anything

must be better than their present condition. It is useless to reply to us, as our antagonists often do, that many of the prime movers, in these conspiracies against God and good order, are men who have never suffered any of the evil to which we ascribe so mighty an influence. We know it well; but we know also that our system begets the vast and inflammable mass that lies waiting, day by day, for the spark to explode it into mischief. We cover the land with spectacles of misery; wealth is felt only by its oppressions; few, very few, remain in these trading districts to spend liberally the riches they have acquired; the successful leave the field to be ploughed afresh by new aspirants after gain, who, in turn, count their periodical profits and exact the maximum of toil for the minimum of wages. No wonder that thousands of hearts should be against a system which establishes the relations, without calling forth the mutual sympathies, of master and servant, landlord and tenant, employer and employed. We do not need to express our firm belief that there are beneficent and blessed exceptions; but generally speaking, in those districts and those departments of industry the rich and the poor are antagonist parties, each watching an opportunity to gain an advantage over the other. Sickness has no claim on the capitalist; a day's absence, however necessary, is a day's loss to the workman; nor are the numerous and frightful mutilations by neglected machinery (terminating as they do in the utter ruin of the sufferer), regarded as conferring, either in principle or practice, the smallest pretence to lasting compensation or even temporary relief. . . .

But here comes the worst of all—those vast multitudes, ignorant and excitable in themselves, and rendered still more so by oppression or neglect, are surrendered, almost without a struggle, to the experimental philosophy of infidels and democrats. When called upon to suggest our remedy of the evil, we reply by an exhibition of the cause of it; the very statement involves an argument, and contains its own answer within itself. Let your laws, we say to the Parliament, assume the proper functions of law, protect those for whom neither wealth, nor station, nor age have raised a bulwark against tyranny; but above all, open your treasury, erect churches, send forth the ministers of religion, reverse the conduct of the enemy of mankind, and sow wheat among the tares—all hopes are groundless, all legislation weak, all conservatism nonsense,

without this alpha and omega of policy; it will give content instead of bitterness, engraft obedience on rebellion, raise purity from corruption, and 'life from the dead.'

These were timely words at a period when there was universal anxiety, and when forces were gathering which threatened revolution.

"I would give anything," said Dr. Arnold, about this time, "to be able to organise a Society for drawing public attention to the state of the labouring classes throughout the kingdom. Men do not think of the fearful state in which we are living. If they could once be brought to notice and to appreciate the evil, I should not even yet despair that the remedy may be found and applied; even though it is the solution of the most difficult problem ever yet proposed to man's wisdom, and the greatest triumph over selfishness ever yet required of his virtue. A Society might give the alarm, and present the facts to the notice of the public. It was thus that Clarkson overthrew the slave-trade; and it is thus, I hope, that the system of transportation has received its death-blow."*

What Arnold, and many other good men and true, were sighing for, Lord Ashley was doing, by striking blow after blow at oppression and injustice and tyranny, the causes which had produced discontent and disaffection in the labouring classes.

* Stanley's "Life of Arnold."

CHAPTER IX.

1841.

Indifference of the Clergy—Sympathy with the Poor—Practical Christianity—Progress of Children's Employment Commission—The Second Chamber—Lord Morpeth's Registration Bill (Ireland)—Admissibility of Jews to Municipal Offices—The Duke of Wellington—Anecdotes—The Seminary of St. Sulpice—Protestantism the Great Force of Conservatism—A Dissolution Threatened—Sir Robert Peel's "No Confidence" Motion—Ascot—Oxford Commemoration—Parliament Dissolved—General Election—Speech to Electors of Dorset—Letter to Sir R. Peel—Tour of Inspection in Lancashire—A Mill-Hand at Stockport—Sir Robert Peel Offers an Appointment in Royal Household—The Offer Declined—Middle Courses Proposed—Letter to Central Short-time Committee—Offer of Appointment in Prince Albert's Household—Declined—Letter from Rev. E. Bickersteth—The New Ministry—Illness of Bickersteth—Drainage and Ventilation Bills—Letter from Colonel Napier—M. Cornelius—The Jerusalem Bishopric—Frederick William IV. of Prussia—Dr. Bunsen—Outline of his Special Mission—Progress of the Negotiations—Correspondence with the King of Prussia—The Bill for Creating the Bishopric Passes—Enthusiasm and Opposition—The Druses—Consecration of Bishop Alexander—The Episcopal Benediction—The Bishop Sails for Jaffa—Lord Ashley's Power of Reading Men—Anecdote of First Earl of Shaftesbury—The Cripple Dodds.

INDIFFERENCE to poverty and suffering, especially in those who professed to be influenced by the Christian religion, was inexplicable to Lord Ashley. He says:—

Jan. 5th, 1841.—No stir as yet in behalf of my 'Children's Employment Commission.' I cannot discern how, humanly speaking, I have ever made any progress at all. To whom should I have naturally looked for the chief aid! Why, undoubtedly, to the clergy, and especially those of the trading districts. Quite the reverse; from them I have received no support, or next to none; one or two, in their individual capacity, have given me encouragement, and wished me God speed; but, as a body, or even numerously,

though singly, they have done, are doing, and will do, nothing. And this, throughout my whole career. There are grand and blessed exceptions, thank God for them! Bickersteth is a jewel, a jewel of the first water; one of those that God will 'make up,' so we read in Malachi, at the last day. The only public act in behalf of these wretched infants was a petition signed by fifty of the clergy in the neighbourhood of Bristol, got up by the amiable exertions of the Rev. Sir Henry Montagu; and yet we have in our Church, beside prelates, sixteen thousand ordained ministers of Christ's Gospel.

The saying, "The poor ye have always with you," was literally true with Lord Ashley, and it remained true to the end of his life. Only a few examples, to show how constantly the poor were in his thoughts, are given in the quotations from the Diaries, although such entries abound throughout those volumes. The state of the weather, depression in trade, illness, bereavement, separation from children or friends—these and a hundred other things suggested to him no extraordinary cause of complaint as they affected himself personally, but they led him invariably to think how much more terrible similar circumstances must be to the poor and friendless.

Nor did his sympathy exhaust itself in merely thinking about them. During the pauses in the greater labours which absorbed so much of his time, he would devise schemes for the relief of those within his reach, and would make the help he gave a thousandfold more acceptable by the manner in which he gave it. He was never too proud to grasp the hand of a poor honest man, or take up a sickly little child in his arms, or sit in the loathsome home of a poor starving needlewoman

as she plied her needle. He never spoke down to their level, but sought to raise them up to his, and his kindly words were as helpful as his kindly deeds. The time had not yet come for that peculiar personal devotion to the welfare of the poor which distinguished his later years; that was only at this period occasional which afterwards became continual, but the principle that inspired it was the same; it was devotion to Him who had said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." To Lord Ashley, Christianity was nothing unless it was intensely practical. On one occasion, when addressing an assembly of young men and urging them to a life of usefulness, he said, "Depend upon it, whatever you think when you are young and stirring, the time will come when you will take counsel with your grey hairs, and you will bless God if your career has been one by which your fellows have been benefited, and God honoured, and if you have endeavoured, as much as lay in your power, to advance His Holy Name, and to do good to all that were within the reach of your influence. Nothing is more likely to keep you from mischief of all kinds, from mischief of action, of speculation—from every mischief that you can devise, than to be everlastingly engaged in some great practical work of good. Christianity is not a state of opinion and speculation. Christianity is essentially practical, and I will maintain this, that practical Christianity is the greatest curer of corrupt speculative Christianity. No man, depend upon it, can persist from the beginning of his life to the end

of it in a course of self-denial, in a course of generosity, in a course of virtue, in a course of piety, and in a course of prayer, unless he draws from his well-spring, unless he is drawing from the fountain of our Lord Himself. Therefore, I say to you, again and again, let your Christianity be practical."*

In the following extracts allusions to the Free Trade agitation are interwoven with the subjects in which Lord Ashley was more immediately concerned.

Jan. 7th.—Under indisposition, only, does one rightly estimate God's bounties; how assuaging, how necessary are the many comforts and attentions, which, particularly in winter, the poor cannot get! Here have I been dreadfully vexed by a cold in the throat, accompanied by a cough, hard as timber and dry as gravel, which gives me no rest day nor night! Now if I, with all the appliances that money and kindness can give, suffer so much, what must be the endurance of the destitute!

Feb. 6th.—The Commission is proceeding admirably. God be praised for it! We shall be able to include under it an inquiry into the state and treatment of the wretched milliners and mantua-makers.

Feb. 10th.—We have now sat for some days in Committee to consider the Report we shall make on the Act for regulating Mills and Factories. My success has hitherto been greater than I dared to hope for. I have the Government with me, and the mill-owners against me; this is a curious revolution of parties. The children in silk and lace mills are included in the draft report. I shall be compelled to strike them out and fight their battles another way. The mill-owners cannot beat me either in the Committee or the House; they know it, and they have made, therefore, like the thieves in Proverbs, 'one purse,' and intend to raise opposition in the House of Lords, where, alas! it is but too easy to maintain the *status quo*, whatever be its offences against truth, justice, and humanity. The benefits of the Second Chamber overbalance the evils; and I must bepraise the

* Bristol Young Men's Christian Association, Jan., 1861.

hand that destroys my hopes. The very qualities that make the Peers bulwarks against mischief render them also slow to impressions of good. They have hard common-sense; strong feelings of personal and political interest, but few sparks of generosity, and no sentiment. Well, it is here that the tyrants of silk and lace propose to obtain a Committee, and thus throw off all legislation to another year; and this they will compass, unless I can prevail on Fox Maule to divide the Bill into two; the Factory Bill for the four great departments of industry will thus go forward with all its great and important details; it will establish a precedent, elevate a model, and present a contrast. Perseverance and zeal will, by God's blessing, bring up all the rest to follow in their train. But I must have more patience and more faith.

Feb. 13th.—Ministers threaten a dissolution, which would undoubtedly be followed by a change of Government. I don't much think they will accomplish their threats; I hope not, at least just yet, for I desire, above all things, to carry my Factory Bill; and sure I am ('tell it not in Gath') that I have got more, and may get more, from the Whigs than I shall ever get from my own friends.

Feb. 18th.—Concluded our Report to-day on Mills and Factories, and presented it to the House. To God above be all the glory! Great and signal has been the support I have received under great difficulties; may He continue it in the final difficulties of its passage through Parliament. Considering the nature of the Committee, its objects and members, we have been wonderfully harmonious.

Feb. 26th.—Sadly disappointed by the tame and empty tone of Sir Robert Peel's speech on Morpeth's Registration Bill (Ireland). A fairer and fitter opportunity was never offered to any man for a bold, striking, and solemn address, based on the most sacred principles, and directed to the highest feelings; but he missed it, and allowed caution to prevail, where the heart only should have governed. I wrote to him and urged on his recollection the solemn compact of 1829, the history of the disfranchisement of the 40s. freeholders, and the increase of the rate of voting to £10. This preliminary measure was the *decus et tutamen* of the Relief Bill, the indispensable security, the accorded and witnessed price, solemnly and for ever, of our mighty concession. He quite concurred with me. I sat in a fool's paradise, expecting an indignant, though just and solemn, protest against so monstrous a breach of a compact, the more binding because unwritten, and ratified upon honour. A fervent and impassioned address, so suited

to the moment and the man, would have carried conviction; the House would have felt it, the country still more; he would have retained all that prudence requires, and yet have conciliated many distrustful supporters, and softened many asperities that the Relief Bill has left, and will leave, in the recollections of Protestants.

March 5th.—On the first of the month is dated the beginning of Mr. Poynter's engagement with me, as tutor to my boys. God grant he may he a true Gamaliel! Am I then so old that I must have a grown man to instruct my children?

Everything relating to the welfare of the Jews had a special interest for Lord Ashley, and the Bill for removing the test by which Jews were excluded from certain municipal offices was watched by him with close attention, although he took no part in the discussion. There were great anomalies in the case which called for remedy; for example, it was possible for a Jew to be high sheriff of a county, or Sheriff of London, but he could not become a mayor or alderman, or even a member of the Common Council. It was not until the end of 1847 that a Jew ever held the dignity of an alderman in the City of London. The difficulty in the way was the oath, which had to be taken "on the true faith of a Christian," and on this Lord Ashley held very strong views, to which he gave full expression later on, when the question of admitting Jews to Parliament was under discussion.

March 12th.—On Wednesday last (10th) a discussion took place in the House of Commons on the admissibility of Jews to municipal offices. Inglis opposed the second reading of the Bill, but not in prudent style, bringing all his great guns of argument, principle, and feeling to the skirmish, when he should have reserved them for the battle. He talked as though the question were their admissibility to

Parliament. No doubt there is much wisdom in the saying, '*principiis obsta*;' but we ought to adapt the quantity and quality of our resistance to the nature of the attack, otherwise we should fire a broadside on a pilot-boat, solely because it was to be followed eventually by the whole squadron. This unnecessary force recoiled on itself; none were convinced, some were amused, and others offended.

Meanwhile, arguments forestalled are arguments evaporated; *Fastidit crambe repetita:* we can devise nothing new, and what is old will have become ridiculous. I did not myself vote against the Bill, intending, as I do, to reserve all my opposition to the claim for Parliament. The distinction between the two claims is wide and palpable; in neither is there danger to the State, but in the last there is an insult to Christianity. Lord John Russell made a speech of surpassing latitudinarianism. 'Prophecy,' said he, 'was of doubtful interpretation.' 'In our legislative deliberations,' he added, 'we were to take no cognisance of the prophetic Scriptures.' 'God,' he continued, 'had no need of our co-operation to carry out His wise purposes.' Most true; but has not the Almighty been pleased to command that we shall do nothing to thwart them?

It was the privilege of Lord Ashley, as we have seen, to enjoy the personal friendship of the Duke of Wellington, and he was still a frequent visitor at Strathfieldsaye, where nothing gave him more intense pleasure than to wander in the grounds with his host and hear the old warrior fight his battles o'er again. Memoranda of conversations, written down hurriedly while the impressions were fresh in his mind, were treasured by him to the end of his life, and incidents of battle told to him by the Duke, were more often introduced into his speeches than any other form of illustration.

It is easy to understand the fascination that this intercourse would have for him. His mind was

saturated with Scripture; he looked upon life as a long, hard battle, and every evil as a foe to be met and conquered, and though the weapons of his warfare were not carnal, he saw in every incident related to him an analogy to the spiritual warfare in which the soldiers of the Cross were engaged. Thus we find him over and over again, and all through his life, relating stories such as these:—

"I remember the old Duke of Wellington talking to me one day, after our arms had conquered the greater part of the Burman Empire. The Duke said to me, 'I have been called upon to look for a good efficient frontier to our territory in India. I have got it; but I have gone upon the rule that no frontier is good for defence unless it is equally good for attack.'"

The application of the story was that Christian institutions must be aggressive as well as defensive.*

Again, when the School Boards threatened the existence of Ragged Schools, he said:—

"I little thought we should be able to present such an appearance as we do this evening. But we have acted upon the principle which the great Duke of Wellington acted upon, and of which he frequently spoke to me with great satisfaction, as having crowned his military operations with success. He said that in all the Continental armies if a point was carried the Generals considered themselves beaten. 'But I never thought myself beaten,' said he, 'so long as I could present a front to the enemy. If I was beaten at one

* Speech at Glasgow, Oct., 1874.

point I went to another, and in that way I won all my victories.'"*

On another occasion Lord Shaftesbury remarked:—

"I remember that the great Duke of Wellington said to me, in speaking of the Battle of Waterloo, 'After a defeat sustained, the greatest sorrow is a victory won.'"†

And again:—

"Many years ago, in conversation with the old Duke of Wellington, I said to him, 'Now, Duke, what is your opinion of that most distinguished officer of the Emperor Napoleon, Marshal Massena?' He thought for a moment, and said, 'I'll tell you what: I always found him in the place where I did not wish him to be.'" The application of the story was this: "I will reverse that saying," said Lord Shaftesbury, "in respect of the City missionary, and say that I always find him in the place where I wish him to be."‡

Great as was Lord Ashley's admiration of the Duke of Wellington, it is needless to say that he did not agree with him on all occasions, as the following extract from the Journal will show:—

March 16th.—We have had a marvellous and a lamentable scene in the House of Lords. Only a few days ago, when the Bishop of Exeter presented a petition against the incorporation of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, the Duke of Wellington came briskly to his support, and declared that such a project 'would be the first blow to the principles of the Reformation.' Encouraged by this language, the Bishop of Exeter moved an address in opposition to the ordinance; but, mean-

* Religious Tract Society, May, 1877.
† Ragged School Union, May, 1876.
‡ London City Mission, May, 1879.

while, the Duke had changed, and was found against him! The House of Lords, subservient as they ever are to his Grace, obeyed, of course, and by their assent to the ordinance gave the first blow, who should have given the first embrace. What says the Duke? Why, that he has since discovered that in 1821 Lord Bathurst was party to an incorporation of the Seminary of St. Nicolet, and that he cannot now, knowingly, resist the revival of that principle, which he once, unknowingly, supported. There might be a show or shadow of reason and propriety in this course, were the measure propounded, one of civil expediency; but his own declaration has taken it out of this category and placed it in the list of solemn and vital, because religious, questions. Consistency is a noble thing in a right cause, but sinfulness in error; because he struck *one* blow at the Reformation, is he therefore to strike *two?* And why not, then, a *third*, should an occasion, similar to the present, call for his legislative decision? Is precedent to be everything, principle nothing! . . . . I see and hear many indications of growing distrust in the truth and force of our Conservative principles—not a few in the House, and a vast body out of it, have but little preference for Peel over Russell, or Tories over Whigs; they look to the assertion of great principles; for these alone they make their efforts, and in them alone do they find their recompense. Only prove to them that they have no longer any hope of success, and they will view both parties with dislike, bestowing upon us a larger share of contempt. Our great force has been Protestantism. We began the re-action with it; every step of success has been founded on it; our motion will be retrograde if we abandon it, and, rapid as Niagara, if we assail it—we shall have lost all hold on the affections of the people. It is very remarkable to observe the exultation of the Government, and the depression of many of the Conservatives. Some of our most solid men have expressed to me their sad misgiving, and still more sad distrust—Kemble, Pakington, Colquhoun, and Holme Drummond. And, to be sure, it is a melancholy thing to see that those who call themselves 'leaders,' will not, and cannot, grapple with a principle. Let a difficulty arise, and they betake themselves to red-tape shifts and official dexterities. Every man feels that Peel, Graham, and Stanley are parties to the transaction. The Bishop, I think, has been most shamefully used. He did not divide, which he ought to have done, to give the few conscientious Lords an oppor-

tunity of voting; he excused himself because the Bishops (!) so earnestly requested him.

On the 3rd of May the Premier (Lord Melbourne), in the course of a debate raised by the presentation of petitions against any alterations in the Corn Laws, had expressed himself in favour of a change. In allusion to this Lord Ashley writes:—

May 4th.—There cannot be a doubt, whatever be the final issue, the Ministers are thinking of a dissolution, and apprehending compulsory retirement. Successive defeats have loosened the cement, and a vigorous blow would batter down the wall. I believe they will 'go,' as the phrase is. I know not whether I ought to wish it. To be sure, their good deeds are very hollow in principle and truth; I would not give much for the chance of virtue and excellence and human service in the face of political calculation. Horner writes me word that the Factory Bill is suspended indefinitely; the state of affairs is assigned as a plea; it may be so in some respects; but I cannot altogether be blind to the fact that the delay punishes me, and will embarrass Peel. Suspended, forsooth! and thus another year is added to the period over which wrong and violence are to reign without control! The whole of last Session and the best half of this utterly lost; all the evidence will be stale, facts without point, and cases out of date; to say nothing of other opinions and other conduct in a succeeding Government. Nevertheless, 'against hope I must believe in hope;' as I began in faith, so must I continue, regarding difficulties as so many trials, and delays as essential to maturity—'Without faith it is impossible to please Him.'

May 13th.—We are lost and bewildered in a labyrinth of speculation; every one knows the intentions of the Ministers, though, in fact, they do not know their own. I hear from Alava that the Queen takes it all very calmly, not liking it but yielding to it. . . . World busy in assigning offices to men, and men to offices.

Lord Ashley's name was freely mentioned in connection with office; and commenting on the estimates made of him by others, he fell into a strain in his Diary

to which he was becoming accustomed—a strain of self-depreciation and somewhat morbid self-analysis.

If speaking be required, ready off-hand statement or reply, there are few men not equally competent with myself. I never hear a speech without feeling that, inferior though it be, it is better than I could make. I begin to contrast the powers exhibited with my own, and I remain overwhelmed by my own deficiency. I do regret it, because I feel fully, deeply, unanswerably, that I am thus limited, very limited, in my means of carrying out the tenth part of what I conceive, and the half of what I propose, for the general welfare. It is marvellous to observe how much might be effected in these days by a man who had right notions and an effective tongue.

May 19th.—A great victory, no doubt, last night; * but will it be a fruitful one?

May 20th.—Not yet—Ministers go on!!

But the Melbourne Ministry was doomed. It would be foreign to our purpose to attempt a history of the Free Trade movement, or to show the successive stages of that great agitation, which Lord Melbourne affected to regard with contempt, and which Lord John Russell condemned; nor would it be within our scope to trace the other causes which led to the fall of the Ministry.

On the 24th of May, Sir Robert Peel gave notice of his intention to move that her "Majesty's Ministers do not sufficiently possess the confidence of the House of Commons to enable them to carry through the House measures which they deem of essential importance to the public welfare, and that their continuance in office under such circumstances is at variance with the spirit of the Constitution." The division was taken on

* Government defeated on Lord Sandon's motion against reduction of duty on foreign sugars.

the 4th of June, with the result that Sir Robert Peel's "No confidence" motion was carried by a majority of one.

May 25th.—Received yesterday a most laudatory letter, sent in the name of many Conservatives of Leeds, to request me to stand for that borough. Of course I declined it, but the honour of the offer was great, and the grounds of it still more so.

June 6th.—Trinity Sunday. Took the Sacrament as a fitting and comfortable preparation for the coming times of personal and political difficulty. I shall need, I foresee, a true judgment, with courage and ability to execute what I may decide. Counsel, wisdom and understanding, the great wants of man, in his sublunary condition, come but from one source, though many, for a while, seem to have them without asking for them. For myself, at least, I feel that I have them not by *nature*, I will therefore seek to obtain them by *grace*, and having used them for God's service, ascribe them to His bounty.

June 8th.—Windsor Castle. Arrived here last night. . . . I find we are invited for the races at Ascot. I am sorry for it, but I cannot refuse to go there. I am the Queen's guest, and I cannot think it right to put upon my Sovereign such a rebuke as would be conveyed by my declining to accompany her. I wish to avoid and discountenance races, and I do not like to add the value of my example (such as it is) to aid the maintenance of the practice—but the thing is not wrong in itself, simply in its consequences. I shall acquiesce, therefore, in this instance, and pray God it may not be productive of any mischief to the slight influence I may have in the world for carrying forward measures and designs of good to mankind.

June 9th.—It was a dull affair, and I hope harmless. It is a thing by itself—it is, in fact an annual exhibition of the Sovereign to the people, in great state and circumstance.

June 15th.—Commemoration day at Oxford; went over from Nuneham, whither I had been invited to meet the Queen; received the degree of Doctor in Laws; it was my due—so far as it is worth anything—long ago, but I did not like to refuse it now. The Prince must have seen Whiggery at a fearful discount; the undergraduates enjoyed their Saturnalia to excess, showing, however, great respect to the Prince, and unbounded loyalty to the Queen. I was received with courtesy, and nothing more; my popularity, such as it is, lies with a portion of the 'great unwashed.'

On the 22nd June, Parliament was dissolved by the Queen in person. "I entertain the hope," her Majesty said, "that the progress of public business may be facilitated, and that divisions injurious to the cause of steady policy and useful legislation may be removed by the authority of a new Parliament, which I shall direct to be summoned without delay."

June 22nd.—This day Parliament dissolved by the Queen in person. Thus do the Ministers seek to identify her with what is odious and wicked, and hide their own hoary profligacy under her young virtue.* It is a solemn day, the beginning of the end, the final issue—if beaten now, our account is settled, the sentence will clearly have been passed, and the nation must await the execution. An increase of power in the hands of these Ministers, frightened and stimulated, as they are, by the prospective loss of it, will be followed by an increase of violent, infidel, jacobinical, extirpating measures, to cut-up, root and branch, every hope, nay, possibility, of our accession to office. This is the position—to whom then do we turn? . . . In some churches a call has been made to the whole nation to 'lift up their hearts;' grave, solemn, wholesome, necessary counsel —would to God it were obeyed. . . .

We shall triumph in the elections, I verily believe. I have laboured hard for Jocelyn † at Leeds; he has been wonderfully received, I believe in great measure through my influence—this is greater than I thought it was; but as I have obtained it by the proposition and maintenance of certain measures, I must use it for the advancement of those measures. I have no right to call on the operatives, who confide in me, to support either me personally, or any party politically, unless such a course be, in my honest belief, conducive to their success in the matter they seek. I may be disappointed

* A dissolution on the cry of "Cheap bread," Lord Ashley regarded "as the most improper and most mischievous that ever entered into the mind of a statesman."

† Lord Jocelyn, son of the Earl of Roden, had married Lady Ashley's sister.

after all; but at any rate they will be in no worse condition, and we shall have made a great and legitimate experiment. I have done much in hope to conciliate the landed gentry in their behalf, and approximate the parties who have common interests, and, 'tell it not in Gath,' a common enemy, the mill-owner; he is not necessarily, but optionally so—he is the Jacobin of commerce.

It astonishes me to see what I have done. The operatives have been enabled in many places (and they were never so before) to tell their own story. This has been sufficient to baffle the Corn-Law Leaguers. I cannot but admire and love these poor fellows; they have shown an ardour, a gratitude, and a sincerity that would put to shame nine-tenths of the gentry. They promised me to give Jocelyn a good reception, and they have done so.

It was not unnatural that, in the midst of the changes that were going on in the political world, some of the operatives should feel a little anxiety whether their leader would stand steadfast, and whether his opinions on certain details in connection with the limitation of the hours of labour would remain unchanged. Mr. Mark Crabtree was appointed spokesman on behalf of the operatives of the West Riding, and, in fulfilling his mission, he added the expression of a fear lest, in the event of Sir Robert Peel forming a Ministry, Lord Ashley might accept some office which would embarrass him in these matters. To this he replied: "Without speculating on the probability of a Cabinet to be formed by Sir Robert Peel, or on the probability that I should be invited to take any subordinate station in his Government, I will never place myself in any situation where I shall not be as free as air to do everything that I may believe to be conducive to the happiness, comfort, and welfare of that portion of the working classes who

have so long and confidingly entrusted to me the care of their hopes and interests."

June 29th.—Down here (Salisbury) to aid John.* This week will be a stirring one. God in His goodness give us the victory, but may He give us grace therewith to use it aright! But all success (I speak as a man) seems to hang on the London election, and the repulse of Lord John—it is proceeding at this very hour!

July 1st.—To London and back yesterday to vote for Rous,† who, though last in the field, was first at the poll. Not so John, who was defeated to-day by 55. This is a sad disappointment, but now it is lost, let us act as though it were better for us not to have won.

July 3rd.—Dorchester. I have just heard that Jocelyn has been defeated. Thus fall my hopes and efforts. The Ten Hours Bill, if not retarded, has lost a grand means of advance. Fresh toil, fresh obstacles, fresh anxieties await me. '*Ibi effusus labor.*'

July 4th.—Sunday. The book of Ruth is a beautiful picture of agricultural life, a happy peasantry and a good landlord. There are passages in it of unrivalled sweetness and beauty, exhibiting a state of things, and a simplicity of intercourse arising from and coloured by religion, such as this country *now* can never enjoy!

July 6th.—St. Giles's Rectory. Elected this morning for the fourth time as County Member without trouble and without expense.

In his speech to the electors of the county of Dorset Lord Ashley reviewed the political history of the last ten years; the period since he first represented them in Parliament. The Corn Laws naturally furnished him with his principal subject. In the course of his remarks he said, "If the price of corn be low it will pauperise the producer; if the price of corn be high it

* The Hon. John Ashley, brother of Lord Ashley.

† Capt. Hon. Henry Rous, Member for Westminster, afterwards well known as Admiral Rous, the great authority and arbiter in all Turf matters, but always most distinguished for his integrity and honour amid somewhat doubtful surroundings.

will oppress the consumer, and thus you will have this constant and happy alternation, at one time stripping the farmer, at another time starving the people. I am anxious for the due maintenance and proper remuneration of the honest industry of this realm, and will never consent to any arrangement whatsoever, that will abate by one farthing the wages of labour either in the county of Dorset, or in the town of Manchester. . . . This leads me to that which has been held out as a great boon—the cry of 'cheap bread.' I hold that that cry is both absurd and wicked. It tells but half of the truth, and mystifies the other. Many things may be exceedingly cheap, but at the same time wholly unattainable. Let them *add* the other half of the story, low wages, and then you have the whole truth. And I beg you to recollect the budget of the itinerant philosophical Irishman, who entered a shop in one of the streets of London to inquire the price of eggs, and was informed 'two for sixpence.' He replied that in the county of Mayo, whence he had come, he could procure a dozen for the same money. 'Then why did you not stay in Mayo?' was the question then put to him. 'Arrah!' says he, 'because I could not get the sixpence to buy them with!'"

In the latter half of his speech he brought an exhaustive indictment against the Government in a series of charges, launched with tremendous vigour, and each justifying the vote of "No confidence."

July 12th.—Sat next to Peel at dinner last Saturday. What possesses that man? It was the neighbourhood of an iceberg

with a slight thaw on the surface. We have triumphed in the W. Riding! This is indeed a marvellous work, and calls loudly for our humblest and heartiest thanks.

July 13th.—Called on Oastler to-day in the Fleet Prison. I broke off from him when he became ungovernably violent, and dealt in language and advice which must have issued in fire and bloodshed.* Years have now elapsed; his fury has subsided, and his services must not be forgotten. No man has finer talents or a warmer heart; his feelings are too powerful for control, and he has often been outrageous, because he knew that his principles were just. The factory children, and all the operatives, owe him an immense debt of gratitude. It is difficult to assign him his due portion of all the service that was rendered in the beginning of this mighty question. His employer, Mr. Thornhill, has used him infamously. I had intended to call on him a few weeks ago; but, on reflection, I delayed my visit until after the elections, lest I should be suspected of an interested motive—of a desire to obtain his influence in the W. Riding. . .

The result of the General Election was a gain to the Tories greater than the most sanguine had anticipated, the lists showing 368 Tories to 292 Liberals.

July 24th.—Shortly will begin a new Administration, and God grant it may open new hopes and new principles. . . . The country has no real confidence in Peel; they have attempted this great experiment under a sense of duty, and many in a spirit of prayer; but they do not disguise from themselves the awful probability that it may not please God to render Peel an instrument of good to this nation.

They fear his love of expediency, his perpetual egoistry, his dread of an immovable principle, his delight in the praise of men. I confess they have much and sad truth on their side. I cannot see in him those great qualities which the present times peculiarly require—we need mighty virtues far more than mighty talents. He has abundance of human honesty, and not much of Divine faith; he will never do a dishonourable thing, he will be ashamed of doing a religious one; he will tolerate no jobs to win votes, he will submit

* A specimen of Mr. Oastler's letters has been given on p. 214. His speeches were far more inflammatory.

to no obloquy to please God; a well-turned phrase of compliment, and eulogy from John Russell or Macaulay, will attract him more than 'Hast thou considered my servant Job?' . . .

Wrote to him urgently and solemnly on the future conduct of his Government, and more especially on the danger of Puseyism. The more I reflect the more I thank God that I have written. For the country's sake, and for his own, I must ever feel the deepest interest in his public success and personal welfare.

July 28th.—London. Came up for a few hours from Panshanger. Her Majesty was there.

The letter referred to above was as follows:—

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

BROADSTAIRS, *July 24th*, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—I have ventured, during the last twelve months, to write to you with intimacy and confidence on two or three subjects. I shall do so once more, and only once more, because a limit must be put to such interferences; nor would I have done so now, had I not felt that immense interests were involved, in what, as it appears to me, is a right understanding of certain questions, which will shortly come before you. We have obtained, by God's blessing, a most signal victory in the elections, the issue of which will, to all human probability, be your elevation to the Government of these kingdoms. I will not presume to talk of duties and responsibilities; few men can either know them or feel them more intensely than yourself; but I will tell you the very general language of many persons among the clergy, the middle classes, and the operatives—persons who may be fairly considered to represent the opinions of a vast portion of those classes.

My habits and pursuits have, of late years, brought me much into contact with a great variety of individuals and orders, they speak to me without reserve, and treat me with the intimacy of a friend. Now this is the sum and substance of their statements to me, and almost the very form of words universally adopted: 'We have made immense efforts during the last few years to reject the present Ministers, but Sir Robert Peel and the Conservatives must not think that we have done so for him and their party—we have no more preference for them than for Lord John Russell and the

Whigs; we look to the assertion and execution of great principles, and the maintenance of great interests; should we be disappointed, we shall become as hostile as we have hitherto been friendly.'

But the Church will present more serious difficulties, and I fear more awful dangers, than any other matter of Government. There are now, within its bosom, two parties, divided against each other on principles irreconcilable, heart-stirring, and vital. The party denominated the Puseyites are strong in number, possess character and learning, but are confined chiefly to the clergy. Their opponents are the majority, but do not enjoy the advantage of being concentrated in an university; they have more piety, and less reading, but carry with them the great body of the laity. These parties regard one another with the greatest dislike and suspicion. The Puseyites consider their opponents as little better than Dissenters; the others look upon the Puseyites as inchoate Papists. You may estimate the feelings of each by the character of the opinions he holds of his antagonists. The Puseyites assert that the Evangelicals depreciate the authority of the Church and the Fathers; the Evangelicals maintain that the Puseyites prefer it to the Bible. My purpose, however, is simply to point out to you (and I do it with the most conscious sense of the perils to which the whole Church may be exposed) the consequences that must flow from the elevation, to high ecclesiastical offices, of persons distinguished for the new opinions. The Church will be shaken by violent commotions. The Low Church, as they are called, will believe, and will preach, too, that Popery is encouraged and promoted. The prodigious zeal they have manifested against the present Ministers will re-act upon you. I say not that your Government can never withstand such an onset as that, but I do say that our Establishment will be destroyed.

I will not disguise from you my own belief that many of that party are actually Romanists in creed, and will declare themselves to be such whenever conscience gets the better of Jesuistry; that they are enemies to the Reformation (God's best gift to this country) is proved by their hostility to its doctrines, and their reviling of its martyrs; that they are half-hearted to the Constitution is shown when they pervert into rebellion the Revolution of 1688, whitewashing James, and blackening King William.

Pray, during the short leisure you may enjoy before the meeting of Parliament, just look at the work I have sent you. It is

by an impartial hand, a good man, and a Bishop of the Protestant Church in the United States; a person, therefore, disconnected from our party-strifes and ecclesiastical divisions. His treatise will show you how far the Oxford Theologians have departed from the Anglican, and how closely they have approached to the Roman Church.

You are now about to be summoned to the highest and most responsible of all earthly situations. No crowned head has a tenth part of the dignity and moral power that accompany the Prime Minister of the Sovereign of these realms; it will place you at the head, if you choose to assume it, of the political and religious movements of the whole world. No statesman will ever have acceded to office with so many and so fervent prayers to the throne of grace. My firm belief is, that thousands and tens of thousands have daily poured forth the most heartfelt devotions that you might become an instrument, in the hands of Almighty God, for the advancement and glory of His Church, the welfare of this people, and of all mankind. In these days of speciousness, of peril, and of perplexity, there is nothing to guide you through the false shoals on every side of your course but a vigorous and dauntless faith which, utterly disregarding the praise of men, and having a single eye to the glory of God, shall seek none but that which comes from Him only. . . .

Though your lot be cast in times of novel difficulties and unprecedented dangers, in times to produce events which will throw all the past into a shade, they believe that, while your conflict may be tremendous, your reward will be ample. If the piety of your supporters can be of any avail (and we know from Scripture that it is), you will be sustained by the prayers of a noble company, many unknown to you and to me, and perhaps to any but God and their own hearts, who will 'wish you good luck in the name of the Lord.' And for myself, let me say that, whether you shall be destined, in God's wisdom, to success or to defeat, to power or to retirement, I shall ever desire your real honour and your real happiness, both in time and in eternity.

Believe me, &c., &c.,

ASHLEY.

P.S.—Do not answer this letter.

Having determined to watch the working of the Factory Act in all its bearings, and being especially

anxious to elicit the opinion of the operatives, and to observe the effect of the Act as regarded themselves, Lord Ashley seized the first opportunity that presented itself, and set off into Lancashire on a tour of inspection.

August 2nd.—Manchester. Came here on a factory tour to see the latest improvements (!) in machinery. Went to a meeting of operatives and talked to them; poor fellows, the times are heavy, and their position is most distressing, nor can I foresee any possibility of amendment for them; the Ten Hours Bill would come too late for all the practical purposes we once predicted; the evil unchecked has attained so fearful a height that human legislation is mere verbiage. The meeting went off very well. I expressed sympathy and friendship—it soothed their spirits, and somewhat lightened the burthen by an apparent sharing of it. The clergy here, as usual, are cowed by capital and power. I find none who 'cry aloud and spare not;' but so it is everywhere. Two more clergy, I am happy to say, in other parts, have offered me assistance, Mr. Sparks Byers and Archdeacon Wilberforce; Mr. Byers has been singularly active and friendly.

August 6th.—Leeds. Convened meetings at Bolton, Ashton, Huddersfield, and Leeds; success went on increasing, and each reception was more hearty and affectionate than the last. What a sin it is to be ignorant of the sterling value and merit of these poor men! A few words of kindness are as effectual with them as a force of fifty thousand soldiers on a French population. Never have I met with such respect and affection as on this journey. I see and feel the truth of Oastler's observation, 'they are neither infidels nor Jacobins; they love the Monarchy and they love religion.' It is most correct, though they have been denied the blessings of the one, and excluded from the benefits of the other. O God, the God of all righteousness, mercy, and love, give us all grace and strength to conceive and execute whatever may be for Thine honour and their welfare, that we may become at the last, through the merits and intercession of our common Redeemer, a great and a happy, because a wise and understanding, people.

In a speech at Leeds, Lord Ashley instanced the case of a young woman in a mill at Stockport, who had been caught by the machinery, whirled round, and dashed to the ground, with limbs broken and body mutilated. Her employers deducted eighteenpence from her wages for the unexpired portion of the week since the accident happened! In illustration of the thoroughness of the manner in which Lord Ashley worked on behalf of the operatives, the sequel to the story may be told here. He prosecuted the mill-owners, with the result that they had to pay £100 damages to the girl, and expenses on both sides, amounting to £600. The expenditure of a few shillings in the first instance, in properly boxing off the machinery, would have saved this loss to the mill-owners and the more terrible loss to the injured girl. It was thus that he impressed on the minds of the operatives the value of law, and proved to them that it was not necessarily opposed to the interests of the working classes.

August 16th.—Broadstairs. Passed a few days happily with my wife and kids. A letter from Peel in answer. He is civil and even kind, but says nothing to inspire confidence, and he dislikes Puseyites because they have abused him in the *British Critic*, not because of their political and religious opinions.

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

DRAYTON MANOR, *Aug.* 1*st*, 1841.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—You never need make the slightest apology for communicating to me, in the most frank and unreserved manner, your own opinions upon public matters, or information you may receive as to the opinions of others.

The books you mentioned have safely reached me, and they have already received some attention from me. If you will read a late article in the *British Critic*, you will find that I do not stand very high in the estimation of the Puseyites. I hope I am doing that party an injustice in supposing that they would countenance such spiteful and malevolent feelings, concealed under the thin garb of superior piety, as that article exhibits. Still, I suppose the *British Critic* is a Puseyite organ.

I have no doubt you state correctly both the extent and the bitterness of the feud which is raging in the Church. It is fit and right that men should adhere steadfastly to sincere religious opinions, and should enforce and maintain them with all the ability and strength of argument they can command; but it frequently happens that these zealous controversialists on religious matters leave, on the mind of their readers, one conviction stronger than any other, namely, that Christian Charity is consumed in their burning zeal for their own opinions. I have read some controversies of late which have made me rejoice that the parties to them have no other power over their neighbour than to abuse and defame him.

Ever most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

August 27th.—Fresh difficulties beset my path. The master-spinners have held a meeting in Manchester, and have resolved to oppose *any* Bill that I can bring in. This determines much of my course. I knew what *I* should do before; I now can guess what *Peel* will do: he will succumb to the capitalists and reject my Factory Bill. No human power, therefore, shall induce me to accept office. I am bound by every obligation, human and Divine, not to allow myself to be placed in any situation where I may not be equally, if not better, circumstanced to advance these great interests. My part is resolved. If Peel oppose me, nay, even if he does not support me, I will surrender interest and ambition to the cause; I will persevere in it, God helping me, through storm and sunshine; I will commit all to Christ, and, trusting in Him, I shall never be confounded.

An incident in connection with the appointments of the new Ministry will be read with peculiar interest,

told, as it is, in the Diary, with vivid minuteness, and with all the warmth and fervour of the moment at which it occurred.

In offering an appointment to Lord Ashley, it was evidently the desire of Sir Robert Peel to place him in some sinecure office where he would be kept quiet; and his "high morality" was made the pretext for requiring his services in the Royal Household. The Factory Question was now one of the burning questions of the day. It had materially influenced the past elections, and it was gathering around it forces which threatened to become increasingly formidable. To silence the leader of the movement, by luring him to accept an office in which it would be impossible for him to carry on a great political agitation, was a stroke of policy worth any effort. It was a grave mistake, however, to offer an inferior post. No doubt it was the intention of Sir Robert Peel, in the event of the offer being declined, to press upon him a higher and more congenial appointment; but that intention was frustrated by the reception given to his first proposal. Lord Ashley's pride was naturally wounded. He had a right to expect a more adequate appreciation of his services to his country; he could not regard the offer as other than an insult to the position he had taken in great national questions, and to the causes he represented.

Sir Robert Peel did not know the man with whom he had to deal. He was incapable of realising the high and generous motives of one who, for the sake

of the poor, and the wretched, and the oppressed, was ready to sacrifice position and emolument, and close upon himself the gates leading to political power—through which the majority of men are only too eager to pass at all hazards.

Lord Ashley, on the other hand, saw through the man with whom he had to deal; perceived the speciousness of his arguments, and the injury any compliance with them would do to the cause he had so warmly at heart, and at once resolved upon the course of action he would pursue. He determined that he would not accept any office, of any kind, under any conditions which would interfere with his perfect freedom to act in the interests of the factory operatives.

To the resolution taken on this occasion he was faithful throughout his life. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel urged him with great persistency to accept a place in the Cabinet, but he again declined. Under different Administrations, and from opposite sides, he was urged to take office; but his resolution was fixed and unalterable. "There are still 1,600,000 operatives," was his reply to Lord Derby, as late as 1866, "excluded from the benefits of the Factory Acts; until they are brought under the protection of the law, I cannot take office."

August 30th.—Peel sent for me this morning; and having put into my hands an order from the Queen to attend her at Windsor, desired my advice, 'Who shall be Lord Steward, who Lord Chamberlain? Shall I propose Lord Liverpool for the Stewardship?' . . . He then opened his budget, as I had anticipated, and proposed that I should accept an office in the Household. He re-stated his arguments of 1839. I told him the case was altered; the Court was

no longer the same, the Queen was two years older, had a child, and a husband to take care of her. I added, moreover, you misunderstand the Court; a man, however high his rank in social life, is placed according to his official position; the Queen cannot, consistently with etiquette, admit one in a subordinate station to intimacy and confidence; she would speak to me as Treasurer, only in the language of authority. . . . He asked me 'what he should say to the Queen if she proposed my name;' we agreed he should say, 'he would confer with me on the point.' I then requested two minutes, in which I expressed to him *most emphatically* all that I had put down in my entry of the 27th. I told him I had intentionally compromised myself, and that while I was ready to serve him as shoe-black for the interests of a Conservative Government, I would not abate my principles by the breadth of a hair. This was indispensable even to the discussion on taking office. He said he did not know the *present* position of the Factory Question. I told him. 'I can talk to you about it another time,' he said, and dismissed me coldly. There is not a shadow of reason for desiring me to take an appointment at the Court; the truth is that he thinks me too full of my own opinions and principles, too ready to act on my own judgment and conscience, and likely, in consequence, to be independent, and therefore troublesome in office—thus he will not appoint me to a situation of power; he can hardly replace me in the Admiralty, because I have a right to promotion: he finds, therefore, a sort of reason for putting me out of the way into the Palace. I was much struck that he did not, as in 1839, apologise to me for making such an offer, nor did he say anything about its being unworthy of me.

August 31st.—The Queen at least has said nothing about me, for Peel has returned from Windsor, and has not sent for me—thus another excuse is cut from him. . . .

This majority of ninety-one * has infused much confidence, more perhaps than will prove advantageous. In 1834, when he proffered me an office, and I begged him to think of men, who would take offence if omitted, 'my object,' said he, 'is to win the confidence of the country by my appointments; it is to persons of your character that I look.' When in 1839 I pleaded the Factory Question as a bar

* The majority against the Melbourne Ministry after three nights' debate on the Address.

to my acceptance of place, he absolutely (I now see his manner, and hear his voice) 'pooh-poohed' it as a thing as easy to be adopted by him as a breath of wind. In both these cases he had no majority, and was desirous of getting one. He is now successful, and is proportionally indifferent and frigid.

Sept. 1.—We were encouraged to propound and maintain sturdy principles in opposition, whether aggressive or defensive. We are now told 'Not to be extreme;' 'Every man must not run his own hare;' 'We must concede part of our principles to preserve the remainder,' and such-like time-serving balderdash. Peel, to be sure, has always avoided any principles at all, he has thriven on the generous 'imprudence' of his supporters. Thus it is on all sides; there are two sorts of truth, both of them convenient, according to circumstances, one for opposition, one for Government! I detest this 'public morality.' I cannot but feel indignation when I remember the cool, careless way in which Peel endeavoured to shelve me on the establishment of the Palace—not an apology, not a regret, not a civil word! He said, to gild the pill, that he wanted my advice, and then asked it on one point where, it was clear, he had already made up his mind. It would have been far more becoming, and even more kind, to have left me unnoticed altogether.

The period of suspense and anxiety was, happily, short. On the 2nd of September Lord Ashley called upon Sir Robert Peel at mid-day in compliance with his request.

Sept. 3. . . . . I did not go without hearty prayer to God for a right judgment in all things, and strength of mind to act in accordance with it; above all, that I might come to that decision which might most conduce to the glory of God and the real welfare of mankind. Saw him; he renewed his proposition, totally disregarding and treating as unworthy of mention, my difficulties on the score of the Factory Bill. He urged the Queen's desires and the Queen's wishes, &c., admitting, however, that his reception had been gracious. I re-stated the obstacles: he observed that this limitation of the hours of labour would require the deliberations of several Cabinets, as a great Ministerial measure. I told him the question was not a novel

one; it had been frequently discussed in the House of Commons during the last ten years; if further inquiry were necessary, for others, it could not be so for me; it had excited the sympathies and interests of many thousands in the country, and had, in fact, carried the West Riding, and other places, at the General Election. He was extremely urgent, seemed much distressed, talked of my unblemished reputation, &c., the necessity of having such ones about the Court. I said, 'Consider my position; I have, during ten years, enforced these principles; I have told the Government (being in strong opposition) that they did not know the rights and interests of the working classes, that they were indifferent to their welfare, and were ignorant of the wants of human nature; that the question was vital, and concerned the permanency of the social edifice; that I would never allow it to be tainted by party; that I should push it under all circumstances, whoever might be the Leader of the House of Commons, and whichever the party in power. I have spoken and acted in this spirit; and can I now, because my friends hold office, either withdraw or modify the principles I have declared to be sacred? Did I do so, I should, first, be deprived of all those requisites, moral character, &c., to which you attach so high a value, and, secondly, I should be rendered incapable of accomplishing the purpose for which alone you desire my adhesion.'

He proposed various middle courses, all of which I rejected as useless to him and injurious to myself. He thought I might take office, reserving to myself the right, as he said, 'of entering into some other arrangements without any general disturbance,' and thus resuming my power to urge the question. 'It cannot,' he observed, 'become a subject of discussion before the spring.' 'I should, by so doing,' I replied, 'convey an universal impression that you were favourable to my views; and let me observe that it would be far less injurious were I to decline office *now*, saying that your minds were undetermined—and I could not consent to shackle my free action by joining a doubtful Government—than to remain with you four months, and then declare that, on experience, I found you so hostile to the working classes, that I could not go on with you. A resignation demands stronger reasons than a non-junction. Besides, to take office in the belief that I shall vacate it in four months would be held puerile, and perhaps deceptive.' I was bound, moreover, by the words, *the calculated* words, of my letter to Crabtree,

'not to place myself in any situation where I should not be as free as air to maintain and advance the interests of this great question.' 'During the four months of interval, I must remain quiet; I could not, as a member of the Government, marshal forces, collect evidence, gather materials for an explosion in the House of Commons.' 'You could not,' he said, 'have any open agitation.' All this I urged in reply to an argument that there was a wide difference between an office in the Household and a political appointment. Goulburn then came in, and Peel desired me to discuss the question with him. I agreed to do so. . . . Peel then came back and begged me to speak to Graham, submit the matter to other men, &c., all of which I promised, because, *although I was resolved*, it seemed delicate and kind so to do. 'Mark you,' I said, 'a change of conduct would involve a total ruin of character—this, perhaps, would hurt no one but myself with reference to the individual, but it does so happen that I am, at this moment, no doubt unworthily, the representative of the whole aristocracy in respect of the operatives—should I deceive them, they will never henceforward believe that there exists a single man of station or fortune who is worthy to be trusted.' I retired, and stated the case to Henry Corry, Lincoln,* and Jowett—all declared the necessity of my alliance with the Government; Lincoln alone *hoped* that a middle course might be found, but he could not devise one. I sent for Seeley, who was very decided. I shall ever keep his letter as full and satisfactory.

Wrote a decided negative to Peel, and sent it at eight o'clock this morning with Seeley's letter.

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

Sept. 2nd, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—My answer has been somewhat delayed, because I have been anxious, very anxious, to consider all that you have proposed, and to take the opinions of calm and thinking men on the course I should pursue.

I discussed the matter with Goulburn. I did not see Graham. Goulburn suggested nothing but a middle course, which, I think,

* Afterwards Duke of Newcastle.

must be injurious to myself, and could not be beneficial to you. I submitted the case to three others, they took even a stronger view of the difficulty; and I sent for a fourth, a man of the best judgment and fullest experience I know,* who can speak, better than any one, to the sentiments of the Clergy and the Middle Classes. I have enclosed his letter; perhaps you will be kind enough to read it.

I have already occupied so much of your time by statements of the obstacles which lie between me and my acceptance of office, that it is neither necessary nor becoming to trouble you further. I would cheerfully make any *personal* sacrifice, if, by so doing, I could contribute, however slightly, to the welfare of your Government. A surrender, or an abatement, or even a suspension of the principles I have so long and so obstinately asserted, would, first, deprive me of all those requisites to which you are kind enough to attach so high a value; and, secondly, render me wholly incapable of accomplishing the purpose you have in view when you desire my adhesion.

I am sure that, for both parties, the open and immediate course is by far the best. I have experienced a degree of pain I know not that I ever felt before, in venturing to express a decided negative;—it takes from me all the pleasure, and much of the hope, I have in public life; but there was no choice, and I can only wish and pray that a matter of such conscientious difference on both sides, may be ultimately overruled and permanently and happily adjusted.

Very truly yours,

ASHLEY.

Notwithstanding this decided negative, Sir Robert Peel, within a few hours, again sent for Lord Ashley, desiring his presence in Whitehall.

Went there, dreading a revival of the conflict and all the distressing circumstances of our late interview—had been miserable for hours and continued so—I was somewhat angry too, recollecting how urgent he had been to overpower my conscience by entreaty, and determined, if that were renewed, to cut the matter short. Told me he had heard again from the Queen, who desired to know whether I were to be about the Court; I repeated my objections;

* Mr. Seeley.

urged that I could have no object in public life but to obtain a good Conservative Government. . . . . We were silent for a few minutes. I then said, 'You will some day see and confess the service I have been able to render; the country has resisted all agitation on the Corn Laws; I had agents in Lancashire and Yorkshire before the elections, and during the elections there was the greatest tranquillity; depend upon it I had a material influence over the return of the West Riding, and I know that I have conciliated thousands of hearts to our blessed Constitution.' 'Oh! this I fully and freely admit,' was the reply. 'Well, then,' he continued, 'I still hope some means may be found for bringing us together, and that at no distant period, when we come to look into matters, and examine individual cases (I hardly understood the expression), we may find a way.' I fully concurred, having concluded that he meant to investigate the question with a strong bias to concede it. Be it so—much, I fear, of the grace and popularity will be gone. He then rose and said, 'I suppose I must convey a negative to the Queen;' 'A solemn principle,' I answered, 'and a deep feeling of conscience, stand between me and my acceptance of office.' He was very kind in his manner, and, having shaken my hand very warmly, 'I have never,' he said, 'in the whole of my public life, experienced half so much pain as in your refusal of office;' he then left me.

I forgot to mention that on the second day, towards the close of the interview, Peel said, 'If I believed you preferred *civil* office, I should, of course, make arrangements to that end.' This was very well after I had declared an objection in principle to the acceptance of office at all.

Now it is clear that he wanted my *name*, and *nothing* but my name. Had he desired anything else he would never have pressed on me a department in which I could exhibit nothing good but my legs in white shorts; every day of such tenure throwing me more and more out of the way of political occupation. So long as he thought I was persuadable he stuck to the Treasurership; when he saw I was obstinate he purchased a little power of flourish, by appearing to propose what, it was evident, I could not accept.

I have been fourteen years in Parliament, twice in office; in both cases I have won, thank God, esteem and honour; I have taken part in many debates, I have proposed great questions, I have been mixed up with the most important undertakings of the day, and

been prominent in all; vast numbers are good enough to have confidence in my principles and character; no one questions the great services I have rendered to the Conservative cause, and all this was to be henceforward employed in ordering dinners and carrying a white wand!! The thing was a plain, cruel, unnecessary insult. Here is an additional proof. When I urged, in the first interview, the needlessness of my appointment, the Queen being now in the position of a matron, 'Yes, but,' said he, 'it would be desirable to exhibit a '*high morality;*' 'still,' he continued, 'we should display a *contrast* to the bad appointments of the late Administration at Court.' Now, what has taken place? I was to be cajoled and persuaded to sacrifice my public honesty, and lower myself by taking an inferior place, on the ground that my morality was necessary to please the country and facilitate his Government! He had already, I now hear, offered the situation of Vice-Chamberlain to Lord . . . . . (the hero of Madame Grisi), who had remarked himself, 'thank God my character is *too bad* for a Household place!!' *Morality*, therefore, was not the reason for putting me at Court. . . . . .

I hear now that I was discussed for a variety of offices, Secretaryship for Ireland, &c., but Peel thought me 'impracticable,' which means, in other words, that I had an opinion and principles of my own.

This is a melancholy issue with which to begin a Government after ten years of Opposition—we break down in a day the favour and popularity we have been slowly accumulating during many years, and it can never be fully and freely recovered. Should Peel concede the question (a bold hypothesis), the honour will come to *me alone*, and not, as I desire, to Conservative rule and Conservative principle. My exertions must be directed now to retain and increase the influence I possess, in the hope that I may be enabled to transfer it all, under happier circumstances, to the cause of paternal and constitutional government. . . . Thus the decisive step is taken, and I have chosen that course which will exclude me, perhaps for ever, from a share in the official government of this kingdom. I foresaw and forechose this issue. But a man is not his own; he must do his duty and give his whole self to whatsoever it may please God to assign him. There are paths of profit and honour; there are paths of 'no gain' and humility—that one alone must be followed where God is 'a

light and a lantern unto our feet.' In this spirit I addressed the operatives before the dissolution, knowing that, while I warmed and encouraged their hearts, and stirred them up to support the Conservative candidates (especially in the West Riding), I was shutting the door of power against my own entrance. In this spirit I made my tour in the Factory districts, and have exhibited thereby the moral impossibility of a retreat from my opinions. I shall reap the fruit of this decision. All who have any respect for principle will approve my conduct; and I shall be still able to bring to the aid of the Conservative party, all the weight and influence (perhaps greatly increased) that I ever possessed. Alas, how men in general treat great principles as means, and not as ends. They regard my Factory Question as the road to notoriety and influence, but the *accomplishment* of the mighty moral and social benefits it involves, can wait for 'a more convenient season.' Perish such time-serving!

The step that Lord Ashley had taken met with the highest praise from those who were most interested in his career. Commendations came in from all quarters, and he says, "My pen would blush were I to detail the lofty, glowing, grateful praises I have received." Among many who wrote to him was the Rev. E. Bickersteth, a man for whom he had the highest admiration, and to whose approval he attached much importance.

The Rev. E. Bickersteth to Lord Ashley.

Many thanks, my dear Lord Ashley, for your most welcome lines. How rejoiced I am that God enabled you to show the Prime Minister of England there is something more valuable than all this world's power and honour. You will see great good, I am sure, from this truly Christian course, compensating all personal or domestic sacrifices. You have my heartiest prayers, and I am sure God is opening before you a path like Wilberforce's, full of permanent blessedness to yourself and the country. Would to God all the pious members of the House of Commons would rally round

you, generally support the Administration, but, on religious and moral questions, be decided for God and His truth. This salt would preserve us. . . .

With much deepened esteem and affection, believe me,

Most truly yours,

E. BICKERSTETH.

Sept. 6th.—Wrote on Saturday to Crabtree and Turner, stating the case for the information of the Operatives. I must do all that I can, *and have a right to do*, to mitigate the unpopularity. We must uphold the Conservative Government, for, although it be not good, another would be terrible.

Lord Ashley's letter to Mr. Crabtree, the Secretary of the Yorkshire Central Short-time Committee, was as follows :—

LONDON, *Sept.* 4, 1841.

MR. CRABTREE,—In answer to your inquiry, on behalf of the Operatives of the West Riding of Yorkshire, I have to reply that an office was tendered to me by Sir Robert Peel. Having, however, ascertained from him that his opinions on the Factory Question were not matured, and that he required further time for deliberation, I declined the acceptance of any place, under circumstances which would impede, or even limit, my full and free action in the advancement of that measure which I consider to be vital both to the welfare of the working classes and the real interests of the country.

In taking this course, however, I neither express nor feel despair. It will be your duty and mine, not only to persevere, but to redouble our efforts; and I will still entertain a hope that Her Majesty's advisers, after an investigation conducted with sympathy and candour, will, under God's good Providence, give to us all an answer of happiness and peace.

I remain,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

ASHLEY.

Mr. MARK CRABTREE, *Bradford, Yorkshire.*

In commenting upon this letter, Mr. Philip Grant, in his "History of Factory Legislation," says:—"The sacrifice thus made can only be appreciated by those who best understood the pecuniary position of this noble-minded man. He had at that time a large and increasing family, with an income not equal to many of our merchants' and bankers' servants, and a position, as the future representative of an ancient and aristocratic family, to maintain. By this step, political power, patronage, social ties, family comforts, nay, everything that was calculated to forward the ease and comfort of himself, and in some degree of his family, were laid down at the feet of the Factory children of these districts, and freely given up for the sake of the sacred cause of which he had become the leader."

Sept. 7th.—Peel again desired to see me. It was to urge the acceptance of an office in Prince Albert's Household. I declined it, as involving the same principle as the other, yet without touching the question whether I would take any 'Household appointment' at all. Prince Albert had offered it himself as a middle-term.

Sept. 9.—Another interview with Peel. Albert desired a Peer for his Household, but to 'secure such a man as Lord Ashley' (these are his words) 'he would willingly take a Commoner.' I felt the whole force of his kind expressions, but stuck to my decision. Peel admitted that in principle all these appointments were the same.

Sept. 11.—Broadlands. Arrived here yesterday by railway, very inconvenient to come, but I could not refuse, lest a thought should cross Palmerston's mind that, *had he still been in office*, I should eagerly have visited him for the news and gossip, or the Jewish business. My letter to the Operatives has been very successful. It has had in Bradford a soothing effect, it has abated the fall without saving Peel's popularity — he never will be a popular Minister. The Ministry is now complete. On a revision of my course, I feel more and more assured that I have been led to a

right judgment. I feel a real solid peace and internal satisfaction. God be praised, the good I *have* rendered to the Conservative cause must be measured by the evil I *should have* done had I abandoned my professions. The good I have done to the Factory cause will be found in its final and more speedy success, at least, so it seems, for all bepraise me, some admire me; much sympathy and a little co-operation are manifested; the question has become 'inconvenient,' and inconvenience must be got rid of with a louder, readier effort than all the abominations, in fact and principle, which do not stand 'between the wind and their nobility.' Graham writes to Lady de Grey that 'something' must be done; and Hardinge asserts the same to me; be it so; that something shall be the whole measure or nothing at all. I want not office. I will run, by God's help, the course I have begun, steering clear between right-hand defections and left-hand fallings off. My finances are low, very low, but I and mine have yet, blessed be His name, the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil.

The Peel Ministry was apparently strong, and came into power with every hopeful prospect. It included Lord Lyndhurst as Lord Chancellor; Lord Wharncliffe, President of the Council; Sir James Graham, Home Secretary; Lord Aberdeen at the Foreign Office; Lord Stanley, Colonial Secretary. The Duke of Wellington was Leader in the House of Lords, without office.

Sept. 17. . . . A request from Peel in a most complimentary letter, to insert my name in the Ecclesiastical Commission. This, of course, I accede to, as it brings no salary and no official restraint.

After these episodes we find Lord Ashley again in the midst of the work nearest his heart.

Sept. 27th.—What a perambulation have I taken to-day in company with Dr. Southwood Smith! What scenes of filth, discomfort, disease! What scenes of moral and mental ill! Perambulated many parts of Whitechapel and Bethnal Green, to see, with my own

eyes, the suffering and degradation which unwholesome residences inflict on the poorer classes. No pen nor paint-brush could describe the thing as it is. One whiff of Cowyard, Blue Anchor, or Baker's Court, outweighs ten pages of letterpress.

And yet the remedial Bills for ventilation, drainage, and future construction of the houses of the poor, brought in carefully and anxiously by the late Government, are not to be adopted by *this*! so I was informed this evening, and I blessed God that I formed no part of it.

Sept. 28th.—Windsor Castle. The Queen, very kind and amiable. Evelyn and Maurice with us—Sir R. and Lady Peel, Lincoln, Lord Aberdeen, and St. Aulaire. . .

Oct. 5th.—Sat to-day, for the first time, on the Ecclesiastical Commission. I see clearly I shall not like it. . . . I have just heard from Jowett that Bickersteth has undergone a slight seizure of something akin to paralysis—may God in His goodness be pleased to spare and restore this 'master in Israel.' I know nothing that would give me greater pain, scarcely anything that I should consider a heavier loss to myself as a friend, to evangelical religion, and the Jews, than his incapacity or removal—the prayers of individuals and of the Church should be offered up for him. Nevertheless, if it be the will of our All-wise and All-good Father to put out so great a light, we must submit in faith, and be thankful that we have possessed him so long.

Oct. 7th.—In yesterday's *Chronicle*, Normanby appears as having stated in the House of Lords that he should consign the drainage and ventilation Bills to me as 'an independent member.' Received a letter from him this morning to say that he had presumed to do so on the strength of my interest in them, the Government being unwilling to adopt the measures. I replied that 'I would readily undertake both labour and anxiety for so good a cause, and that I was, moreover, bound to oblige him in return for his kindness in the Chimney Sweepers' Bill, and the Infant Commission.' Had a sad and shocking walk yesterday in Bethnal Green. What are we made of in this world! A very little trouble, and a very little money, would place thousands in health and comfort.

Oct. 9th.—Found a new ally in the Factory cause. The author of the 'History of the Peninsular War,' Colonel Napier, has addressed to me some 'observations.' I am happy to record the alliance of another

clergyman—the Rev. Henry Christmas called on me to offer the free use of the *Church of England Magazine*;—he expressed great sympathy and interest. God be praised, I need every help. The Duke of Buckingham friendly to the utmost extent.

Colonel Napier to Lord Ashley.

BATH, *Oct. 9th*, 1841.

MY LORD,—I had not desired Mr. Boone to send your Lordship one of my pamphlets on the Corn Laws, nor was I aware that he had done so until I received your letter.

Not having the honour of your acquaintance, I should not have presumed to force upon your attention, privately, my opinions or compliments, but I felt bound, as a public man, to express my profound esteem for the only politician known to me who looked upon the working classes and their sufferings with the feelings of a man, and as something to be attended to without reference to their value as a subject of partisan politics. I do not mean to say that I know of no other public man who does not feel for them, but you are the only one who has made that generous feeling paramount, and rendered your party views and personal ambition subservient to your benevolence.

I feel very much obliged to you for your speech and for the narrative of William Dodd. I am not much in the habit of reading these accounts of the horrors of the factory system; I know they must be great from reasoning, and I have seen them also, and hence, having made up my mind as to the facts, I have endeavoured to avoid the contemplation of them in detail, lest they should drive me into extravagance of thought and language.

I am not, from ill-health and the cares of a very large family, able to throw myself, as I could wish, into this struggle for a redress of these direful ills; but I will, as far as I can, be always ready to aid your Lordship with my whole ability, in your efforts in such a cause as that of ameliorating the condition of the working classes of England, and your Lordship may rest assured that you will by your efforts do more than any other public man has done, or is likely to do, in preventing the convulsion which must inevitably result from unendurable sufferings uncared for and unattended to.

I remain, my Lord, with the utmost esteem,

Your obedient servant,

W. NAPIER.

Oct. 12th.—I am much amused by Peel's reception of M. Cornelius, the great German artist—all, I fear, is calculation; the fuss is calculated, the dinner, the extravagant admiration, the assemblage of foreign ministers; thus it is—he has chosen to rest his fame on such men and things, and seeks the golden opinions that flow from them. No doubt genius should be honoured, and by every human display that can foster and gratify it; but so should genuine worth, although not showy. I should like to know what kind of reception insignificant merit would experience—this is his infirmity; the praise of men!

The year 1841 was memorable for an event which excited an intense enthusiasm among all sections of religious society throughout the country, and will always remain a subject of interest, inasmuch as it "brought to a test the principles which determined the action of each of the several schools of thought in the country"—namely, the establishment of an Anglican Bishopric in Jerusalem.

By the Treaty of July 13th, 1841,* signed in London, Palestine was declared to be entirely and solely under the suzerainty of Turkey, and this circumstance directed the attention of Christians in Europe to their fellow-Christians in the Land of Promise, especially at Jerusalem. No one felt a keener interest in the situation than Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, the brother of the present German Emperor. From childhood he had cherished the idea of ameliorating the condition of Christians in the Holy Land, and the fact of public concern in the question having been aroused, so soon after his accession to the throne, on the 7th June, 1840, seemed to him to be a "special providence." He

* See page 309.

determined, therefore, to take advantage of the terms of the Treaty, to procure for the Evangelical Churches, for all future time, the same legal recognition in Turkey which the Greek and Latin Churches had long previously enjoyed. His design was to endeavour to raise the position of Christians in the East, and otherwise to benefit the Holy Land. This idea, he felt, was "capable of general extension, not merely as a Prussian, but as a German question; and again, not merely as a German, but a general Protestant question, when viewed in its connection with the entire Protestant Church."

It was believed that as the most important political rights were connected with such recognition of independent ecclesiastical existence, enormous benefits would accrue, "particularly as, independently of the increased impulse arising from scientific research and ecclesiastical interest, the growing intercourse of the nations would neccessarily, for the future, lead thither Protestant Christians in greater number than hitherto, and possibly, on account of the political rights acquired, give rise there to colonies of importance."

Having decided in his own mind that Jerusalem—the historical centre of Judaism and Christianity—was the place to exhibit the true unity and Catholicity of the Church of Christ, varying no doubt in form, but of one common origin, the first steps of the King were directed to ascertain what establishments were in existence there, in order that he might associate his scheme with one of them.

Two influential societies of the Church of England

were already doing good work in Jerusalem, namely, the Church Missionary Society, and the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. The latter Society had begun its labours in Palestine as early as 1820, and had carried them on with considerable success. During the Egyptian rule, which was favourable to European undertakings, they had acquired a valuable site on Mount Zion for the erection of a church, and on February 10, 1840, the foundation-stone was laid.

Here was the desired opportunity for the co-operation of the King, who sent, forthwith, for the Chevalier Bunsen, one of his Privy Councillors, then in Berne, and requested him to proceed at once to England as a Special Envoy to inquire—

"In how far the English National Church, already in possession of a parsonage on Mount Zion, and having commenced there the building of a church, would be inclined to accord to the Evangelical Church of Prussia a sisterly position in the Holy Land."

The instructions given to the Envoy Extraordinary on this special mission were clear and emphatic. His inquiries were to be made by means of a conference with the Archbishop of Canterbury, as Primate of All England (at that time the amiable Dr. Howley), and with the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield), as the immediate heads of the several congregations of the Church of England in foreign parts; and he was to state that his Majesty, "in the first place, sets out with the conviction that Protestant Christianity can entertain no hope of enjoying full and permanent recognition in

the East, and especially in the Holy Land, or of reaping any blessed and lasting fruits from its labours or its diffusion, unless it exhibits itself to the utmost possible extent as a united body in those countries. Above all, it should be remembered that, in that quarter, both the Government and the people have been accustomed, in all ages, to see those who acknowledge themselves to be co-religionists, appear and act together in spiritual affairs as one body, subject to uniform discipline and forms. This is the character in which Judaism—this is the character in which the corporations of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches, exhibit themselves to the people of the East. If, therefore, by the side of these, Protestant Christendom were to come forward and insist upon being recognised under all its separate denominations, the Episcopal-Anglican, Scotch-Presbyterian, United-Evangelical,* Lutheran, Reformed, Baptist, Wesleyan, Independent, and such-like, the Turkish Government would undoubtedly hesitate to grant such a recognition; an act which comprehends the grant of the highest political privileges to the heads of all such recognised corporations. . . . . But his Majesty's conviction that, in the present case, the Protestant Church must exhibit itself as *one in unity of faith*, essentially rests upon higher grounds. The present state of Ottoman affairs, especially with reference to the part which England and Prussia take in them, has, for the first time, afforded an opportunity for Protestant Christendom to

* The Church in Prussia is called "Die Evangelische Unirte Kirche."

insist upon occupying a position in the original seat of its faith and in the Holy Land, by the side of the primitive Churches of the East, and in the presence of the Roman Church; and to claim that position as a branch of the Universal Church of Christ, having the same origin and equal privileges, with intent to ensure the unfettered diffusion of the 'glad tidings' on the one hand, and on the other, to secure freedom of confession and equality of protection to the believers in the truths of the Gospel. The present moment forms an important era in history; according to the value set upon, and the advantage taken of it, or to the disregard and neglect of it, will be the judgment which History, and the sentence which God Himself, will pass upon the Protestant Church. His Majesty feels assured that it is a debt which that Church owes to itself and to its Great Head, to show forth at such an hour, and on such a stage, not the grievousness of its disunion and divisions, but rather the bright example of unity in faith and harmony of action." *

In the event of these confidential negotiations being thus far favourably received, it was deemed by his Majesty that the first condition and step towards the proposed unity of action would be the institution by the Church of England of a Bishopric at Jerusalem, to include all Protestant Churches in the Holy Land within its pale, so far as they should be disposed to accept the inclusion. To this end he was willing to devote,

* Quoted in "The Protestant Bishopric in Jerusalem: Its Origin and Progress," by B. Wertheim, London, 1847, p. 41.

out of his own purse, the sum of £15,000 towards the endowment of such Bishopric, the annual interest of that sum, amounting to £600, to be paid yearly in advance, till the capital sum—together with that which should be raised by public subscription for the purpose of completing the Bishop's annual income of £1,200—could be advantageously invested in land situated in Palestine. It was proposed that the Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland at Jerusalem should be nominated alternately by the Crowns of England and Prussia, the Archbishop of Canterbury having the absolute right of veto with respect to those nominated by the Prussian Crown. The Bishop should be subject to the Archbishop of Canterbury as his Metropolitan; his spiritual jurisdiction should extend over the English clergy and congregations in Palestine, and, for the present, in the rest of Syria, Chaldea, Egypt, and Abyssinia, such jurisdiction being exercised, as nearly as might be, according to the laws, canons, and customs of the Church of England. Germans intended for the charge of Protestant congregations were to be ordained according to the ritual of the English Church, and to sign the Articles of that Church; and, in order that they might not be disqualified by the laws of Germany from officiating to German congregations, they were, before they received ordination, to exhibit to the Bishop a certificate of their having subscribed, before some competent authority, the Confession of Augsburg.

Chevalier Bunsen, the Special Envoy selected for

this important and delicate mission, was probably the very best man that could, under any circumstances, have been found for the task. He was a man "so thoroughly friendly and genial, so ready to meet people of all kinds on their own ground, so little affecting dignified reserve, so free from the airs of diplomacy," that he at once gained the hearts of those with whom he came in contact. He was a man of vast learning, and had been for some time Prussian Minister in Rome, in succession to Niebuhr, whose private secretary he had been, and whose friendship he had enjoyed. Subsequently he was accredited to the Swiss Confederacy, from whence he was recalled to undertake this special mission. In the year 1834, as we have seen, Lord Ashley, who was one of the prime movers in the negotiations for the establishment of the Bishopric in Jerusalem —made the acquaintance of Bunsen in Rome, and formed a very high estimate of the excellence of his character.

Bunsen arrived in London on the 19th of June, and, from this time forth, the entries in the Journal of Lord Ashley are largely occupied with matters relating to his mission. A few of them, for convenience, are grouped together here.

June 24th.—My friend Bunsen has just called, and has brought me a most honourable and gratifying message from the King of Prussia. May the blessing of God's saints of old, of David, and of Hezekiah, be on him and his for ever! But all things are now wonderful. The mission of Bunsen is a wonder; God grant that its issue may be a wonder!

July 12th.—The negotiations on the part of his Prussian Majesty with the English Cabinet and the English Church proceed well. I have arranged a meeting between Peel and Bunsen. Now, has Peel a heart like Solomon's—'large as the sands of the sea'? If he has, here is matter, political and religious, enough to fill it—a combination of Protestant thrones, bound by temporal interests and eternal principles, to plant under the banner of the Cross, God's people on the mountains of Jerusalem! These things are too hard for me. I have undertaken more than I can discharge, nay, even more than I can express.

The designation of Dr. Alexander, a Hebrew convert to the Christian faith, to the Bishopric gave unqualified satisfaction to Lord Ashley. Although in his Journal there is no reference to the selection of Dr. Alexander, and many gaps occur which cause him to express regret that there has been no opportunity to record continuously the stirring incidents of the times, we find under the date of July 19 that Chevalier Bunsen recorded in *his* Diary:—"This is a great day. I am just returned from Lord Palmerston. The principle is admitted, and orders are to be transmitted accordingly to Lord Ponsonby at Constantinople to demand the acknowledgment required. The successor of St. James will embark in October. He is by race an Israelite; born a Prussian in Breslau; in confession belonging to the Church of England; ripened (by hard work) in Ireland; twenty years Professor of Hebrew and Arabic in England (in what is now King's College). So the beginning is made, please God, for the restoration of Israel. When I read, with the warm-hearted, clear-headed Lord Ashley, the translation of the Minute, he exclaimed,

'Since the days of David, no king has ever spoken such words!' It was his fortunate idea that directed the choice of the future Bishop."

Aug. 16th.—Two or three days ago wrote to that unequalled Sovereign, the King of Prussia. Bunsen told me it would be acceptable to him, and I rejoiced in the opportunity of venting my feelings of gratitude and admiration. I must honour him still more as an especial instrument of God's surprising wisdom and mercy.

The following is the letter which was sent to the Chevalier Bunsen to be forwarded:—

Lord Ashley to King Frederick William of Prussia.

ENGLAND, *August 12th*, 1841.

SIRE,—The freedom I have taken in addressing your Majesty will, I feel assured, be forgiven, when I call to your Majesty's recollection not only the solemn subject of the negotiations lately propounded to the Government of my country, but also the many and gracious expressions that your Majesty has condescended to transmit to me through the channel of my invaluable friend, and your Majesty's faithful subject, the Chevalier Bunsen.

Having learned from the Chevalier that I might so far presume on your Majesty's kindness, I could not deny myself the extreme pleasure of laying before your Majesty my most respectful and affectionate thanks for the noble and unparalleled part that, as a Christian and Protestant Monarch, you have begun, under the blessing of Almighty God, to sustain in the history of His Church and people. It would hardly be becoming in me, Sire, to occupy your Majesty with arguments or encomiums; I may, nevertheless, be permitted to say that the sentiments and actions of your Majesty impart no small consolation to many in England, inspiring us with a grateful belief that God, in whose hand are the hearts of kings, has raised you up, in His wisdom and goodness, to comprehend and to advance the real happiness of mankind.

Your Majesty, I am told, is feelingly alive to the sympathy

and reverence of those who are placed in a more humble station; you may be assured that they will be most amply bestowed by all classes in this country; for we love monarchy, and we love religion; but we almost adore them when found together in the same person.

That God, in His infinite mercy, may pour down on your Majesty all the blessings which He has promised to those who love and cherish His people Israel; that you may prosper on your throne, and in your closet; that His service may be your delight, and His favour your reward; and that, finally, you may enter into the inheritance of our Divine and common Redeemer, shall ever be the devout prayer of,

Sire, your Majesty's most respectful and
affectionate friend and servant,

ASHLEY.

His Majesty Frederick William, King of Prussia.

The Chevalier Bunsen to Lord Ashley.

15, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, *August 13th*, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—You have indeed written as I desired you to do, from heart to heart. I never read a letter with greater delight. I am moved to tears when I see how a Christian of a foreign country, and a future Peer of this realm, writes with so much warm and Christian affection to my beloved Sovereign, who, besides, is my most generous and indulgent friend, the only one who, in the critical moment of my life, stood by me! How wonderful that the great-grandson of Anthony, Earl of Shaftesbury, the friend of Voltaire, should write *thus* to the great-grandson of Frederic the Great, the admirer of both!

I therefore thank you, my dear friend, *in every respect*, for your excellent and precious letter. It will do the King's heart good, as it did mine, to see it. It goes in two hours straight to Berlin, and the King will have it next Tuesday.

Lord Ponsonby has written he will NOT demand the *Firman* for the Church at first. He says he is sure of a refusal: 'Let them

build the church, and if they stop them, I shall ask leave to repair it.' Lord Palmerston thinks he is right; probably he is, but only because the Christian Powers have not at the right time declared (which at once *must* be done) that they will no longer submit to that insulting law, 'Christian churches cannot be permitted to be built, but only repaired.'

The consecration *cannot* take place at St. Paul's (the Archbishop has no place there), but *it might* at Westminster Abbey, where the Queen has authority. I say that is still better! the moment will never come back! We all agree, the ceremony must take place before Parliament separates. Dr. MacCaul is to preach the Consecration sermon, says London. Alexander is ready to go at once. His state of mind is truly edifying. Next Tuesday I hope to be able to write you more! God bless you!

If Lady Ashley does not hate me for having so abruptly torn you from her side three times, she is the kindest of ladies! But I am sure she is, and therefore I am sure of my pardon.

Ever yours most devotedly,

BUNSEN.

Aug. 16th.—I must find time to record all that I have done; and it is wonderful how much God's grace and favour have called me to perform in the Church affairs of Palestine and the Bishopric of Jerusalem.

Sept. 7th.—To Addington with Bunsen.

Sept. 8th.—Bunsen and I and the Archbishop sat together in the library for two hours talking of the Jews. The dear old man is full of zeal and piety for the cause. On the evening of the 7th Bunsen gave me a letter from the King of Prussia.

King Frederick William of Prussia to Lord Ashley.

MILORD, habitué à suivre avec attention les nobles entreprises, dictées par un esprit vraiment évangélique, qui se font en Angleterre dans le but de vivifier et de propager la foi Chrétienne, j'ai dû être édifié surtout du zèle avec lequel vous aussi, Milord, vous vous êtes voué à une aussi sainte cause. La lettre que vous m'avez adressée à ce sujet m'a fait éprouver une vive satisfaction: elle m'a donné la conviction que mes efforts pour coopérer en esprit et en vérité, ainsi

qu'il appartient à tout Prince Chrétien, au salut de l'Église de Dieu, notre Sauveur, ont trouvé en vous, Milord, comme dans tous ceux de vos concitoyens qu'un même sentiment religieux unit à nous, de justes appréciateurs. J'en rends grâces au Tout-Puissant, et en vous recommandant, Milord, et vos pieux travaux à sa sainte et digne garde, je suis avec une estime toute particulière,

Votre bien affectionné,

FRÉDÉRIC GUILLAUME.

Berlin, *ce* 29 *août*, 1841.

Sept. 23rd.—The Bill for creating the Bishopric of Jerusalem passed last night! May the blessing of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, be with it now and for ever! I wish I had put down in detail the whole progress of this wonderful measure, of all I have said, felt, and done in it; but time has failed me for half of the things I would perform or write. All that I can say is that, under God's especial blessing, *pars magna fui.*

Sept. 28th. . . . A long letter from Bickersteth narrating the prodigious sensation the Jewish Question is creating in Liverpool. Twenty-four sermons on *one* Sunday in our behalf!

Oct. 12.—The Archbishop confesses that without the Jewish Society he cannot proceed, and that the question is deeply rooted in the heart of England. He is right, and I bless God. This incarnation of love for God's people is the truest Conservative principle, and will save the country. Peel, too, feels it, for he hastened to assure me that no obstacles should stand in the way of the consecration of a Bishop. I had written to him at Windsor, anticipating Aberdeen's hostility, and stating that 'the unprecedented assistance rendered to our cause by Palmerston would form a most pernicious contrast with the opposition of a Conservative Government:' Even Aberdeen has relaxed, and is, so Bunsen tells me, less unfavourable. Would he have been so if I had not written and exhibited the strong feeling of the country, and the consequences of obstruction? Really it is wonderful to trace the finger of God: let us call it the 'leading' of Providence in all this affair. Had Bunsen arrived a month later, we should not now, humanly speaking, have reached even the point of stating the case. Palmerston went forward with the zeal of an

apostle ('howbeit, I fear, he thinketh not so'), did in three weeks what at another time, or, as it seems, under any influence but mine, he would not have listened to in twelve months, fanned the weak embers of willing but timid spirit in the Bishops, and made that to be necessary and irrevocable which his successors would have thought the attribute of a maniac, even in imagination.

But oh, the monstrosities of Puseyism! The Bishop of London is beset, and half brow-beaten by the clamorous and uncatholic race. He showed Bunsen to-day a letter from Dr. Pusey beginning, 'It is now for the first time that the Church of England holds communication with those that are *without the Church!*' This is the holy, Christian, Catholic way in which he speaks of all the congregations of Protestant Germany. Towards the end he adds: 'The Church of England will thus be declared protectress of all Protestant communions.' What can be so dreadful?

The Puseyite object is this, 'to effect a reconciliation with Rome;' ours, with Protestantism; they wish to exalt Apostolical Succession so high as to make it paramount to all moral purity and all doctrinal truth; we to respect it so as to shift it from Abiathar to Zadok. . . .

Events in the East, especially in Syria, tended in various ways to confirm the impression, which was borne into the heart of Lord Ashley, the King of Prussia, and the principal leaders of the movement, that a "special providence" was opening the way for an extraordinary evangelisation of the peoples. The Druses—"warders on the mount of the world's secret, since the birth of time"*—a fanatical sect worshipping a prophet of their own, and sworn to keep their system of religion a secret from every other sect, and to persecute all who differed from them—had echoed that ancient cry, "Come over and help us!"

* Robert Browning.

The Druses have sought 'religious protection' at our hands; teachers, and schoolmasters. Again was I consulted by Palmerston; I advised the instant mission, not of letters, but of living men, to make the promise. He did so; have since heard from Nicolayson, who was sent, that they received it joyfully. Aberdeen, I fear, very shy of it. . . .

Oct. 16th.—Dined yesterday at Richmond with Bunsen to celebrate the King of Prussia's birthday; a happy and a stirring meeting, only eleven present; but there was much feeling of loyalty, affection, reverence, and hope. I proposed his health. May he revive, among us Gentiles, the glory and the faith of David and of Hezekiah! Gladstone, McCaul, and my brother William were present.

News arrived that the Sultan had given leave to build the church at Jerusalem, though the permission was to be *unavowed*, and the erection unostentatious. Again God be praised! The Bishop of London has sent Farmer to the Druses; the patriarch of Antioch has solicited aid against Popery. Where would the Sultan's permission have been without Palmerston's vigour in consequence of my repeated and earnest representations? He promised decision, and he executed it. 'I wrote to Lord Ponsonby,' said he, 'and desired him to put not one shoulder, but both shoulders, to the wheel.'

Gladstone stripped himself of a part of his Puseyite garments, spoke like a pious man, rejoiced in the Bishopric of Jerusalem, and proposed the health of Alexander. This is delightful; for he is a good man, and a clever man, and an industrious man.

Oct. 22nd.—Saw Peel to-day by request—never wish to have another interview. He was an exaggeration and caricature of his habitual coldness; wished to know how far he would conform to the promises of his predecessors, and give the Druses the means of instruction they asked for. It was manifest he disliked the whole thing, and fully shared the opinions and feelings (if feelings they can be called) of his friend Aberdeen. He was afraid of exciting the French, disbelieved the religious stir in the East, thought it might be ascribed to English agency, thought we might appear as making 'a crusade against the Roman Catholics'—of all people! wanted to know how much the Druses could contribute, and many other unworthy excuses to get out of a difficulty. I urged the

propriety of imitating the late Government in their conduct towards the Ashantee princes, and educate a young Druse, who was to be sent over. He admitted that no one had a right to complain of our educating a Druse, and, though most reluctant, said he should speak to Aberdeen.

I then proposed my main and most dear object, the grant of a steamboat by the Government to carry out the Bishop to Jaffa. . . . He talked of provoking the Ottoman Porte—'Why,' I replied, 'owing to the prodigious assistance of Palmerston, and the vigorous instructions he sent out, we have carried everything, the Porte has made every concession.' He talked of doing things quietly. I had no objection to that, but added that this Government had given us nothing. 'I don't see,' said he pettishly, 'why, if we are not to be called upon to give money, we should be called on to give a steamboat.' 'I will tell you why,' I replied. 'A foreign potentate has contributed half the endowment of an English bishopric, the British public has contributed the other half; there prevails the deepest, most intense interest I ever knew in the country, and *all* we ask of *our own* Government is the loan of a steamboat to carry out the Bishop.' I added that 'Lord Haddington was favourable, and only required the orders of a superior department.' He said he would speak to Aberdeen.

Thus ended a short interview, equally unpleasant and odious, I should think, to both parties.

Oct. 25th.—Wonderfully surprised—received yesterday a short note from Peel, stating that 'orders would be given for an Admiralty steamboat to carry out the Bishop to Syria!' Had I not been almost accustomed, so to speak, to God's mercies, I should have disbelieved it. 'Surely the Isles shall wait for thee and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from afar and thy daughters from the ends of the earth.'

Oct. 26th.—Very glad to have heard that many of the very High-Church are warmly in favour of the Hebrew Bishopric, Archdeacons Samuel Wilberforce and Manning. Palmer, too, of Worcester, supposed to be among the most violent, spoke to Bunsen in terms of the greatest delight.

Nov. 12th.—Returned to St. Giles's. Glad of an hour to record, if possible, what I have seen and felt during my short visit for the purpose of attending the consecration of Mr. Alexander. Went up

on the 7th with Moore*—full of anxiety lest the Queen should be taken ill on the very day, and so cause the absence of the Archbishop, but, God be praised, there was no impediment, and all went well. Service most deeply impressive; solemn, and touching in itself, but made especially so by the style and manner of the Archbishop, who seemed to rise infinitely above himself; instead of the frail, half-timid being he generally is, he stood erect, and strong, with a powerful and stirring voice. Indeed, the Bishop of London told me that he had never known the Archbishop so animated as he had been on this subject during the last few weeks. The whole thing was wonderful, and to those who have long laboured and prayed in the Jewish cause, nearly overwhelming to see a native Hebrew appointed, under God, by the English Church to revive the Episcopate of St. James, and carry back to the Holy City the truths and blessings we Gentiles had received from it.

The first official act of the Jewish Church was performed on the 18th November, when the new Bishop preached a sermon and gave "the first episcopal benediction that had fallen from Hebrew lips for seventeen hundred years"—that is to say, the first since Jude, the last of the sons of Abraham mentioned by Eusebius, occupied the Episcopal See in the Holy City.

Nov. 18th. . . . This was, indeed, 'a night to be much observed of the Lord.' I rejoice I had proposed this service in committee, and Alexander assented to our resolution. The chapel at Bethnal Green was thronged, the congregation were touchingly devout, visibly affected by the event and the thanksgiving. The music went to one's very soul. The beautiful voices of the Hebrew children, singing as they were praises to the Messiah, seemed like the song of the redeemed in heaven. 'Many kings and prophets have desired to see the things that we see, and have not seen them, and to hear the things that we hear, and have not heard them.' How is it that we have

* Rev. Robert Moore, Rector of Wimborne St. Giles's.

attained this result? We have many enemies, some of them the antipodes of each other. Pusey is at one end; Baptist Noel at the other, both followed by their several sections, doing us what mischief they can. It is evident that not a little of the hostility, and not a little of the hesitation, arise from a feeling which those who entertain it will scarcely admit even to themselves. They cannot stomach the notion of a *Jew* elevated to the Episcopate. Christianity has modified, without uprooting, their antipathies; they remember that Moses says 'they shall be a byeword,' and forget that Paul declares them yet 'beloved for the Fathers' sakes.' But no wonder. This Bishopric strikes at many things, at Popery, at Puseyism, at over Church, at no Church; all writhe under it. The order of Providence now seems to demand that in proportion as we have abased the Jew, so shall we be compelled to abase ourselves. His future dignity shall be commensurate with his past degradation. Be it so; I can rejoice in Zion for a capital, in Jerusalem for a church, and in a Hebrew for a king. Writing at this distance of time (13th), I have lost the vividness of my impressions—hurry and ceaseless occupation prevented an earlier record—yet for days I felt, without power of describing it, that the heart is oftentimes alone, and that 'a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy.'

Two days after the Consecration of Bishop Alexander, Lord Ashley sent his portrait to Chevalier Bunsen, and a book (a collection of prayers out of the writings of English Fathers) inscribed with these characteristic words:—"Nov. 9, 1841. To my dear friend Bunsen, the worthy minister of the best and greatest of the kings of this world, as a memorial of our solemn, anxious, and by God's goodness, successful labours, which, under His grace, we have sustained for the consolidation of Protestant truth, the welfare of Israel, and the extension of the Kingdom of our blessed Lord.—ASHLEY. 'We took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends.'"

Nov. 15th.—Lets and hindrances great and small beset us yet; it will be a happy moment when the Bishop leaves the shores of this country; a happier, when he reaches the shores of Syria; the happiest, when he shall say, for the first time, unto the cities of Judah, 'Behold your God.' Delays, difficulties, &c., from the Admiralty respecting the vessel.

Nov. 20th.—A voice, too, of mischief from the East, though this was some days ago. The Porte has recalled its full and ratified permission to erect a church, thanks to our French and Russian allies. Ponsonby, for once, was vigorous in the cause, and resented the insult by a bold and threatening letter to the Sultan. Even Aberdeen seemed, so says Bunsen, to be touched by the monstrosity of this proceeding. Sir Stratford Canning is gone out, thank God, in a high sentiment for the Cause, politically and even religiously. Peel wrote to say that the Druse Prince was arrived, and would be sent to Cambridge at the public expense! Thus, by God's blessing, I persuaded one Government to *make*, and another to *fulfil* the promise.

My four blessed boys, Antony, Francis, Maurice, and Evelyn, brought me to-day some money for the Bishopric at Jerusalem. They offered most willingly, nay joyfully, and, wonderful to say, the little ones did it without a word on my part; I had spoken to the elder boys, who cheerfully acquiesced; the little ones, hearing from them, burned to do likewise.

Nov. 26th.—Two days ago received from Bunsen the most extraordinary intelligence. He waited on Prince Albert (thank God I had obtained the interview), when the Prince, after showing him the future heir to the throne, announced that 'the Queen was extremely desirous that the King of Prussia should be godfather to the Royal child, and should, if possible, be present in person to hold him at the font of baptism.' Where are we? What will happen next? There is no end to God's goodness. On my knees immediately to give Him thanks. Such an event, at any time, satisfactory; now, clearly providential; the union of the Anglican and German Churches, followed by the most intimate friendship of the two great Protestant Powers; the open avowal of the Royal attachment to the principles of the Reformation; the testimony of respect from our own Sovereign to that pious King; the happy sympathy that it will beget between the two nations; the manifest advantage to the peace of

Europe, the cause of true civilisation, and the diffusion of the Gospel; all this over a combined effort for the welfare of God's ancient people, cannot but fill the heart of every thinking man with gratitude and joy. But the King must come. Wrote most emphatically to Bunsen—he must come. He would lose half of what he might accomplish for Europe, for himself, for Christianity, and for the world. We must build a new and large ward for the Puseyites in Bedlam!

Nov. 29th.—Yesterday, the first Sunday in Advent; to-day, the Bishop of Jerusalem sets out on his journey, the 'one who telleth good tidings to Zion.' Surely the coincidence is striking, I felt it so when the Collect was read.

In order that he might become thoroughly acquainted with the thoughts and habits, the wants and wishes, of those on whose behalf he was labouring, Lord Ashley gathered round him from the rank and file of his *clientèle*, a few persons from whom he could derive reliable information. "I should like to know all," he was wont to say, "but, as this is impossible, I make friends with a few."

It was a remarkable characteristic, this power of attaching men to himself, and exerting so strong an influence over them that they in turn were able to influence the large bodies they represented. But for their aid it would have been utterly impossible for him to have carried on his ever-increasing labours. As each succeeding enterprise developed, Lord Ashley's first step always was to fix upon some man, or perhaps some group of men, in whose judgment and zeal he could repose perfect confidence, and then set them to work.

One of the most surprising things in connection with the almost innumerable societies and institutions of which he was the head, was that so few of them were "mistakes." He would not espouse the cause of any society until he had fully satisfied himself that its work was thoroughly sound in every respect; nor would he attach any new worker to himself until he had made the most minute inquiries with regard to him. He had in a singular degree the power of reading men's motives, and he was very rarely deceived in those whom he selected to be his helpers.*

It is probably no exaggeration to say that the demands upon the judgment and penetration of Lord Ashley were greater than upon those of any man of his generation, and it is safe to add that few men were less rarely deceived. The cripple Dodd, to whom he

* Perhaps he derived this gift from his great ancestor the first Earl, of whom John Locke says:—"I never knew any one penetrate so quickly into men's breasts, and, from a small opening, survey that dark cabinet as he would. He would understand men's true errand as soon as they had opened their mouths and begun their story, in appearance to another purpose." He instances a remarkable case. Shaftesbury and Sir Richard Onslow dined by invitation with Sir John Denham, an elderly widower, who before dinner told them that he wished to take their advice upon a subject of deep import to his happiness, namely, whether he should, or should not, marry his housekeeper, for whom he had long entertained affection and esteem. Sir Richard Onslow was beginning a strong protest, when, looking their host steadfastly in the face, Shaftesbury asked, "Are you not married to her already?" And he confessed that he was. "Well, then," said Shaftesbury, "there is nothing left but to send for her to join us at dinner." On their leaving the house, Sir Richard Onslow asked what put him on the scent. "The man and the manner," he replied, "gave me a suspicion that, having done a foolish thing, he was desirous to cure himself with the authority of our advice. I thought it good to be sure before you went any further, and you see what came of it."

frequently refers in his Journals, was one of the "working element" with whom Lord Ashley was in frequent communication at this time.

Dec. 3rd.—Every day brings fresh stories of suffering and oppression from the factory districts. My poor cripple Dodd is a jewel, his talent and skill are unequalled; he sends me invaluable evidence. But then 'mine eyes do fail with tears . . . for the destruction (I should say sin) of the daughter of my people;' it takes from me all enjoyment, present and prospective; if such things reach my ears, how many lie hidden, aye, and will do so until 'the earth shall disclose her blood.' God give us faith and strength, and *some* success. *Entire* success, no man may or can attain, it is reserved for the Great Undoer of every heavy burthen!

Dec. 21st.—Broadlands. Minny unwell; came here yesterday to comfort her. God be praised she is better. I would rather be with her at the Saint,* when 'my children are about me;' but her dear-smiling face makes everything shine. Factory and Drainage concerns occupy my time and fill me with correspondence.

Dec. 23rd.—I have no time for reading and writing, for replenishing my armoury, or exercising my guns. Dodd's letters infuse both information and terror. 'I increase knowledge, and increase sorrow.' Nevertheless, I have put my hand to the plough, and, God being my helper, I will not look back. And now I am involved in the Puseyite controversy. I did not seek it; but the occasion seemed to call for an avowal of sentiment; and, not hesitating to believe, I did not fear to speak. Letters of congratulation and gratitude without number have reached me; I rejoice in it for purposes of future good. . . . But I have disturbed a hornet's nest; They buzz about me in furious rage. The Press, especially the *Morning Post*, sweats with vituperation. But no matter, 'In *Thee* have I trusted, let me never be confounded.'

Dec. 25th.—Christmas Day. St. Giles's. My sweet Minny absent. Took the sacrament; peace, hope, and spiritual joy by God's blessed grace. It is an august and holy day. Oh! that I could, for a few hours, forget the turmoil and anxieties of the world! Many communicants;

* St. Giles's House.

the proportion to the population, immense—clean, simple, and devout; not only shopkeepers and farmers, but many of the working classes —really a beautiful sight, it is a true specimen of a rural vicarage, a pastoral cure, a shepherd and his flock. May God in His goodness, cherish this primitive simplicity! Yet it has not been quite the same Christmas Day without a vacancy. Minny was away, who should always share the communion with me. I left her ill at Broadlands to spend the day here in the midst of the ancient families of the House, and be with my elder boys, who must not be quite alone, especially at this festival.

CHAPTER X.

1842.

Tractarianism—Oxford Professorship of Poetry—Letter to Mr. Roundell Palmer—Rev. Isaac Williams and Rev. James Garbett—Letters from Hon. William Cowper, Rev. E. Bickersteth, and "Charlotte Elizabeth"—A Suggested Compromise—Correspondence with Rev. Dr. Pusey and Rev. John Keble—Letter from Archdeacon Wilberforce—Result of the Contest—A Rebuke—The King of Prussia in England—Address of the Jews' Society—Correspondence with Sir Robert Peel—His Hostility to Factory Bill—Announcement to Short-time Committees—Principle in Government and Opposition—A Socialist Ally—Bishop Alexander's Entry into Jerusalem—Election Committees—Report on Mines and Collieries—Public Indignation Aroused—Terrible Disclosures—The System Exposed—A Great Speech—Richard Cobden and the Philanthropists—Cobden Alters his Estimate of Lord Ashley's Character—Lord Palmerston's Support—Letter from Prince Albert—No Peer to take Charge of Bill—Victory—Trade Depression and Riots—Tour through Manufacturing Districts—The Duchess of Beaufort and Sir Robert Peel—China and Afghanistan.

THE end of 1841 and the beginning of 1842 found Lord Ashley engaged in warm discussion with the leading members of the Tractarian party. On the 15th of March, 1841, the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Houses held a meeting at Oxford to pass censure on No. 90 of "Tracts for the Times," in these words, "That modes of interpretation, such as are suggested in the said tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object, and are inconsistent with the due observance

of the statutes of the University." On the following day Dr. John Henry Newman declared himself to be the author of the tract.

Although the centre of the Tractarian movement was the University of Oxford, the whole country was shaken by it; every section of the Christian Church, and almost every leader of thought in the nation, felt its influence. Arrayed on either side were the great masters of argument. The principal leaders of the Oxford School were the "seraphic Keble," supported by Richard Froude—who died early in the fight—Dr. Pusey, and John Henry Newman. Their claim was that Rome had not fulfilled her high mission; that the real Catholic Church was the Church of England; that the Successors of the Apostles were to be found in her; and their efforts were directed to rouse the Church to what they considered to be her true mission. "There is something greater than the Established Church," wrote Dr. Newman, "and that is the Church Catholic and Apostolic set up from the beginning, of which she is but the local presence and the organ."

The causes which lay at the root of the movement were numerous and strong. It was a crisis in the history of religious thought. Rationalism, imported from Germany, was making rapid advances; the Church of England having been in a dull, cold, and apathetic state, was now threatened with assault from the Reform Party in respect of her rights and property; and the leading motive at the outset was to revive and invigorate her.

What were some of the results of this movement are only too well known. The battle of the Reformation had to be fought over again, and Lord Ashley, for forty years, was one of the leaders in the fight.

It was at a time when the controversy was at its keenest that the Jerusalem Bishopric was created. From first to last the Oxford School were fierce in their denunciation of the whole scheme, while the Evangelicals and many leaders of the Broad Church were enthusiastic in its favour.

And it was at this time, too, that the incident now to be recorded occurred.

Among the papers of Lord Shaftesbury there was found a large bundle of letters and other documents endorsed :—

March 5th, 1874.

These letters were written at the outbreak of the Tractarian movement in 1841-2. They arose out of my letter in the *Standard* to Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne) refusing to vote for Mr. Williams as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. The interest may have —indeed, it has—passed away. But they are curious as showing how zealous people were *then* and how cold *now*. S.

The correspondence will speak for itself :—

Lord Ashley to Mr. Roundell Palmer.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *Dec.*, 1841.

SIR,—In a letter which I have had the honour of receiving from you 'to solicit my vote and interest in Mr. Williams' behalf,' you desire also, on the part of the committee, a reply to their communication.

I hasten to forward that reply.

The Rev. Isaac Williams has presented himself for the vacant chair of the Professor of Poetry. I have no doubt whatever that he

possesses all those amiable qualities and high attainments which his supporters put forward as the ground of his election, nor should I hesitate, as I replied to my friend Dr. Pusey, to render him any private service that may lie within my power; but the reverend gentleman claims a public post, and seeks to be invested with public authority, and it has become, therefore, the duty of every one who has a voice in the decision, to consider the consequences of raising him to such an office.

The Rev. Mr. Williams aspires to be a *moral teacher*. The Professor of Poetry, in a Christian university, must impart to his writings and his lectures, frequently on secular, always on sacred subjects, those sentiments and principles which he believes to be essential to the propagation of the truth. This we should expect of a layman; we should demand it of a minister. The late accomplished and amiable professor * was animated by this spirit, and published, with the attraction of his respected name, and the authority of his official station, sundry poems of admitted talent and disputed theology.

I am now summoned to consider whether a similar appointment would not confer a similar authority.

The venerable members of Trinity College have issued a disclaimer 'for Mr. Williams himself, and have deprecated, on the part of others, any attempt whatever to introduce upon the occasion, questions of theological controversy.' With all the deference that is due from a layman, I cannot believe myself at liberty to set aside these important considerations. I acknowledge the latitude of speculation that must be permitted to all the members of a common Church, but there are limits, I maintain, which must not be overpassed, at least without a solemn and indignant protest on the part of those who have an opportunity and a right to give an opinion.

I have endeavoured, then, to ascertain the principles of Mr. Williams, and I have found that he is the author of the Tract † entitled 'Reserve in Preaching the Doctrine of the Atonement.'

There is no power on earth that shall induce me to assist in elevating the writer of that paper to the station of a public teacher. I see very little difference between a man who promulgates false doctrine and him who suppresses the true. I cannot concur in the

* The Rev. John Keble. † Tract No. 80.

approval of a candidate whose writings are in contravention of the inspired Apostle, and reverses his holy exultation that 'he had not shunned to declare to his hearers all the counsel of God.' I will not consent to give my support, however humble, towards the existence of exoteric and esoteric doctrines in the Church of England, to obscure the perspicuity of the Gospel by the philosophy of Paganism and make the places set apart for the ministrations of the preacher, whose duties must mainly lie among the poor, the wayfaring, and the simple, as mystic and incomprehensible as the groves of Eleusis.

These, Sir, are my reasons for refusing my vote to Mr. Williams, and I hope I have given my answer as candidly as you have required it.

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

ASHLEY.

Lord Ashley, at the request of Dr. Gilbert, Principal of Brasenose College, consented to support the candidature of the Rev. James Garbett, in opposition to that of the Rev. Isaac Williams;—his next step was to accept the chairmanship of Mr. Garbett's committee. A circular was drawn up by Mr. Cardwell* (double-first of Balliol), but to this Lord Ashley took exception on the ground that he did not rest his support of Mr. Garbett's claims "on his poetical acquirements and critical acumen," as stated in the circular, but upon his religious views. "I would vote," he said, "for Sternhold and Hopkins, Nicholas Brady or Nahum Tate, against a whole host of the mightiest geniuses in the art of verse, were they candidates, upon the same principles, for the office to which Mr. Williams aspires." A modified circular was, therefore, issued, and the

* Afterwards Viscount Cardwell.

canvass was vigorously prosecuted. The battle was to be fought, and, if possible, won, as a matter of principle and duty only.

Congratulations and offers of aid poured in from all quarters, and a specimen of a few of them, showing the opinions held, and the fervour of those who defended them, may be quoted here.

Lady Ashley was at Broadlands, suffering from ill-health, but she wrote: "Nothing but compliments about your letter. Spencer says he heard it discussed at Lady Holland's by Macaulay, and many savants, who all agreed it was so well written. Dr. Badham said everybody was so much obliged to you for it, so well done, and at such a moment when it was so much wanted."

The Hon. Wm. Cowper to Lord Ashley.*

CASTLE HOWARD, *Dec. 16th*, 1841.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—Your letter on the Williams and Garbett affair will be most useful; it is admirable in laying open boldly and clearly the decisive point of the question. I was delighted to see it. A neighbouring clergyman told me that the clergy about here are rather unsettled, and that at the visitation at Malton he heard some of them starting questions about the nature and origin of their Orders, and hazarding opinions without being at all aware of the conclusions to which they lead, or of their tendency towards Romanism; and he thinks, but I do not, that it would be better for the Church that all who are just now Romanists at heart, should break outward connection with her, but I think it's better to give them time to come round, and wait for the reaction.

Ever affectionately yours,

W. COWPER.

* Now Lord Mount Temple.

The Rev. E. Bickersteth to Lord Ashley.

WATTON RECTORY, WARE, *Dec.* 14*th*, 1841.

MY DEAREST LORD ASHLEY,—I cannot forbear to thank you for your most seasonable and most forcible letter to Mr. R. Palmer. It was of vast importance, just at this crisis, to make a stand against what I believe to be in this country 'the unclean spirit out of the mouth of the false prophet,' which the word of prophecy, at this precise time, so clearly leads us to expect, and which the affecting state of our Church so clearly manifests.

I do most heartily unite, I doubt not with thousands of God's own children, in earnest prayers that your Lordship may ever have a Scriptural judgment in all things, and be strengthened greatly to honour God and bless our country, by a wise, holy, and full use of all the talents which He has given you.

I employed my leisure at Brighton in an easy and refreshing work, preparing a book of Family Prayers. I have more than half completed it. The peculiarity of the times needs a more suitable and seasonable family directory of this kind than we have now. All my family unite with me in best respects.

Very gratefully and affectionately yours,

EDWD. BICKERSTETH.

"Charlotte Elizabeth" (Mrs. C. E. Tonna) to Lord Ashley.

BLACKHEATH, *Dec.* 17*th*, 1841.

MY DEAR LORD,—What a noble dash you have made at the Puseyites! I used to be so rejoiced when you got angry in the House about the factory children. You know there is an anger *not* sinful, and I want you to bestow a little gunpowder on the Oxford gentry. I am editor of the *Protestant Magazine* since June last, and lately, in my chief article, 'The Watchman,' I mentioned something that I know to be true about Jesuits in the Church. Forthwith the *Christian Observer* attacked the Protestant Association for this, and some of our gentlemen were much frightened, and some talked of forbidding any attack on Puseyism in the magazine. On this I

wrote to the committee a respectful letter *rather* in the Deborah-to-Barak style, and the result is that I am to have that dearest privilege of womankind—*my own way*. So now, thanks to the Lord, I have two magazines at command, and can fire two guns. . . . Meanwhile, *fight the good fight*, be valiant, and do exploits. May the Lord of lords bless you and yours.

My dear Lord,

Yours very gratefully,

C. E. TONNA.

Among those who rallied round Lord Ashley and congratulated him upon the bold stand he had made "against the influence and pretensions of Puseyism and Popery," were his brother John, Sir J. S. Pakington, J. C. Colquhoun, Sir W. R. Farquhar, Hon. and Rev. Montagu Villiers, Dean Garnier, Dr. McCaul, Rev. Chas. Priest, Sir Andrew Agnew, and many others whose names are still familiar.

Meanwhile angry letters from anonymous Puseyites to the press, and to private individuals, were issued abundantly, and the excitement grew rapidly.

Mr. Gladstone wrote to Lord Sandon urging him to entreat Lord Ashley to avoid, for the Church's sake, the scandal of a contest. Others, among whom was Mr. C. Dodgson, wished to maintain a strict neutrality, partly on the ground that they did not attach the same meaning to the doctrine of "Reserve" that Lord Ashley had done, and would wish to vote for a third candidate unconnected with either party and sufficiently qualified for the office.

A scheme was set on foot by Mr. Gladstone to effect this compromise, but the manœuvre fell through, not-

withstanding that the petition for Williams and Garbett to withdraw was signed by 244 non-resident Members of Convocation.

The contention of the advocates of Mr. Williams's claims was, first, that the candidate's success was not made to depend upon the possession of qualities suited to the office; and next, that electors were called upon to pledge themselves to opinions "perhaps only known to them through vague and imperfect representations."

The position of the advocates of Mr. Garbett's claims was that, sooner or later, a struggle upon the religious principle involved was inevitable, and that it could not come at a more auspicious season, and they would not hear of any compromise.

Many efforts in various forms were, of course, made to induce Lord Ashley to desist from the course he was pursuing. The following letter from Dr. Pusey is written in the vein which he found hardest to resist:—

The Rev. Dr. Pusey to Lord Ashley.

Ember Week, Advent, 1841.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—You have not probably grey hairs, as I have, nor have you had sorrows like me, and both ought to soften your mind; yet I could wish that, without them, your language could be a little softened. I often used to think it stronger than you meant; and you are, doubtless, all the while milder and more loving than one's self. You speak of 'abhorring our principles;' are you quite sure that you know them? It is some years now since I saw you at your house, and you talked over them, and then you seemed to think that in much we agreed. No one objects to the Bishopric of Jerusalem for what I imagine you most value it—the sake of the Jews—but on account of the 'experimental Church' (as it has been called) which

they are going to make of Prussians, one knows not whom. Our Church never was brought into contact with the foreign Reformation without suffering from it; and certainly that Reformation is not in a state now to do us less harm than heretofore; besides the grave injury of countenancing heresy. I fear very few reformed German teachers would be found who would *uno animo* adopt all the truths of the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds.

Try and think more mildly of us; love us more; perhaps you will understand us better; pray for us, as I do daily for you.

The enclosed * is not my selection. God be with you.

Your affectionate cousin,

E. B. PUSEY.

Lord Ashley to the Rev. Dr. Pusey.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *January 18th*, 1842.

MY DEAR PUSEY,—Your kind letter should have been answered a long time ago, but I have been so very much engaged that I have been obliged to postpone writing from day to day. It is true that I have not yet grey hairs, nor has it pleased God to visit me with sorrows; but though I have as yet been spared by His rich and undeserved mercy, I have not a heart hardened against the woes of others; and much do I sympathise with all that you have suffered;—with all that He has been pleased to impose upon you. God grant that it may be sanctified to your immortal part, and that the griefs of a day may issue in the joys of eternity!

You say to me, 'Are you quite sure that you *know* our principles, the principles that you talk of abhorring?' I may reply, are you quite sure that you know them yourself? I know what you have written. I know what your co-thinkers have written. I find your principles (does any one deny them?) in your letter to the Bishop of Oxford. I find them in 'Froude's Remains.' I find them in the 'British Critic.' I find them in Tract 75 (μὴ γένοιτο). I find them in Tract 80, in Tract 87, in Tract 90. I find them in your opposition to the Bishopric in Jerusalem. I find them in your Protest. I find

* The enclosure was a selection of "Prayers for Unity and Guidance into the Truth."

them in Mr. Palmer's letter. I find them in the adhesion of our Presbyters to the Romish Church; and I find them in the very letter to which I am now replying. You talk there, in allusion to the Bishopric, of 'the grave injury of countenancing Heresy;' this is the necessary language, the inevitable issue of your principles; thus you class with the Gnostics, Cerinthians, &c., of old, with the Munster Anabaptists and Socinians of modern days, the whole mass of the Protestant Churches of Europe, except England and Sweden. Every one, however deep his piety, however holy his belief, however prostrate his heart in faith and fear before God and his Saviour, however simple and perfect his reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, is consigned by you, if he be not episcopally ruled, to the outer darkness of the children of the Devil, while in the same breath you designate the Church of Rome as the sweet Spouse of Christ, and hide all her abominable idolatries under the mantle of her Bishops. This is, to my mind, absolutely dreadful; and I say of your friends, as old Jacob said of Simeon and Levi, 'Oh, my soul, come not thou into their secret.'

You say, too, that 'some years ago I talked with you, and that I seemed to think that in much we agreed;' it is more than probable; but had the Tracts then appeared? had Froude been published? had you recalled your spirited and unanswerable defence of Luther and the German Reformation? I dare say we *then* agreed; but you have ebbed since that time, and have left me stranded.

'Pray for us,' you add, 'as I do daily for you;' to be sure I will; he must have but a scanty feeling of the Gospel who does not ardently desire the repair of the breaches in Christ's Church. The Unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace is the main element of the blessings in the latter days; let us endeavour, by God's grace, to have a foretaste of that happy time; but, certain I am, that it is attainable only by a heart that is truly Catholic, by the imbibing and exercise of an immense philanthropy.

For yourself, I must ever entertain real kindness and esteem; no one, amidst all this conflict of passion and principle, has, at any time, doubted *your* sincerity and devotion. I wish we were one; it is sad that we differ, but let not that difference amount to enmity. I have enough of foes; my public course has begotten me many haters among the powerful and wealthy. You and I have now lived more than half our time according to the language of the Psalmist.

We are hastening to the grand end of all things, and then may God lead you unto living fountains of water, and in His mercy wipe away all tears from your eyes!

Very truly yours,

ASHLEY.

Letters continued to pour in from men known and unknown. Among them were several members of the University of Oxford of long standing—in some cases as many as thirty or forty years—who had never voted, but who now, impelled by a sense of duty, promised to come up and vote. Others, and some of these ill able to afford the expense, expressed their willingness, if additional votes were urgently needed, to come up to take their M.A. degrees. Curiously enough, Archdeacon Samuel Wilberforce was among those who warmly espoused the side of Lord Ashley in his efforts to procure the election of Mr. Garbett, as will be seen by the letter given below:—

Archdeacon Wilberforce to Lord Ashley.

ALVERSTOKE RECTORY, GOSPORT, *Jan. 20th*, 1842.

MY DEAR LORD,—The Rev. ——, the minister of one of my district churches, is quite willing to accompany me to Oxford to vote for Mr. Garbett, but is not in a situation to defray the expenses of the journey. There are, of course, no general funds available for any such purpose, but I will gladly defray his expenses myself if there is the smallest reason for apprehending that the issue is doubtful. . . . I imagine our majority is certain. . . .

Believe me, my dear Lord, to be most truly yours,

SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

An interchange of letters between Lord Ashley and the Rev. John Keble—author of the "Christian Year"—

with reference to some of the contents of the "Lyra Apostolica," which had apparently been wrongly attributed to Mr. Keble, discloses the same courteous and kindly relations between the two men as we have seen in a similar case of difference with Dr. Pusey, although in this instance they were personally unacquainted. Lord Ashley concludes his letter, written from St. Giles's House, 15th Jan., 1842, by saying:—

Perhaps you have forgotten what I well recollect, that you were one of the examining masters when I took my degree some eighteen or nineteen years ago. Your amiable and gentlemanlike demeanour then made an impression on my mind which has never been effaced.

Cum talis sis utinam noster esses. I cannot take leave of you without adding that I shall always think of you with respect, not unmingled with affection.

The termination of the contest was thus announced by Mr. Gregson, the zealous secretary of Mr. Garbett's committee:—

Mr. W. Gregson to Lord Ashley.

B.N.C., OXFORD, *Jan. 20th*, 1842 (*noon*).

DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—The contest has just terminated by the withdrawal of Williams, after a comparison of the promises claimed by the respective parties—

Garbett claimed	921
Williams „	623
Majority	298

Our majority was larger than our opponents reckoned on; the utmost they gave us credit for was 900. Still, their minority is large, but not larger than our friends in Oxford anticipated.

Believe me, dear Lord Ashley,

Yours faithfully,

W. GREGSON.

One significant result of the controversy was that Dr. Gilbert, the Principal of Brasenose College, a strong anti-Puseyite, and one of the leaders of the opposition to the candidature of Mr. Williams, was immediately appointed to the Bishopric of Chichester, in succession to Dr. Shuttleworth. This was regarded as a wise and courageous declaration of the Government against Puseyism.

Among the mass of correspondence relating to this struggle, there are many letters from "outsiders," offering suggestions and volunteering comments upon the various stages of the controversy. The following reply of Lord Ashley to a clergyman who had overstepped the bounds of good taste, may be taken as a specimen of a style which Lord Ashley rarely used, but could use with effect when he thought it necessary:—

Lord Ashley to the Rev. ———.

Jan. 22nd, 1842.

REV. SIR,—An explanation is ordinarily confined within the limits of the thing to be explained, and in Parliamentary rules, it is a breach of order to introduce on such an occasion any new matter. You will allow me to observe that you have offended against this rule, by thrusting in an attack on the gentleman whom you rightly designate as my correspondent.

I am sorry to rebuke a clergyman by a second citation of secular practice, but it is alike forbidden in Parliamentary law to use expressions that gentlemen may consider offensive when personally applied.

Perhaps I may be permitted to close this correspondence by giving a little advice. Should you ever be misunderstood hereafter, submit to it, but never again attempt an explanation.

Your very obedient servant,

ASHLEY.

On the 21st January, the eve of the great Mohammedan festival of the Courban Bairam, Bishop Alexander made his public entry into Jerusalem; and the day was dedicated by Frederick William IV. to prayer throughout his kingdom for "the peace of Jerusalem." On the 22nd the King of Prussia was received as the guest of the Queen of England, to stand at the baptismal font, a few days later, as sponsor for the Prince of Wales!

The King was welcomed with the greatest cordiality everywhere, and by all classes, with the solitary exception of the Tractarians, who viewed uneasily these friendly relations with a Monarch who was avowedly anxious to bring about an alliance between his Protestant Church and the Church of England.

The climax to the uneasiness, and to the period of protest, was reached when the King of Prussia stood in the midst of the splendour at Windsor on the day of the Christening.

Jan. 24th.—The King of Prussia has come. May God bless him for it, sanctify his journey to both kingdoms, and pour on the Church, and on him personally, the richest mercies. Of all these things Peel will have the credit. And yet what trouble had I to obtain even an interview for Bunsen when he first came over.

Jan. 25th.—The King of Prussia's reception by the Queen and the people has been truly cordial and magnificent. It is worthy of a great, glowing, open-hearted Protestant nation.

Jan. 28th.—London. Everything is bright on the royal visit; its effects will, I believe, long survive the hour that produced them. I should have been almost broken-hearted had his reception been cold.

His visit to Eton is among the best fruits. The boys followed him with cries of joy, even to the castle. Many a young heart will have been impressed by the visit of a great Protestant Sovereign, blessed

be God. Surely the King will confess that I spoke truly when I wrote to him that 'the people of this country loved Monarchy and loved Religion.'

To-morrow I shall meet him at Bunsen's. I have asked leave to take Accy and Francis there. They will long remember the sight of a 'good King.' My address to the King, drawn up at the request of the Jews' Committee, has been most astonishingly successful—to be sure I wrote from my heart.

Jan. 31st.—Many things in a few days. On Saturday went to Bunsen's to be presented to the King of Prussia—150 at least present; proposed his health at Bunsen's request. Thence to Windsor. . . . While at luncheon at Bunsen's, the King addressed to me a question which I shall record while fresh in my mind, with the conversation that followed. He spoke across Lady Canning and Bunsen, and in the hearing of others. 'What hope,' said he in French, 'have you of carrying your Factory Bill?' 'None at all, sir,' I answered in English (as he desired me), 'none at all. The Prime Minister has written to me to-day to say he shall oppose me.' 'Indeed,' replied the King in English. He paused, and then said, 'We have done it for you in Prussia.' 'Yes, sir, I know you have, and there are thousands and tens of thousands of hearts that bless your Majesty for it.' 'I did not do it; it was begun by our merchants and manufacturers, I did not do it.' 'No, sir; but it was done by your Majesty's father.' 'Yes, all *great* and *good* things in Prussia were done by my father.' Here it dropped.

Feb. 3.—Yesterday the 'Jews' Society' went up in deputation to present an address to his Majesty. He was visibly affected. At the end he spoke to Sir Thomas Baring—'What a magnificent address you have read to me, what beautiful words; I never heard such beautiful words! Who wrote it?' 'The noble Lord on my left, Lord Ashley.' 'Was it you?' said the King, heartily squeezing my hand. I replied, 'Yes, sir; and I felt it too.' '*Cela en rehausse bien le prix à mes yeux,*' he then added, 'I shall see you at Lambeth to-day,' and went and spoke to others.

The address was, in truth, an admirable one. It expressed the satisfaction of the deputation in welcoming His Majesty to the shores of England; congratulated

him on the august and sacred purpose of his visit, and hailed him as a chosen friend of the cause in which they had been so long engaged.

"But, Sire," it continued, "we approach you also, as members of that pure and Apostolical branch of the Church of Christ, which is established in these realms, to express our admiration of the Catholic zeal and Scriptural wisdom displayed by your Majesty in the conception and execution of the plan for the erection of a Protestant Bishopric in the Holy City. We praise and bless Almighty God who inspired your Majesty's heart with so noble a desire, and brought it so speedily to a joyous issue; we hail in it the beginning of a new era; we hail in it the establishment of political relations on the rock of religion—of Christian intercourse and sympathy with our sister churches, of Catholic union with national independence throughout Protestant Europe; while the exhibition of the mild and primitive simplicity, both of doctrine and discipline, to the Christians of the East, will, under God's blessing, provoke our Oriental brethren "earnestly to contend for the faith that was once delivered to the saints."

That day was one of the red-letter days in Lord Ashley's life. It celebrated the completion of a scheme on which he had prayed, written, spoken, and laboured unceasingly, and in a cause which lay as near to his heart as any in which he had ever been engaged.

But the day was not to be one of unclouded happiness—few of the days of his life ever were—and immediately following the entry in his Journal, of the

presentation of the address and its gracious reception, these words occur:—

Came home, wrote and sent a letter to the *Times* containing the announcement of Peel's hostility to the Factory Bill; painful enough, but it cannot be helped.

The steps which led to this decision may be briefly recounted here. On the 24th January Lord Ashley had noted in his Diary:—

Have written twice to Peel to obtain his final decision respecting the Factory Bill. It is manifest how the tide is setting. I must persist, and we shall break asunder. But it is a formidable step. God alone can strengthen me.

The first letter to Sir Robert was as follows:—

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

St. Giles's House, *Jan.* 21*st*, 1842.

My dear Sir Robert,—Nearly five months have now elapsed since the subject of the Factory Question was brought before you. I may, therefore, safely and justly request, in accordance with the wishes of many parties in the Northern Districts, that you will be kind enough to tell me whether you have made up your mind to resist or concede the prayers of the operatives for the further limitation of the hours of labour between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one. My efforts have hitherto been confined to this point, and it is on this only that an answer is required.

As the meeting of Parliament is close at hand, you will, perhaps, feel no objection to remove the suspense in which so many thousands are at present detained.

Yours truly,

Ashley

To this letter Sir Robert Peel replied:—

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

Whitehall, *Jan.* 22*nd*, 1842.

My dear Ashley,—In reply to your letter of the 21st, I beg leave to acquaint you that I am not prepared to pledge myself, or

other members of the Government, to the support of a Bill limiting the hours of labour to ten for all persons between the age of thirteen and twenty-one.

Sir James Graham, as Secretary of State for the Home Department, has under his consideration a measure connected with the important question of labour in factories, and the education of children employed in them, and I am confident that he will, if you will allow him, be glad to have an opportunity of conferring with you, who have given so much of your attention to these subjects, if you will call upon him.

Very faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

The object of Lord Ashley's second letter on the subject was to obtain a distinct understanding whether it would be the determination of the Government to oppose a Bill if brought in from any other quarter; but to this Sir Robert replied that he considered his first letter was sufficiently explicit.

Thereupon, Lord Ashley wrote to the Short-Time Committees as follows:—

LONDON, *Feb.* 2, 1842.

TO THE SHORT-TIME COMMITTEES OF CHESHIRE, LANCASHIRE, AND YORKSHIRE.

GENTLEMEN,—It is with the deepest regret that I am obliged to announce to you that Sir Robert Peel has signified his opposition to the Ten Hours Bill; and I conclude, therefore, as you will conclude, that his reply must be taken as the reply of the whole Government on this important question.

Though painfully disappointed, I am not disheartened, nor am I at a loss either what course to take, or what advice to give. I shall persevere unto my last hour, and so must you; we must exhaust every legitimate means that the Constitution affords, in petitions to Parliament, in public meetings, and in friendly conferences with your employers; but you must infringe no law, and

offend no proprieties; we must all work together as responsible men, who will one day give an account of their motives and actions; if this course be approved, no consideration shall detach me from your cause; if not, you must elect another advocate.

I know that, in resolving on this step, I exclude myself altogether from the tenure of office: I rejoice in the sacrifice, happy to devote the remainder of my days, be they many or be they few, as God in His wisdom shall determine, to an effort, however laborious, to ameliorate your moral and social condition.

I am, gentlemen, your faithful friend and servant,

ASHLEY.

The Diary continues; still on the same day when this cloud had arisen, namely, Feb. 3rd:—

To Lambeth;—an admirable party of bishops and dignitaries; no English laymen but myself and Inglis. It was a striking and affecting thing to see the King there, when I recollected the doubts and anxieties which attended our discussions on 'the Bishopric' in the same palace, only six months before. 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' Just before his departure, he called out from the end of the room that he wished to see me. I advanced to him, and he took my hand very kindly, and said, 'I desire to take leave of you now, I shall not be able to see you to-morrow, as I shall be so occupied; I will take leave of you now, and I wish to say that I hope you will some day visit me at Berlin.' 'I am deeply obliged to your Majesty, and I can assure your Majesty that I shall think it not only a pleasure, but a duty to do so.' 'Indeed,' said he, 'I am delighted to hear you say so.' 'Yes, sir, please God I have the means, your Majesty will one day find me at Berlin.' He then shook my hand, and went away. May he carry every blessing with him! 'May God,' as I said in proposing his health, 'prosper him, and bless him, both in time and in eternity!'

A day somewhat of trouble and rebuke, yet I should have been prepared for it—politicians are chameleons, and take the colour of the passing cloud. My letter approves itself to their consciences, but obstructs their wishes; they feel that *I* am in the right and *Peel* in the Treasury; so the House of Commons will think with *me* and act

with *him*. I have had some cold praise, but no promises of support. I am complimented with some formal regrets; but they all show me that the right hand of the chair presents objects in a different point of view from the left hand—some have suddenly found out that 'I may be going too far;' all seem secretly to wish that I would go no further. 'Peel has made a propitiatory sacrifice to Cobden and Co., and why should not *you* to the whole party?' These are their thoughts, though not, as yet, their language. '*Probitas laudatur, et alget.*'

I confess I feel sadly alone; I am like a pelican in the wilderness, or a sparrow on the house-tops. I have no one with whom I can take counsel, no one to aid me, no one to cheer me.

Feb. 4th.—By chance I lighted on the *Morning Post*, and found there the most violent and venomous article I ever read against any public man, directed against myself. . . . . This is only a sample of the things I shall have to endure. Were I just coming into public life, fresh from school, and lessons of morality, I should die outright of astonishment and disgust; but though affected, I am acclimated, and, having endured an attack, shall recover a part of my health, but no more. Those who do not openly desert, discountenance my progress; some look black, all look cold; the very men who patted me on the back, praised my exertions, rebuked the apathy of the Government (while *we* were in Opposition) now reverse all three. Sandon talks of it as very natural, if not very justifiable—'*to be sure*,' he says, '*when in Opposition your friends wished to annoy the existing Government, now, of course, they look more carefully into the thing.*' This he did not condemn, but called it 'human infirmity!' This was his tone throughout a long conversation, in which he endeavoured to show that, as much evil would be left after all that I could do, I might as well leave the whole.

When Lord Ashley was yet very young in Parliamentary life, he had laid it down as a rule, to govern him in all future action, ever to be honest and straightforward and true to principle, quite irrespective of party considerations. As early as 1834 he had recorded

in his note-book that on a certain debate many Conservatives had stayed away on various pretexts, but none admissible. "Our single rule," he adds, "should be, to do in Opposition precisely as we should do in Government, and not lose sight of principles in a burst of personal antipathy to the minister."

It was as a matter of practical Christianity that Lord Ashley had, in the first instance, taken up the Factory Question, and it was in the same spirit that he dealt with every fresh phase of it. Nor did he ever lose a chance of bringing the subject of personal religion before communities or individuals, as he had opportunity. On the 8th February he received a letter from a man who bore the reputation of being an advanced and dangerous Socialist, requesting an interview, as he had recently made an extensive tour in England and Scotland to test popular opinion on various subjects, but particularly on Factory Legislation. He concluded his letter thus:—"That your Lordship may long be spared to advocate the rights of the poor, the oppressed, and him that hath none to help him, and that you may continually enjoy that greatest of all rewards, the blessing of an approving conscience, is the sincere prayer of your Lordship's admirer and humble fellow-worker in the cause of the white slave, ——."

To this letter Lord Ashley sent the following characteristic reply:—

You have been represented to me as a Socialist and an advocate of principles that I regard with terror and abhorrence; and you will therefore readily believe the pleasure with which I observed the spirit

and language of your letter. I could not but apply to you the words of that Book whose expressions you have borrowed, and say, as was said to Ananias of Saul, 'Behold, he prayeth!' I deeply rejoice in this, because I respect your talents, I admire your zeal, and I hope to find in you a true and faithful ally in these great and final efforts for the moral, social, and religious welfare of the working people.

The unfavourable attitude of Sir Robert Peel to the Factory Question was a source of continuous anxiety to Lord Ashley.

Feb. 24th. . . . All Peel's affinities are towards wealth and capital. His heart is manifestly towards the mill-owners; his lips occasionally for the operatives. *What* has he ever done or proposed for the working classes? His speech of last night was a signal instance of his tendencies. He suppressed all the delinquencies of the manufacturers, bepraised machinery, and treated the distress as severe but temporary. Now, he might have said that no small portion of the suffering was caused by the forced immigration of families in 1836, reducing the already low wages, and aggravating the misery, in the stagnation which followed. He might have said, too, that, while we cannot interdict machinery, we ought not to be blind to its effects: it may cheapen goods for the consumer, but it pauperises irrevocably thousands of workpeople, who can never resume their position, whatever be the activity of trade. In short, his speech was a transcript of his mind: cotton is everything, man nothing!

Feb. 25th.—Time creeps on, years fly past, and the city of oppression and vice has not capitulated; the factory system stands erect; millions of infants are consumed in other departments; and, in the course of nature, it seems probable that before long I shall be removed to another scene of action—to the House of Lords. If I regard this event as a man only, I must see in it utter annihilation of all my schemes for the benefit of the working classes, and a total retirement from public life, because in that House, except for one who holds high official station, there is little or no power of originating anything which may conduce to the welfare of the poorer sort. The Peers act as breakwaters, and think as such; this is their office, and they never rise above it. The House of Commons is the depository of Power; any favour acquired

there is more effective than ten times the amount in the House of Lords; they are won, besides, by different qualities, and the station occupied by different men. I should be quite overwhelmed by such peers as Salisbury, Redesdale, and Wharncliffe. Character of *all kinds* is FAR LESS required and appreciated among the Peers. Lord Lyndhurst, both in opposition and in government, exercised an influence, and commanded an attention, which would be utterly denied to him in the House of Commons.

March 3rd.—Matters do not brighten; I see hardly a speck of day. There may be a ray of light to break forth in God's mercy, but it is not yet above the horizon. It is manifest that this Government is ten times more hostile to my views than the last, and they carry it out in a manner far more severe and embarrassing. I find that the inspectors are terrified by Sir J. Graham. Horne and Saunders are now warmly with me, but they do not dare to say so. Now I fear delay, the Minister knows my position, and can defy me, because he has both power and speciousness on his side. Matters may be postponed to a late period of the Session, when I shall be more than usually helpless through the absence of many supporters. I am particularly dejected. I feel an unusual conviction of incompetency; every one seems more equal to the task, be it what it may, than myself. I am become quite timid. I have undertaken things that are too hard for me, and yet I have asked—at least I thought so—counsel of God in everything; but man oftentimes asks amiss. . . . I might have suspected what I now know, that I have raised up a host of enemies by my letter to Roundell Palmer. A body of them in the House have determined 'to crush me,' and they are resolved to do so through the Factory Question, for which purpose two went down in January last to the manufacturing districts. They cannot make any personal charge, but they may deeply and seriously wound me by depriving me, even for a year, of my hard-earned fruit. They may, and will, give me pain, but they cannot tarnish me.

March 5th.—Fresh labour added to old sinews. I am like a factory spinner—more toil and less wages. The Committee of Elections has now put me on the Chairman's panel (and I cannot decline it, for such is the law), and the panel have put me in their own chair. This is burdensome, because I am already over-occupied. . . .

News travelled leisurely in those days, and it was

not till the end of February that the papers published the account of the entry of Bishop Alexander into Jerusalem, and his cordial reception by the authorities.

March 8th.—There must be something more than ordinary in the Bishopric of Jerusalem, else why this fury in England and on the Continent?—British Puseyites and French Papists against it! The *Journal des Debats* contrasts the entry of the Bishop with the humble ingress of our Saviour; but would our Lord have refused the courtesy of the Governing Powers, had they proffered it to Him? Lord Lyttleton stirs in the Lords, Dr. Bowring in the Commons, while all the realms of Pusey are vomiting out essays. God will turn the wrath of man to His own honour.

March 9th.—Awoke in high spirits. There is a strong feeling '*circum præcordia*' that all will go well.

March 11th.—Peel has been eminently successful in his plans; his Corn Bill has been sharply debated, but, on the whole, favourably received. His new taxes and new tariffs (to-night) almost gave satisfaction, a thing unheard of in the history of the Exchequer! To be sure, he had an astounding case of necessity, but that plea, even, has oftentimes failed. His success puzzles me; I cannot regard him in any light but as a mere seeker of human praise; his moral phraseology seems the result of calculation. His speech this evening was a *chef-d'œuvre* of self-confidence. This is unquestionably the next best thing to a vigorous faith; it leads to victory. I begin to fear that I have as little of the one as of the other. I am quite down again; easily raised, easily depressed. I catch at a straw, and writhe under disappointment. The fact is, I am almost tired. I have laboured now for nearly ten years, and the haven recedes as I approach. . . . Not a cheer is given to Peel in the House of Commons that does not retard my success, multiply my toil, and add to my anxiety. This is a jovial prospect!

March 18th.—Spoke again last night on the Lunacy Bill. I seemed to myself to do it without force or point, and with difficulty; half left unsaid and the other half said ill. This is humbling and despairing, because I plough not in hope. How can I look to success in the great measures I propose, if I am so weak in the smaller?

The House will despise schemes so brought forward. Am I working *in* the truth and *for* the truth? This doubt often arises now, and yet, what is my guide if I am not?

March 29th.—If things are not put down as they arise, they are either lost or are recorded with their point blunted. A reconciliation with Peel. We shook hands, and avoided all explanations. So much the better; an explanation only gets rid, for the moment, of the old quarrel, for the purpose of laying the grounds of a new one. Facts may be set right; but we should have had to deal with opinions and expressions. He was very cordial, and clearly much pleased.

April 9th.—This day is, perhaps, the last of leisure I shall have for a long time. Gave it to the reading of the Colliery Report, that I may be thoroughly furnished to the good work. I can never produce, in a speech, one-tenth part of the truth, and yet, unless that be fully told, I shall not accomplish my purpose. Great labour, great difficulty, first to read, and then to select and arrange the matter. But the Longford Committee will, I fear, occupy an alarming amount of time. 'Who is sufficient for these things?'

April 14th.—Have been cast as chairman of the Longford Election Committee. Prayed for council, wisdom, and understanding, honest intentions and a true heart, to do justice and judgment. I have been anxious and always feared that I had hitherto failed, but when I summed up yesterday, after three days of pleading by Counsel, I convinced, in fact, my colleagues of different politics; two of them would have adopted my view, had not the third called for a division.

April 26th.—I see the setting of the wind. People are already beginning to say 'You will do nothing this year with your Factory Bill; the Government will have no time,' &c., &c., and all these commonplaces. Meanwhile, wrong, oppression, mutilation, death, with all the grim roll of physical and moral evils, are in full liberty.

May 7th.—Yesterday the Jewish anniversary. Never had we such a meeting, never such sympathy, never such enthusiasm. Every one felt deeply moved, all hearts were lifted up, to give God the glory. Heartily did I wish our venerable President* many happy returns of such a day, in the Lord's name. A blessing manifestly rested on it. All that we had done was approved, all that we

* Sir Thomas Baring, President of the Society from 1815 to 1848.

suggested was adopted, every one was pleased, and many were comforted. Everlasting love and praise to the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob!

In August, 1840, Lord Ashley had moved for a Commission to inquire into the employment of the children of the poorer classes in mines and collieries, and in May, 1842, the first report was issued.* Few, if any, Blue Books of the kind ever became so widely known. Continental as well as English reformers and philanthropists studied its fearful disclosures with intense interest. A mass of misery and depravity was unveiled of which even the warmest friends of the labouring classes had hitherto but a faint conception.

It would be utterly incredible, were not the testimony overwhelming, that, in the most Christian and civilised country in the world, such enormities could have been permitted; and if we dwell briefly upon a few of the details, it is only that this generation may be the better enabled to realise what was the actual state of things in the "old time before them," and how great was the deliverance that Lord Ashley was instrumental in effecting.

A very large proportion of the workers underground were less than thirteen years of age; some of them began to toil in the pits when only four or five; many when between six and seven, and the majority when not over eight or nine, females as well as males.

A man must have strong nerves who, for the first time, descends a deep shaft without some uncomfortable

* Parliamentary Papers, 1842, xv., xvi., xvii.

sensations. To a young, timid child, the descent was a cruel terror, nor was the first impression of the mine less horrible. It was damp, dark, and close; with water trickling down its sides, the floor ankle deep in black mud; and around, a labyrinth of dark, gruesome passages.

The first employment of a very young child was that of a "trapper," and any occupation more barbarous it is difficult to conceive. The ventilation of a mine was a very complicated affair, and cannot be easily explained in a few words. Suffice it to say that were a door or trap left open after the passage of a coal carriage through it, the consequences would be very serious, causing great heat and closeness when the miners were at work, and perchance an explosion. Behind each door, therefore, a little child, or trapper, was seated, whose duty it was, on hearing the approach of a whirley, or coal-carriage, to pull open the door, and shut it again immediately the whirley had passed. From the time the first coal was brought forward in the morning, until the last whirley had passed at night, that is to say for twelve or fourteen hours a day, the trapper was at his monotonous, deadening work. He had to sit alone in the pitchy darkness and the horrible silence, exposed to damp, and unable to stir for more than a dozen paces with safety lest he should be found neglecting his duty, and suffer accordingly. He dared not go to sleep—the punishment was the "strap," applied with brutal severity. Many of the mines were infested with rats, mice, beetles, and other vermin, and

stories are told of rats so bold, that they would eat the horses' food in the presence of the miners, and have been known to run off with the lighted candles in their mouths and explode the gas. All the circumstances of a little trapper's life were full of horror, and upon nervous, sensitive children the effect was terrible, producing a state of imbecility, approaching almost to idiocy. Except on Sunday they never saw the sun; they had no hours of relaxation, their meals were mostly eaten in the dark, and their "homes" were with parents who devoted them to this kind of life.

> The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
> The young birds are chirping in the nest;
> The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
> The young flowers are blowing toward the west.
> But the young, young children, O my brothers,
> They are weeping bitterly!
> They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
> In the country of the free.

As they grew older, the trappers were passed on to other employments, "hurrying," "filling," "riddling," "tipping," and occasionally "getting," and in these labours no distinction whatever was made between boys and girls in their mode of work, in the weights they carried, in the distances they travelled, in the wages they received, or in their dress, which consisted of no other garment than a ragged shirt or shift, or a pair of tattered trousers. "Hurrying"—that is, loading small wagons, called corves, with coals, and pushing them along a passage—was an utterly barbarous labour performed by women as well as by children. They had

to crawl on hands and knees, and draw enormous weights along shafts as narrow and as wet as common sewers, and women remained at this work until the last hour of pregnancy. When the passages were very narrow, and not more than eighteen to twenty-four inches in height, boys and girls performed the work by "girdle and chain;" that is to say, a girdle was put round the naked waist, to which a chain from the carriage was hooked and passed between the legs, and, crawling on hands and knees, they drew the carriages after them. It is not necessary to describe how the sides of the hurriers were blistered, and their ankles strained, how their backs were chafed by coming in contact with the roofs, or how they stumbled in the darkness, and choked in the stifling atmosphere. It is enough to say that they were obliged to do the work of horses, or other beasts of burden, only because human flesh and blood was cheaper in some cases, and horse labour was impossible in others.

"Coal bearing"—carrying on their backs, on unrailed roads, burdens varying from half a hundredweight to one hundredweight and a half—was almost always performed by girls and women, and it was a common occurrence for little children of the age of six or seven years to carry burdens of coal of half a hundredweight up steps that, in the aggregate, equalled an ascent, fourteen times a day, to the summit of St. Paul's Cathedral! The coal was carried in a creel, or basket, formed to the back, the tugs or straps of which were placed over the forehead, and the body had to be bent almost double

to prevent the coals, which were piled high on to the neck, from falling. Sometimes these tugs would break in ascending the ladder, when the consequences would always be serious, and sometimes fatal, to those who were immediately following.

Another form of severe labour to which children of eight years of age and upwards were frequently put, was that of pumping water in the under-bottom of the pits. The little workers stood, as a rule, ankle-deep in water, performing their unceasing tasks during hours as long as those in the other departments of labour.

It sometimes happened that the children employed in the mines were required to work "double shifts," that is to say, thirty-six hours continuously, and the work thus cruelly protracted consisted, not in tending self-acting machinery, but in the heaviest kind of bodily fatigue, such as pushing loaded wagons, lifting heavy weights, or driving and constantly righting trains of loaded corves.

In addition to the actual labour, the children, especially the apprentices, suffered terribly from the cruelty of the overlookers, who bargained for them, dismissed them, and used them as they pleased. The revelation of the brutal punishments inflicted for the most trifling offences, is too sickening to dwell upon, nor will we advert to the fact that the food of the children was almost invariably insufficient, was of the coarsest kind, and was eaten irregularly.

It is needless to say that the poor little creatures, who laboured thus like beasts of burden, and who

scarcely ever saw the sunshine more than once a week, suffered terribly in health. The foundation of diseases of the heart and lungs was laid in early life; many died young, and at thirty years of age most colliers became asthmatic, while rheumatism was almost universal. Every person employed in a coal mine was, in addition, exposed to danger constant and imminent, and it was a common saying that a collier was never safe after he was "swung off to be let down the pit." The accidents, many of them preventable, to which persons were chiefly exposed, were, falling down the shaft, coal falling upon them, suffocation by carbonic acid gas, drowning from the sudden breaking in of water, and other minor accidents, which better regulations and machinery have now made impossible.

Education was totally neglected and the morals of the people were in the lowest possible state. Nor can this be wondered at when it is remembered that in a great number of the pits men worked in perfect nakedness, and in this state were assisted in their labours by females of all ages, from girls of six years old to women of twenty-one, these women being themselves quite naked down to the waist, their only garment being trousers.

As a rule the wages paid to labourers in the mines, and especially to the women and children, were unreasonably low, and in some districts the iniquitous "truck system" prevailed, that is to say, the people were not paid in money, but by advances of goods from a shop in

the neighbourhood where the necessaries of life were dearer by 25 per cent. than in shops farther off.

For all the revolting cruelty practised upon the poor children employed in mines and collieries; for all the dreadful sufferings to which they were subjected in their premature and destructive labour; for all the horrible indecencies daily passing before their eyes and inviting their imitation; for all the ignorance, licentious habits, and social disorganisation springing out of this state of things, the main excuse given was, that without the employment of child-labour, the pits could not possibly be worked with a profit; that after a certain age the vertebræ of the back do not conform to the required positions, and therefore the children must begin early, and that unless early inured to the work and its terrors no child would ever make a good collier.

It was when the condition of things was in this state that Lord Ashley had demanded a Commission of Inquiry.

May 7th.—The report of the Commission is out—a noble document. The Home Office in vain endeavoured to hold it back: it came by a most providential mistake into the hands of members; and, though the Secretary of State for a long while prevented the sale of it, he could not prevent publicity, or any notice of motion.

Perhaps even 'Civilisation' itself never exhibited such a mass of sin and cruelty. The disgust felt is very great, thank God; but will it be reduced to action when I call for a remedy?

May 14th.—The Government cannot, if they would, refuse the Bill of which I have given notice, to exclude females and children from coal-pits—the feeling in my favour has become quite enthusiastic; the Press on all sides is working most vigorously. Wrote pointedly to thank the editor of the *Morning Chronicle* for his support, *which is most effective.*

Concurrently with the Factory Question, Lord Ashley was continuing his labours in other movements, and especially those on behalf of the Insane. Thus he writes:—

May 17th.—This day I have visited Hanwell, in company with Serjeant Adams, and well may I, aye, and by His grace do I, heartily thank God for all that I saw there. Could any man, who has the least regard for his fellow-man, as created and redeemed by the same Blessed Lord, behold such a triumph of wisdom and mercy over ignorance and ferocity and not rejoice, and give God the glory? These things cannot be expressed, no, nor felt, by any but the spirit of Christian love, of the love of that dearest Lord, whose very essence is the indivisible, necessary, and single principle of goodness itself. What sufferings mitigated, what degradation spared, what vices restrained, what affections called forth!

May 21st.—The Government had well-nigh given away Thursday (my day) for the Colliery Bill, to C. Buller. It is clear that they desire to get rid of the motion. This day I received a formal proposition from Freemantle to give precedence to the Bridport case. No reason assigned why the Minister demanded precedence; there is quite as good reason why I should precede Buller, as he precede me. I told him that such a request came with a very bad grace from a Government which was hostile, not only to past measures of the kind, but, I really believed, to this one in particular! I, of course, refused; postponement would be total surrender.

May 23rd.—Peel, knowing my determination not to give way, advised Wynne this evening (Wynne told me so himself) to take Thursday for a *question of privileye*, thereby destroying me altogether. Never was there such treatment, such abominable trickery.

May 24th.—One would have thought that a 'paternal' Government would have hastened to originate, certainly to aid, any measures for the removal of this foul and cruel stain? No such thing, no assistance, no sympathy—every obstacle in my way, though I doubt whether they will dare *openly to oppose* me on the Bill itself. Have no time for reflection, no time for an entry. I hear that no such sensation has been caused since the first disclosures of the horrors of the slave trade! God, go before us, as in Thy pillar of a cloud!

May 30th.—26th, day fixed; persisted, having received an assurance from Peel and Freemantle that the privilege question would not occupy two hours, Peel having engaged to give me a day if I were disappointed. So it turned out; Wynne was absent; I was called; the first sentence was all but begun, when cries arose that Wynne was coming; I gave way, and this famous 'two hours' debate occupied from five till twelve o'clock! Never did I pass such an evening; expecting, for six hours, without food or drink, to be called on at any moment—very unwell in consequence, and have been, in fact, ever since. Peel then gave me Tuesday (to-morrow), and just now—such is the apparent fate of the question—a horrid attempt to assassinate the Queen has caused an adjournment of the House. . . . A second attempt to murder our young Queen is really as shocking individually, as it is alarming publicly. May God hear the prayer of those who faithfully adore Him, and shield her from every mischief!

May 31st.—This is the day; but I fear that all will be so engrossed by this terrible affair, that there will be no hearing for us! Wrote to Peel, and offered to release him from his engagement (which he was quite ready to hold to), seeing his great anxiety to finish the Income Tax Bill. He had lost his day by so terrible an event, that it would be kind and becoming on my part to anticipate his wishes and postpone my own. He wrote a grateful acceptance of my offer, and now I stand for Tuesday next, like the god Terminus on the Capitol, resolved not to budge.

June 1st.—I am glad I have done so. Peel has carried his Bill, and I am not the worse for the delay, at least, I hope so. I foresee a covert and spiteful opposition; the Great Northern coal-owners have produced a document of defence of themselves, which throws the mantle of their comparative merit over the enormities of the general practice. Here is party! It is a vain, insolent, and feeble paper, quite in the style of the old apologies of the Factory masters. These repeated delays have tried my patience, and stumbled my faith—God forgive me. I shall yet see that the harvest is retarded, not denied.

"There, madam, is the greatest Jacobin in your Majesty's dominions." Thus spoke Lord Melbourne, in

his laughing way, addressing the Queen and pointing to Lord Ashley, who was dining one day at Windsor, during the Factory Agitation. Lord Shaftesbury also used to laugh when narrating the incident, but it is clear from the following entry that his sensitive nature smarted during this period under the badinage of men of that school:—

Met Melbourne at dinner—a good deal excited by his language and opinions, and spoke strongly. I will never henceforward say anything to him, I have protested fully and finally, and there the matter shall end. There is a decided change in feeling towards my measures—even Howick declared last night to me, that long as he had been opposed to interference, he was compelled to admit its present necessity. . . .

The report of the Commission had aroused the indignation of the whole country. No one had the least conception of the enormity of the evil that existed; but it was reserved for Lord Ashley to expose the iniquity of the system in a speech so powerful that it not only thrilled the House, but sent a shudder through the length and breadth of the land.

June 9th.—Oh that I had the tongue of an angel to express what I ought to feel! God grant that I may never forget it, for I cannot record it. On the 7th, brought forward my motion—the success has been *wonderful*, yes, really wonderful—for two hours the House listened so attentively that you might have heard a pin drop, broken only by loud and repeated marks of approbation—at the close a dozen members at least followed in succession to give me praise, and express their sense of the holy cause. . . .

As I stood at the table, and just before I opened my mouth, the words of God came forcibly to my mind, 'Only be strong and of a good courage'—praised be His Holy Name, I was as easy from that moment as though I had been sitting in an armchair.

Many men, I hear, shed tears—Beckett Denison confessed to me that he did, and that he left the House lest he should be seen. Sir G. Grey told William Cowper that he 'would rather have made that speech than any he ever heard.' Even Joseph Hume was touched. Members took me aside, and spoke in a *very serious* tone of thanks and admiration. I must and will sing an everlasting 'non nobis.' —Grant, oh blessed God, that I may not be exalted above measure, but that I may ever creep close by the ground, knowing, and joyfully confessing, that I am Thy servant, that without Thee I am nothing worth, and that from Thee alone cometh all counsel, wisdom, and understanding for the sake of our most dear and only Saviour, God manifest in the flesh, our Lord Jesus Christ! It has given me hopes for the Empire, hopes for its permanence, hopes for its service in the purposes of the Messiah. God prosper the issue! . . .

June 11th.—Has not this carried, in fact, the Ten Hours Bill? Yet two such mercies in *one* year would exceed, not God's goodness, but man's capacity.

The masterly speech in which Lord Ashley introduced his Bill, gave an epitome of the Commissioners' Report, and set forth the whole question in its physical, moral, social, and religious aspects.

"Is it not enough," he said, in conclusion, "to announce these things to an assembly of Christian and British gentlemen? For twenty millions of money you purchased the liberation of the negro; and it was a blessed deed. You may, this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your country people, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, to enter on the enjoyment of their inherited freedom, and avail themselves (if they will accept them) of the opportunities of virtue, of morality, and religion. These, sir, are the ends that I

venture to propose; this is the barbarism that I seek to restore."*

Lord Ashley's motion, "and the copious and judicious speech in which he introduced it, were received with an unanimity almost unexampled in any political assembly. The noble Lord must have felt himself well rewarded, for his exertions in the cause of humanity, by the remarkable tribute of admiration and consent which he received from all parts of the House." So spoke the leading journal, and Englishmen generally warmly united in the tribute of admiration. In passing through Committee, and at the third reading, there were innumerable difficulties to overcome, and repeated attempts were made to modify and delay the measure. But, backed by the great body of the House, Lord Ashley was able to triumph over all obstacles. When, however, the Bill came down from the Lords on August 6th, it was found that its utility had been considerably impaired by amendments, which, however, it was thought politic to accept, rather than endanger the passing of the measure during the existing Session.

One of the most determined opponents to factory legislation, as proposed by Lord Ashley, was Mr. Richard Cobden. He was not only opposed to the measures, but to the man; and his view of the character of Lord Ashley was as ungenerous as it was unjust.

In one of his earliest speeches in Parliament Cobden

* A member, in a preceding discussion, had said that "this kind of legislation would bring back the barbarism of the Middle Ages" (Hansard, 3, s. lxii. 1320).

uttered his protest against the "Philanthropists." In a letter to his brother Frederick he says, "The part of my last speech that struck home the most was at the close. I had observed an evident disposition on the Tory side to set up as Philanthropists. Old Sir Robert Inglis sat with his hands folded ready to sigh, and, if needful, to weep, over a case of Church destitution; he delivered a flaming panegyric upon Lord Ashley the other night, styling him the *friend of the unprotected*, after he had been canting about the sufferings of lunatics. Added to this, Peel has been professing the utmost anxiety for paupers, and Sir Eardley Wilmot is running after Sturge. When I told them, at the close of my speech, that I had been quietly observing all this, but it would not all do unless they showed their consistency by untaxing the poor man's loaf, there was a stillness and attention on the other side, very much like the conduct of men looking aghast at the first consciousness of being found out."

On another occasion, turning to a member who was a great friend of negro slaves, and to another who favoured Church Establishments, and who had lately complimented Lord Ashley as the great "friend of humanity generally, and of factory children in particular," Cobden said, "When I see a disposition among you to trade in humanity, I will not question your motives, but this I will tell you, that if you would give force and grace to your professions of humanity, it must not be confined to the negro at the Antipodes, nor to the building of churches, nor to the extension of Church Establishments, nor to occasional visits to factories to talk sentiment

over factory children—you must untax the people's bread!"

Although Cobden had steadily opposed Lord Ashley, step by step, both publicly and privately, he raised no opposition whatever to the Mines and Collieries Bill. On the contrary, when Lord Ashley had concluded his great speech—a speech he always considered one of the most successful he ever delivered—Cobden came over to him, at its conclusion, and sitting down on the bench beside him, wrung his hand heartily and said, "You know how opposed I have been to your views; but I don't think I have ever been put into such a frame of mind, in the whole course of my life, as I have been by your speech."

The impression produced upon the mind of Cobden was not evanescent. "In 1842," says his biographer,* "Cobden took a more generous, or rather a more just, view of Lord Ashley's character than he had been accustomed to express in his letters and conversation. 'He would confess very frankly that, before he had entered that House, he had entertained doubts, in common with many of the employers in the North, whether those advocates of the Short Hours Bill, who supported the Corn Law, were really sincere; but, since he had had an opportunity of a closer observation of the noble Lord, he was perfectly convinced of his genuine philanthropy.'"

There were occasions, in subsequent years, when Cobden considered that Lord Ashley's philanthropy was

* "Life of Richard Cobden." By John Morley.

leading him astray, and he resisted him accordingly; but all personal animosity had ceased, and, in its place, a friendship sprang up which bore fruit in later years, when mutual sympathy helped them each to bear the sorrows of domestic bereavement that came upon them.

June 16th.—Accounts from all parts full of promise. The collier people themselves are delighted; the hand-loom weavers (poor people!) rejoice in the exclusion of the females, as they themselves will go down and take their places. Here is the first point of success.

June 23rd. . . . Last night pushed the Bill through Committee; a feeble and discreditable opposition! 'Sinners' were with me, 'saints' against me—strange the contradiction in human nature! . . . Had I trusted in man, I should have been lamentably forlorn: not a member of the Government, except Manners Sutton, who was necessarily present. Graham, it is true, apologised, as summoned to the Queen; but where were the rest? It is very curious (but so I have invariably found it) that those who promised support, failed, and those who made no promises, were present. I must except a few. Bell and his Northern gentry behaved admirably. Some who came down to support me spoke against me!

There was one in the House of Commons who, not for the first time, had come forward to show his sympathy with the oppressed poor, and with the man who was so nobly fighting on their behalf. That helper was Lord Palmerston, who pleaded that the measure might pass into law without any alteration that would affect its principle, and he was convinced that it would pass if it received the cordial and sincere support of the Government.

Nor did he leave the matter here. In its passage through the House he continued to resist the amendments which tended to remove the security against the

employment of women. He "taunted Ministers with not having given that cordial support which Sir James Graham had promised. . . . He would not accuse them of backing out of their intentions, but their reluctance to object to these amendments proved that there was a power greater than their own, which exercised a sort of coercion over them." *

June 24th.—A notice given last night, by Mr. Ainsworth, to refer the Bill to a Select Committee, to see whether it would not abate the wages of the working classes! This involves delay—long and serious delay. I suffer much from anxiety. George Anson gave me a kind message from Prince Albert, expressive of his sympathy and the Queen's, adding that he had read every syllable of it to the Queen, who was particularly pleased with the message to herself from Isabel Hogg, † I found on my return home a most excellent and amiable letter from the Prince. May God bless him and prosper him!

H.R.H. the Prince Consort to Lord Ashley.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *June 23rd*, 1842.

MY DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—I have carefully perused your speech, which you were so good as to send me, and I have been highly gratified by your efforts, as well as horror-stricken by the statements which you have brought before the country. I know you do not wish for praise, and I therefore withhold it, but God's best blessing will rest with you and support you in your arduous but glorious task. It is with real gratification I see in the papers the progress which

* "Life of Lord Palmerston." By Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P.

† "Another witness, a most excellent old Scotchwoman, Isabel Hogg, says:—"Collier people suffer much more than others. You must just tell the Queen Victoria that we are quiet, loyal subjects. Women-people don't mind work here, but they object to horse-work; and that she would have the blessings of all the Scotch coal-women if she could get them out of the pits and send them to other labour."—Quoted by Lord Ashley in his speech, June 7, 1842.

you made last night. I have no doubt but that the whole country must be with you—at all events, I can assure you that the Queen is, whom your statements have filled with the deepest sympathy.

It would give me much pleasure to see you any day that you would call on me, at twelve o'clock, and to converse with you on the subject.

Believe me, with my best wishes for your *total* success,

Ever yours truly,

ALBERT.

June 25.—Late last night, or rather at two o'clock in the morning, forced my Bill through the Report, despite the resistance of Mr. Ainsworth. Thank God! but the day is not yet won. There may be difficulty on the third reading.

Waited on Prince Albert; found him hearty, kind, sensible, and zealous. He is an admirable man!

June 28.—Deputation from South Staffordshire; very positive, very unreasonable. But they have secured Hatherton's co-operation in the Lords; and I, meanwhile, have not found any one to take charge of the Bill. Buccleuch, even, requires longer time for the exclusion of females. Locke, I hear (the agent of Francis Egerton), is secretly setting men's minds against the 'female clause.' The whole struggle is reserved for the Upper House. God be with us!

June 29.—A day of expectation and hope. Disappointed at the last. The House was counted out, and my Bill again delayed. The mercy of God is ever qualifying evil. I have lost the day, but I have gained the Duke of Buccleuch. He will undertake the charge of the Bill; for him I will extend the time of operation to 1st of March.

July 1.—Last night the Duke of Buccleuch informed me that his colleagues objected; they refused him permission to undertake the Bill; they would not make it a Government measure. Surely, after such promises of support from Graham, such unanimity in the House, and such feeling in the country, they should have done so; but they are hostile in their hearts. Hatherton has notified his opposition in the Lords. I have no one to take charge of the Bill.

July 2.—Resisted again last night. Two divisions on the adjournment of the debate late at night. Peel and Graham voted

with me on the first, but went away on the second. *Neither of them said a word in my favour.* Gladstone voted against me, and Sir Edward Knatchbull; Graham, the evening before, had changed his tone, and began to express his doubts to Jocelyn. Here again is 'cordial support!' The Government will *openly* desert me in the House of Lords. Wharncliffe attempted to break his engagement, by desiring me to postpone all parts of the Bill *except that which related to females.* I positively refused.

July 5.—On Saturday, Francis was respited; on Sunday, the Queen's life again attempted. Had the first miscreant suffered, we should not have had this second! God be praised for her escape! I have great difficulty in finding a patron for the Bill in the House of Lords; I have tried the Dukes of Buccleuch, Richmond, Sutherland, to no purpose.

July 6.—Ainsworth again resisted it as a 'dropped order;' fixed it, however, *by right,* for the later part of the evening. It came on about nine, and, God be everlastingly praised, received, amid cheers, the fiat that 'Lord Ashley do carry the Bill to the Lords.'

Palmerston told the Ministers that, '*if they* were sincere (and they would soon be tested), the Bill must pass the House of Lords.'

It is almost impossible to understand the prolonged trouble and anxiety Lord Ashley had to encounter and endure, both before and after any great public effort. As an illustration, the following entries from the Diary are quoted, even at the possible expense of weariness to the reader:—

July 8.—Much, very much trouble to find a peer who would take charge of the Bill. It is 'the admiration of everybody, but the choice of none.' So often refused, that I felt quite humbled; I was a wearisome suitor for a moment's countenance. All had some excuse or other; praised it, but avoided it. Have since tried Lord Abercorn, the Duke of Cleveland, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carnarvon, who has given me no answer, and Lord Stanhope, who dissuaded me from urging my request by showing how *his*

advocacy of the Bill might ruin it in the estimation of their Lordships. He was truly zealous and kind; but his plea was a just one for 'non-interference.'

At last, this very evening, a debate still raging in the House of Lords, I obtained Lord Devon, who spoke, with shame, of the indifference of the Peers to such a measure.

Never did one body present such a contrast to another as the House of Lords to the House of Commons—the question seemed to have no friends; even those who said a sentence or two in its favour, spoke coldly and with measure. Hatherton gave notice of a Committee, and the Duke of Wellington approved it, and spoke, with contempt and suspicion, of the Commissioners. I could not guess at his motive, unless it were an attack on the late Government. And this, after he had told me ten days ago at Buckingham Palace that he entirely approved my speech, and that 'the House of Lords would give us no trouble!' nay, more, in a letter I received from him still later, he assured me that 'he should take the same line in the Lords as the Ministers had taken in the Commons!'

This is the accomplishment of 'cordial and earnest support!' But God will overrule, and turn all things to His glory at last. There is, I doubt not, and will be, more success than I now see, for disappointment and apprehension lie heavy on me. I sent the Bill to the Lords with deep and fervent prayer, consecrating, and committing it to God, as Hannah consigned her son Samuel, to His blessed service. May He, in His mercy, have 'respect unto me and my offering!'

July 13th.—Last night fixed for debate in House of Lords, postponed to Thursday. Lord Londonderry attacked me, Clanricarde defended me. Misery makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows! He did it kindly and well. Government at last declared, by the voice of Lord Wharncliffe, that it would '*be quite passive, it would give no support to the Bill.*' This, too, after having promised great things in the House of Commons; and moreover, after having done the Bill a dis-service by recommending that it should be referred to a Select Committee.

Now then I am impotent—nothing remains (humanly speaking) but public opinion—were it not for this I should not be able to carry *one* particle of the Bill; but something, please God, I shall attain through that His instrument; yet a very small portion of what

I desired. It is impossible to keep terms with this Ministry, their promises are worth nothing.

July 26th.—Bill passed through Committee last night. In this work, which should have occupied one hour, they spent nearly six, and left it far worse than they found it; never have I seen such a display of selfishness, frigidity to every human sentiment, such ready and happy self-delusion. Three bishops only present, Chichester (Gilbert), Norwich (Stanley), Gloucester (Monk), who came late, but he intended well. The Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury went away! It is my lot, should I, by God's grace, live so long, to be hereafter among them; but may He avert the day on which my means of utility in public life would be for ever concluded! . . .

Aug. 1. . . . Said Peel to me the other evening, 'I shall be as great a sufferer as most people by the Bill, but it was perfectly right; the evidence could not be resisted—though I shall be so great a sufferer, I assure *you I have not offered the slightest impediment.*' I told him 'I believed his statement.' I could not, however, pay compliments, for he ought to have done far more than give this negative aid; *he ought to have co-operated vigorously.*

12 *o'clock, night.*—Redesdale moved the third reading. I was much buoyed up with the notion (which papers, bills, peers, and clerks confirmed) that the amendments (!) admitting the women into pits 'only not to work,' had been omitted; full of excitement and thankfulness; then I suddenly discovered that the words were added on a slip of paper. God forgive me for my bitter disappointment; God strengthen my faith and patience! I am in a fix, shall I accept the words, or endeavour to strike them out? If they remain, the Bill is neutralised; if they be objected to, the Bill is lost.

The long period of anxiety and disappointment came to an end at last. The Bill—one of the greatest boons ever granted to the working classes—passed the House of Lords successfully, and the celebration of the victory is thus recorded:—

August 8th.—Took the Sacrament on Sunday in joyful and humble thankfulness to Almighty God for the undeserved measure of success

with which He has blessed my effort for the glory of His name, and the welfare of His creatures. Oh that it may be the beginning of good to all mankind! *Novus sæclorum nascitur ordo?* Whatever has been done, is but the millionth part of what there is to do; and *even then*, should such an end be accomplished, which man never yet saw, we should still be 'unprofitable servants.' The more I labour, the more I see of labour to be performed, and vain at the last will be the labour of us all. Our prayer must be for the Second Advent, our toil 'that we be found watching.'

Owing to the depression in trade this year, there was a terrible amount of distress in the manufacturing districts. In the neighbourhood of Stockport the poor-rates had increased from £2,628 in 1836–7 to £7,120, and it was stated, at a meeting to memoralise the Queen on the subject of the distress, that more than half the master-spinners had failed, and 3,000 dwelling-houses were untenanted. At Leeds, one-fifth of the entire population were dependent upon the poor-rates. At Manchester, shopkeepers and operatives held almost daily meetings, to devise measures of relief. At Sheffield, 10,000 people were suffering the direst distress. Early in the year, bread riots of a serious nature had taken place in Ireland and in Scotland, and in August alarming disturbances broke out in the manufacturing districts of England, chiefly at Manchester, Stalybridge, Stockport, Macclesfield, Dudley, Boston, and Huddersfield, under the direction of Chartist demagogues. So serious was the disorder that, after a special Cabinet Council had been held, troops of Artillery and Grenadiers were despatched to Manchester, and special instructions issued to magistrates. Eventually order was restored,

but from the 18th to the 25th of August there was a reign of terror. Excited mobs clamoured in the streets by day, and night was made fearful by incendiary fires, while seditious placards were issued by the Executive Committee of the National Chartist Association to keep alive the agitation. Arrests were made in great numbers; in one gaol alone there were 500 prisoners, who were tried by special commissioners sent down by the Government.

They were troublous times; and those outbreaks were presages of the storm that was brewing, not in England only, but over the whole Continent of Europe.

August 18th.—Have visited St. Giles's with William; found it in beauty and peace. *Oh, si sic omnia!* The country is distracted by lawless mobs and sudden insurrections, throughout the trading districts, more general, prolonged, and systematic than we have seen for years. It is singular that the commotion began among the pitmen in Staffordshire, in those regions which, represented by Lord Hatherton and the deputation, succeeded in mutilating the Colliery Bill, asserting, as they did to me, that 'any provision for time and education was wholly unnecessary in those parts, the people being moral, religious, and fully instructed.' The resistance of the colliers to a reduction of wages found sympathisers in all the manufacturing communities. The disaffection being set afloat, every department of industry produced its own grievances, and all are acting together, not so much because they are carefully organised, as because they are all ill at ease. The affair, however, has now taken the colour of a political movement; and all minor objects (the Poor Law, Factory Bill, Truck System, &c., &c.) are subordinate to the grand and final remedy of the Charter!

For this we are as much indebted to Sir R. Peel as to Feargus O'Connor. Peel's refusals create an appetite for O'Connor's offers. At the dissolution of Parliament the mass of the working classes were with Peel, because they had *hope;* they are now against him, because they have *none.* His course on the Ten Hours Bill was

taken as the test and measure of his sympathy for the operatives of the kingdom; his perpetual talk of 'imports and exports' (his mind and heart never entertain higher projects in the responsibilities of Government) does not deceive them, for they know full well that a brisk trade would not bring to them a bettered condition. They see in their rulers no interest or care, and they will, therefore, feel no confidence. 'Had we,' said the Chartists of Leeds to me, 'a few more to speak to us as you have done, we should never again think of the Charter.'

In September Lord Ashley again made a tour through the manufacturing districts, accompanied by Lady Ashley, and spent much time amongst the operatives, both publicly and privately, to warn them against the prevailing spirit of lawlessness, and to urge them to persevere in their efforts for emancipation in a quiet and peaceable manner. Then, for relaxation, a few days were occupied in a hasty journey to North Wales for the purpose of visiting Llangollen, the Menai Bridge, and other places of interest. On their homeward journey, the following entry was made at Cholmondeley Castle:—

Sept. 29th.—Spent three days at Gawthorpe admirably well with Dr. Kay-Shuttleworth (formerly my antagonist) and Mrs. Shuttleworth, visiting the cottages, consulting colliers and hand-loom weavers, and conciliating mill-owners. We conversed from morning till night, and scarcely ever touched a subject unconnected with the moral and physical condition of the poor, and the means of repairing it. The grace of God has done much for the man; he always had a kind heart, he has now a religious heart; his whole pleasure is centred in moral good, his whole life seems devoted to the essential welfare of the British nation; he gives daily manifest and undeniable proofs of his sincerity.

This is a mighty gain for me and my cause, and I heartily bless God, who has raised up agents for Himself where, in my infirmity, I

least looked for it! Thence to Worsley; a happy visit. I enjoyed an opportunity of renewing my habits of friendship and intimacy with that dear and excellent woman, Lady Francis Egerton, one of the earliest, and certainly the truest, friend I have in the world. Never did there live a more simple-minded or pure-hearted person, full of zeal for God's honour, and indefatigable in His service. Peace be to the house! Had several interviews with Col. Shaw, of Manchester; acquired most extensive and important information respecting the working population; he is a jewel to me; I bless God that I have found him. Perambulated the town on Saturday night in company with two inspectors, and passed through cellars, garrets, gin-palaces, beer-houses, brothels, gaming-houses, and every resort of vice and violence. These things cannot go on for ten years longer, with a people increased by three millions. Saw a darling little girl seven years old in the very depth of dirt and uproar; never did I witness such beauty of natural, untaught affection towards its rough and unkind mother. I determined, God willing, to rescue it if possible. Descended a coal-pit 450 feet; thought it a duty; easier to talk after you have seen; so away I went, and had ever in my mind, 'Underneath are the everlasting arms'—so I feared not. Passing through Manchester, Monday, Sept. 26th, received and answered an address from the Central Short-Time Committee.

While Lord Ashley had been giving his attention more especially to the underground workers, the factory agitation for a Ten Hours Bill had, necessarily, although not for that reason, made very little material progress. It was desirable, therefore, that the people should be stirred up, and he "wrote his Answer to the Address of the Central Short-Time Committee with great care, as he wished it to be a manifesto of opinions." He expressed his thanks for their approval of his past services, and then said:—

But though I am honoured and satisfied by your approval, I will not disguise from you my firm conviction that the measures

which I have hitherto either carried or suggested, are but preliminaries in the great undertaking of domestic regeneration. You have spoken with kindness of the zeal I have manifested and the labour I have undergone on behalf of your constituents; yet all that has been done is small in comparison with what remains to be done; and the only reward, if any be due, that I look for at your hands, is your constant and hearty co-operation, at present and hereafter, on projects alike beneficial to yourselves, to your children, and to mankind.

The vast proportion of the evils which affect and endanger this country, is not ascribable to physical or commercial causes—these may have their influence, but in the main the mischief is to be traced to a moral origin. Over a large surface of the industrial community, man has been regarded as an animal, and that an animal of not the highest order; his loftiest faculties, when not prostrate, are perverted, and his lowest, exclusively devoted to the manufacture of wealth. Women and children follow in the train of ceaseless toil and degrading occupation, and thus we have before us a mighty multitude of feeble bodies and untaught minds, the perilous materials of present and future pauperism, of violence and infidelity.

After alluding to the passing of the Collieries Bill, and the unexampled assistance given by an unanimous press, which had awakened a healthy and vigorous public opinion, he continued:—

I mention these things that they may impart to you, as they did to me, consolation and encouragement; they may animate you to perseverance in your just and necessary demands for a reasonable Time Bill, for a measure which, by the more equal distribution of labour, shall save you from the alternation of absolute idleness and intolerable toil, and call into employment many whose energies are dormant, while yours are overwrought. I entreat you to believe that, while my conviction of its necessity is greatly deepened, the resolution I had formed to persevere in the face of all kinds of opposition has undergone no abatement. Nor must we omit to press upon the attention of the public the gradual displacement of male by the substitution of female labour, in a large proportion of the industrial occupations of the country—an evil we have long observed with

fear and sorrow. This evil, as you well know, is not confined to the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, but is spreading rapidly and extensively over other departments, desolating, like a torrent, the peace, the economy, and the virtue of the mighty mass of the manufacturing districts. Domestic life and domestic discipline must soon be at an end; society will consist of individuals no longer grouped into families; so early is the separation of husband and wife, of parents and children. Thousands of young females of tender years are absorbed, day by day, in the factories and workshops; every hour is given to their toil, and that toil the most unsuited to their age and sex. In the precious season of youth there is no consideration for the harvest of adult life: they become, not a few of them, wives and mothers, but in utter ignorance of every domestic accomplishment; often unwilling, more frequently unable, to discharge any conjugal and maternal duty. I draw a veil over the enormous licentiousness which alike disgraces and endangers these pursuits. But the late unhappy disturbances have exhibited to you and to the world, the pernicious results of violating the order of Providence, by the abstraction of the females from their peculiar calling. Their presence, nay more, their participation in the riots, has read us an awful lesson; for when the women of a country become brutalised, that country is left without a hope. I speak these things openly and without fear, because you know that I love and respect you, and that I have ever said, as I conscientiously believe, that the working classes of these realms are the noblest materials in existence, for industry, patriotism, and virtue.

Sept. 29th.—To Cholmondeley Castle. Dear and friendly and agreeable people—the old Duchess,* God bless her, was there—though deeply religious they are cheerful, nay, joyous; they *think* good, *do* good, and God gives them His grace and blessing.

Among Lord Shaftesbury's papers there were found a number of letters from Sir Robert Peel, many of them undated. There is one which refers to the excellent Duchess of Beaufort, and justifies all that the foregoing

* Duchess of Beaufort, mother of the Marchioness of Cholmondeley.

extract from the Journal states; but whether the letter relates to this particular time is doubtful; it may have been written some few years earlier.

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

WHITEHALL.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—I shall be much obliged to you to convey to the Duchess of Beaufort my sincere thanks for the kind consideration which induced Her Grace to send to me, through you, the volume of sermons which accompanied your note; and to assure her that the occupations of public business, and the contentions of political strife, do not so wholly absorb my thoughts as to make me insensible to the full value of her favourable opinion and kind wishes.

I would say more if I did not feel that in serious matters like those forming the subjects of your note, any approach to flattery would be misplaced, and give pain rather than satisfaction to the sincerity and simplicity of a virtuous and religious mind.

But I am truly grateful for being remembered in the prayers which such a mind offers up for the spiritual welfare of those who, placed in such positions as I am, are too apt to have their thoughts diverted from matters of the highest and most lasting concern.

Ever, my dear Ashley, most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

October 5th.—Rowton. Have been reading lately Sidney's Life of Rowland Hill; he was one of a race of martyrs, or rather of confessors, who maintained their pious but painful ground in the face of a persecution which, to many minds, would be more formidable than racks or gibbets. He and Simeon and all their brethren withstood contempt, and ridicule, and desertion at a time when, neither in private nor in public, was there any refuge or kindness for an evangelical man. This was by God's grace, and *we* reap the fruits of it. . . . . .

Oct. 27th.—Bournemouth. Melbourne has received the merciful warning of a paralytic stroke, and poor Irby is dead at Newmarket, a kind-hearted amiable man, who maintained amid the turfites (is

it not well-nigh impossible?) a generous, unselfish spirit towards his competitors in the game.

Oct. 29th.—For three or four days, papers full of Lord Londonderry's epistolary attack on me. Thank God the business of my defence has been assumed by third parties, who have thus left me to leisure and satisfaction. Went yesterday with the Queen Dowager to see the Steephill Nunnery, near Canford. No males admitted generally, and the Lady Abbess made objection, but was overruled by the Priest, who declared that the invitation of a Queen to her suite, masculine though it were, contained a dispensing power. A Cistercian nunnery, a female *La Trappe;* rules very rigorous, observance of them much mitigated; among others a rule prevails that no one speaks to her fellow; words are never exchanged except with the Superior or Chaplain. And this, poor things, is to be their notion of Christianity, and of the requirements of Scripture. 'Then they that feared the Lord *spake often one to another*, and the Lord hearkened and heard it.'

November 9th.—Wilton.* Here for the first time in my life—a most magnificent dwelling-place—it is 'ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion,' yet I rejoice to say that the occupier, though not the actual proprietor, Sidney Herbert, has entered into and shared the spirit of David; he has not been content to 'dwell in a house of cedar, while the Ark of God dwelleth within curtains;' the new and noble Church in the town attests his zeal for the 'Temple of the Lord.' *Quod felix faustumque sit!*

Have been to London to transact business in Lunacy. This is a mighty subject, and one on which authority and power could be extensively and beneficially exercised. How often do I exclaim, for this and many other purposes—

'O Thou, my thoughts inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire.'

But God's strength is 'made perfect' in man's weakness.

The history of our arms in Afghanistan in the unfortunate expedition to reorganise the internal condi-

* Wilton, Salisbury—the Earl of Pembroke's. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea, was Lord Pembroke's younger brother.

tion of that region which has been called "the land of transition between Eastern and Western Asia," was studied very attentively by Lord Ashley, and his Diaries contain a digest of all the stirring events from the first visit of "Bokhara" Burnes, and through all the series of disasters that followed, until, in 1842, the result was that "after four years of unparalleled trial and disaster, everything was restored to the condition in which we found it; except that there were so many brave Englishmen sleeping in bloody graves."

It would be foreign to our purpose to quote at length from his Diaries on subjects that were not personal to himself, but his views on the Campaign in Afghanistan, as well as on the China War, may be given here briefly, as, upon both those subjects, he was before long to take a public stand.

China and Afghanistan remit us by every mail fresh accounts of useless successes and indelible disgraces. The wretched inhabitants and soldiery of that unintelligible empire are mowed down, with as little resistance, as grass for the oven; the narratives of Captain Bingham's work are the records of an abattoir. . . .

Nov. 15th.—And *this* is the way to recommend Christianity to the Orientals? Timour and Nadir Shah did more for Mahometanism. Have been studying, every morning, St. Paul's epistles. Well may St. Peter say, 'there are some things hard to be understood!'

Nov. 22nd.—Intelligence of great successes in China, and consequent peace. I rejoice in peace; I rejoice that this cruel and debasing war* is terminated; but I cannot rejoice, it may be unpatriotic, it may be un-British, I cannot rejoice in our successes; we have triumphed in one of the most lawless, unnecessary, and unfair struggles in the records of History; it was a war on which good men could not invoke the favour of Heaven, and Christians have shed more Heathen

* The reference is to the first Opium War

blood in two years than the Heathens have shed of Christian blood in two centuries! I tremble the more, because I feel assured that vengeance will come in some terrible shape; these sins will not remain unpunished; failure might have mitigated our retribution, but success will prove our ruin.

Nov. 24th.—Intelligence yesterday of further success in Afghanistan. Capture of Ghuznee and Cabul, and consequent peace. This is a blessing, and saves us from further cruelty and sin; but I tremble; 'Pride goeth before a fall.'

Nov. 25th.—The whole world is intoxicated with the prospect of Chinese trade. Altars to Mammon are rising on every side, and thousands of cotton children will be sacrificed to his honour. What can be more disgusting than the total oblivion of all causes, modes, and results of these wars, in the foresight or forehopes of large profits? . . . The peace too is as wicked as the war! We refuse, even now, to give the Emperor of China relief in the matter of the opium trade. . . . .

Dec. 16th.—The Home Secretary has appointed *one* special Commissioner—a limb of the Poor Law—to investigate the Employment of women and children in Agriculture. The motive is manifest, when you know the man; it is calculated first to delay, and then to oppose my efforts. He will allow me to do nothing until the report be made, and then, beside, qualify my doings by arguing that agriculturists are no better off. This would be inconceivably untrue, but quite enough for a Parliamentary statement, backed by official authority. What are the proportionate numbers of females, the intensity of their labour, the duration of absence from home, the hours of toil, the locality, and all the circumstances? As a million to zero.

Dec. 17th.—Anxious all night, full of suspicions that a trick is intended. . . .

Dec. 22nd.—The weather we have enjoyed throughout this whole year has been the temperature and climate of Eden. God be praised! the poor find their comfort in it. Yesterday was my father's birthday, on which he completed his seventy-fourth year, a most green and vigorous old age—God grant that he may turn it to his everlasting account!

Dec. 25th.—Christmas Day. There is very little seeming, and no real, hope for mankind but in the Second Advent; all our efforts are

weak and transitory, and issue in works very little stronger or more lasting—if we succeed in any project having for its end the good of the human race; first, we have to contend against the various lets and hindrances which arise in the execution of every honest purpose, the abatements, the diversions, the overthrows of our schemes; next, we must consider how small a portion of our fellow-creatures can receive benefit from any policy of ours—the widest plan and the fullest success of benevolence never yet affected the twentieth part of mankind—nothing can be universal but the reign of our blessed Lord on the throne of David, when there shall be 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill towards men,' 'even so come, Lord Jesus!'

Dec. 26th.—The collect for the third Sunday in Advent contains the whole object and means of national and individual education. It exhibits (as is most true) the affairs of this world as subservient to those of the next; it shows the object to be the preparation of man's heart for Christ's Second Coming; the means, to be the general diffusion and maintenance of the gospel by the 'Ministers and stewards' of God's holy mysteries. Here is wisdom! Now, had I my own way, as absolute Prince, or Prime Minister, of these realms, I would reduce these principles to action. I would recast the whole arrangement of parishes, especially in towns. I would assign to every three thousand souls a resident pastor, with a decent income and comfortable house; and I would then leave education to take care of itself, forbidding to the State any meddling, suggesting, directing, planning, in matters wherein it can have no knowledge. The State should insist and *enforce* that the duty be done, but not presume to interfere with its own theories and doctrines.

Dec. 31st.—It is manifest that my 'public support' in the coming year will undergo considerable abatement. Publicity being one of my instruments, any means towards it being abstracted, I shall find myself in greater labour and less co-operation. Even the *Dorset County Chronicle* has imbibed the poison, and seems shy of rendering me any service among my constituents.

A man having neither an official station nor a party to back him, cannot, humanly speaking, afford to lose the assistance of newspapers. I am beginning to be a little anxious; I wonder now whether I am so for *myself*, or in behalf of '*the cause*.' I know full well that there is in all these things a leaven of personality.

CHAPTER XI.

1843.

Apprehensions—The "Repeal Year"—Daniel O'Connell—Afghanistan—The Gates of Somnauth—Lord Ellenborough's Proclamation—Pious Slave-holders—Assassination of Mr. Edward Drummond; Correspondence with Sir Robert Peel thereon—Troubled State of Country—Second Report of Children's Employment Commission—Nature of its Revelations—Need of Education among the Working Classes; An Address to the Crown thereon—A Remarkable Speech—Factory Education Bill proposed by Government—Opposition of Dissenters—The Bill Amended and ultimately Withdrawn—The Opium Question—The Indo-Chinese Opium Trade—First Great Indictment of the Opium Trade in Parliament—Arguments used—Motion Withdrawn—Opinions upon the Speech—Estimate of Characters of Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham—State of the Poor of London—Field Lane Ragged School—A Disreputable Locality and its Traditions—Co-operation of Charles Dickens—A Novel Practice in the Church—Pews and Pew-rents—Birthday Reflections—Opposition to Collieries Bill—At Brocket—Riots in Manchester—Movements in the Churches—Pusey Interdicted from Preaching—Letter from Elizabeth Fry—A Foreign Tour—Antwerp—Aix-la-Chapelle—Bavaria—Carlsbad—Prague—Vienna—Visits to Philanthropic Institutions—Continental Sundays—Linz—Ratisbon—Nuremberg—Wurtemberg—Heidelberg—Frankfort—Domestic Life—Russia—Lord Ashley's Philanthropy Attacked—Miss Harriet Martineau—Speech at Sturminster on Condition of Agricultural Labourer—Consequences—The Nestorian Christians—Correspondence with Lord Aberdeen.

"I HAVE undertaken," wrote Lord Ashley in 1842, "more than I know how to accomplish." Yet the year 1843 was destined to bring him an enormous accession of labour. Three gigantic questions—National Education, the Opium Trade, and Ragged Schools—were to be added to those which already occupied his attention.

Before proceeding to quote from his Journals on these subjects, or to narrate the position of affairs in relation to them, we must first glance at other matters concerning his own personal history and the movements of the time.

Jan. 1st.—St. Giles's. Here I am in Quarter Sessions: the same vice, the same misery—population increasing, and crime also. The evil and the danger growing hand in hand, and yet not an attempt at remedy! . . .

Jan. 10th.—Lord Londonderry has invited the formation of a league to attain the repeal of my Colliery Bill! Sharp practice, seeing that it will not come into full operation before next March! I see that the proposal is received with favour in Scotland. I can hardly believe that the Parliament will so speedily reverse its decision, or the Government their 'support.' It is, however, another element of anxiety, and another subject of prayer.

I must make great efforts in the next Session. 'The night cometh when no man can work.' All seems on the turn for a retrograde movement, so far as my measures are concerned. The Ten Hours Bill has no favour; the Colliery Bill little apparent success; my motion on Education is below the horizon, yet 'blessed is he that endureth to the end.' These things may be trials to harden the steel and polish the weapon. . . .

A grand oration by Gladstone at Liverpool in favour of Collegiate Institutions and education of middle classes. The papers bepraise him, his eloquence, his principles, and his views. Well, be it so; there is no lack of effort and declamation in behalf of fine edifices and the wealthier classes; but where is the zeal for ragged pin-makers, brats in calico works, and dirty colliers? Neither he nor Sandon (how strange!) ever made or kept a house for me, ever gave me a vote, or ever said a word in my support.

Jan. 12th.—Yesterday's *Times* and *Morning Post* are dissatisfied with their friend: he is but a hybrid in Puseyism for them. The *Times* says something that is true; the *Post* is unjust. Here is the awkward and half-ridiculous position of Gladstone: he has asserted principles in matters ecclesiastical that he cannot reduce to practice in the present hour: and yet he has taken office with a Ministry that

neither can conform to them, nor even desires it. He is allied with men, and must, to retain office, *act* with men who feel differently, think differently, and speak differently from himself on questions of the highest moment. His public life has long been an effort to retain his principles, and yet not lose his position. He seems a kind of theological bat, partaking of two natures.

Early in the year there is a significant entry in the Diary:—"Peel will yet find his difficulties to lie in Ireland." And the prophecy met with its fulfilment. We can only summarise, in this place, the course of events fully detailed in the Diary.

Throughout the year 1843 Ireland was, apparently, on the very verge of revolution. O'Connell had termed it "the Repeal year," and, by organising enormous gatherings of the people, called "monster meetings," had hoped to bring about a Repeal of the Union. At these meetings he exhorted his countrymen "to die freemen rather than live as slaves;" he held out to them the hope that before twelve months had passed, "an Irish Parliament should sit at College Green," and vowed that, within that period "he would himself be free or in his grave!"

Alarmists were astonished at the calm attitude in which these lawless proceedings were viewed by Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet, especially when preparations were being made to hold a monster meeting of unusual importance on the 8th October, at Clontarf, near Dublin, a spot famous in the war-annals of Ireland.

But, on the day before the intended meeting, a Proclamation was issued by the Lord-Lieutenant and Council of Ireland warning all well-disposed persons from attending

the meeting, organised by "factious and seditious men." This Proclamation struck terror to the hearts of the "Repealers." The meeting was countermanded. O'Connell, forsaken by the bulk of his former supporters, indulged in violent and ill-judged language, and on the 14th of October, he, and eight of the most prominent leaders in the agitation, were arrested on the charges of conspiracy, unlawful assembling, and sedition. The result was, that a fine of £2,000 and imprisonment for twelve months was inflicted on O'Connell, and his companions were also punished by fines and imprisonment; and thus a death-blow was struck to the agitation.

O'Connell survived his defeat only three years.

As already stated, the terrible events that occurred in Afghanistan in 1842 had been carefully studied by Lord Ashley, and every great episode noted from time to time in his Diary. Especially did he watch the policy of Lord Ellenborough (the Governor-General of India in succession to Lord Auckland), a man of brilliant talents, erratic genius, and overbearing temper, whose high-handed action and bombastic utterances reached their climax in the extraordinary proclamation issued by him on the restoration to India of the gates of the Temple of Somnauth, carried off by his orders when Ghuznee was retaken by the English. It ran thus: "To all the Princes and Chiefs and People of India. My brothers and my friends,—Our victorious army bears the gates of the Temple of Somnauth in triumph from Afghanistan, and the despoiled tomb of Sultan Mahmoud looks upon the ruins of Ghuznee. The insult of 800 years

is at last avenged. The gates of the Temple of Somnauth, so long the memorial of your humiliation, are become the proudest record of your national glory; the proof of your superiority in arms over the nations beyond the Indus." . . .

Jan. 22.—Is Ellenborough mad? Has any person, private or royal, ever uttered such a speech, or sent such a circular since the days of Herod? *Nec vox hominem sonat.* He is stately and oracular as a tutelary Apollo, a false and coxcombical deity. But this folly is serious; it vitally affects the honour and service of Christianity; the British Government is to conciliate the Hindoos by the repair of their temples and by the adoration of their idols! The Mahometans had been good enough to *do*, eight hundred years ago, what we could not *think of now*, to destroy the house of a beastly image, and now we are set on the restoration of it! . . .

Jan. 23.—Just finished Lieutenant Eyres' narrative* of the affairs at Cabul and the captivity in Afghanistan, deeply interesting, graphically yet simply told, with the force and painting of Captain Head. Much as I hated and dreaded the policy which prompted and executed the invasion of that country when it first began, I hate and dread it more *now*. What a mass of needless sin and suffering! What a mighty waste of virtue, courage, heroism, fortitude! What energies thrown away, nay more, exerted in a wicked cause by noble and reluctant parties! Here were minds and hearts destroyed in that wilderness of misery, which might, in a day of necessity, have been, under God, the glory and strength of Great Britain!

This is bad enough in itself; but there is something yet worse; there is an immense national sin altogether unrepented of. People rejoice, and say, 'they are glad we are well rid of the matter;' but are we so? . . .

Feb. 13th.—A debate arose on Lord Ellenborough's proclamation, which Peel could not defend, and would not condemn—this was some few nights ago—he manifested, they say (for I had gone away, not expecting any talk until after the production of the papers), more than usual dexterity; and roused his party to cheer him

* "Narrative of a Prisoner in Afghanistan."

vigorously. I do not doubt it. I have no question of his dexterity, and he gained the night by it; but a truer, bolder, acknowledgment of the great and perilous error, with an assertion of all that could extenuate it, would have proved, in the end, more useful to Ellenborough, the party, and himself. As it is, the question will be renewed, and censure proposed, and who is there that can conscientiously vote that such a man ought to be left as Governor-General of India?

March 10th.—Voted last night against the Government, to condemn Lord Ellenborough's proclamation. What have I to do with the party-motives of the Whigs, who brought forward the resolution? Their motives may be vile, but they do not alter the quality of the fact. It is on this that I had to pronounce, irrespective of the sentiments of those who attacked and defended it. Talk of party, indeed! The defence was as much the work of a faction as the assault. Never was I more disgusted and depressed; never did I feel less regard for public men, or less pleasure in public life. The character of the Proclamation, its effects on the native race, on Christians in India, on Christians in England, were quite forgotten; everything sacrificed to the defence of the Governor-General.

Any attempt to palliate slavery was abhorrent to Lord Ashley, as the following entry will show:—

Jan. 25th.—Morpeth* has written a letter to the female editor of the *Liberty Bell* in America. . . . He shuns any part in the Slavery Question in the U.S.; but while his prudence may be applauded for abstaining from interposition in local disputes, his language seems somewhat to express a diminution of feeling on this great human wrong. He states his discovery, that many persons of sense, refinement, and *piety*, defend and practise the institution of slavery. This is the first step towards the justification of it—perhaps by both parties. . . . Piety forsooth! I should much like to ascertain these points; do his pious slaveholders discourage, in every way, and between all parties, illicit sexual connection? Do they encourage, nay compel, among their slaves, the institution of marriage—God's

*Afterwards Earl of Carlisle and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was travelling in the States.

holy ordinance in the days of man's innocency—and *all* the consequent domestic relations? Do they spread among them the knowledge and practice of Christianity? Do they provide for them the administration of the Sacraments, the free use of the Bible, the regular attendance at public worship? Or do they shut them out of such privileges as above the slavish station? Until he shall have *proved* these things, Lord Morpeth has no right to talk of PIOUS slaveholders! . . .

On the 20th January, Mr. Edward Drummond, Private Secretary to Sir Robert Peel, was shot when passing along Whitehall, and there was little doubt that the assassin, Daniel McNaughten, intended the ball, not for him, but for Sir Robert Peel. Lord Ashley wrote a letter of condolence and sympathy, as follows :—

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *January 30th*, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,—Perhaps a few words from me of condolence and sympathy with the great loss you have sustained in poor Edward Drummond will not be considered out of season, or out of place. He was to you so true a friend, and so valuable an assistant, that I may venture to rank him among those whom you most loved and honoured. God knows the loss is not yours alone; every one who enjoyed the acquaintance of the poor dear fellow must feel how ill society could afford the privation of so simple-hearted and so English a gentleman. But his melancholy end fills me with horror; it has pleased God in His wise and merciful, though unsearchable Providence, to permit him to fall by the blow that was, no doubt, intended for another. I cannot believe that it is a disconnected act; it is the beginning of sorrow. *Sursum corda;* these events must prove to us of what slight avail are all human precautions; that in the everlasting arms is our only safety; and that as we hope to die, so must we learn to live, in His faith and fear. May God, of His mercy, guide, protect, and cherish you! May He reserve you for

His gracious purposes towards this country and mankind, for His service in this world, and for His glory in the next!

Yours very truly,

ASHLEY.

To this letter Sir Robert replied:—

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

WHITEHALL, *January* 31*st*, 1843.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—If anything could administer consolation to me for the dreadful loss I have sustained, under circumstances of the most painful nature, it would be the letter which you have written to me, full of the kindest assurances of sympathy, and inculcating, with all the authority of a lofty and virtuous spirit, solemn truths too often neglected. What human precaution can be availing? The assassin of my poor friend had no grievance that we ever heard of. He never preferred a complaint. He was ten times more affluent than the vast majority of his class in life.

I must have passed within three yards of him half an hour before the murder was committed.

Ever, my dear Ashley, with sincere regard,

Most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

Feb. 16th.—Debate has long proceeded on state of the country and causes of distress. I have taken no part, and felt little interest. I do not concur in their opinions, and they would despise mine. Some ultras I hear speak disparagingly of me, because I have not availed myself of this occasion to denounce 'machinery.' My course is very difficult; my discretion would be impeached were I forward, and my motives are suspected, because I am not—but every man must be guided by his own judgment, give God the praise, and take the blame to himself. Firstly, I must not be regarded as thrusting the Factories in at all times, turning everything into a factory debate; the question is tedious enough already. Secondly, I cannot allow it to be an item in a discussion, when facts and statements would be

exhausted, not to be reproduced in a substantive motion; and the subject itself only slightly glanced at. Thirdly, when debated it should be followed by a vote on its own merits, and for its own purpose. Fourthly, I have toiled for ten years to disconnect it from party, and can I safely urge it now to resist a motion by Lord Howick, and swell a majority for Sir Robert Peel? . . .

Feb. 22.—Dined with Peel on 18th; had much conversation. He asked me much about Puseyism. He now seems to hold it in horror.

The Second Report of the Children's Employment Commission, having reference to the condition of juvenile labourers in various branches of industry not affected by the Factory Act, was published early in 1843.* In this voluminous document and its appendices, it was proved that in many trades children began to work at seven, six, five, and even four years of age. Parents sent their children to work as early as possible; in many cases to pay off debts to the master by the children's labour. In other cases children were apprenticed for long terms of years to receive food and clothing, but no wages. The apprentices had no legal protection against unmerciful masters, but convictions of apprentices for breaches of contract were very numerous. Magistrates were opposed to cancelling contracts, even when neglect or cruelty was evident, lest the apprentices should return to be a burden on the parish. Bad treatment of the children, by adult workmen, was common. The average day's work was from ten to twelve hours. Ignorance and moral depravity were general; the Sunday schools inefficient; the evening schools of little use for overworked children. With all this labour

* Parl. Papers, 1843, xiii., xiv., xv.

there were associated great poverty and bad food, especially in the nailmaking, needle, lace, hosiery, and tobacco manufactories, in the potteries, and the calico-printing works. The picture revealed by this investigation into the "free industries" (as they were termed) was much more melancholy than anything that had been reported with reference to the great factories. And yet, in spite of efforts by Lord Ashley, to which we shall have occasion presently to refer, only in one or two directions was anything done to remedy these terrible abuses, until the passing of the first Factory Extension Act in 1864.

The Factory Question, in consequence of the revelations made by the Reports of the Children's Employment Commission, became so closely associated with the subject of the Education of the Working Classes, that it was necessary to treat it in this connection, and on February 28th Lord Ashley moved an Address to the Crown praying her Majesty "to take into her instant and serious consideration the best means of diffusing the benefits and blessings of a moral and religious education amongst the working classes of her people." In support of this proposition he produced a mass of startling statistics and unveiled a picture of widespread depravity. In concluding his speech he said:—

This, Sir, completes the picture I desired to lay before the House: it has been imperfectly, and I fear tediously drawn. There is, however, less risk in taxing the patience than in taxing the faith of indulgent hearers. I have not presumed to propose a scheme, because I have ever thought, that such a mighty undertaking demands

the collective deliberation and wisdom of the Executive, backed by the authority and influence of the Crown. But what does this picture exhibit? Mark, Sir, first, the utter inefficiency of our penal code—of our capital and secondary punishments. The country is wearied with pamphlets and speeches on jail-discipline, model-prisons, and corrective processes; meanwhile crime advances at a rapid pace; many are discharged because they cannot be punished, and many become worse by the very punishment they undergo—punishment is disarmed of a large part of its terrors, because it no longer can appeal to any sense of shame; and all this, because we will obstinately persist in setting our own wilfulness against the experience of mankind and the wisdom of Revelation, and believe that we can regenerate the hardened man while we utterly neglect his pliant childhood. You are right to punish those awful miscreants who make a trade of blasphemy, and pollute the very atmosphere by their foul exhibitions; but you will never subdue their disciples and admirers, except by the implements of another armoury. You must draw from the great depository of truth, all that can create and refine a sound public opinion—all that can institute and diffuse among the people the feelings and practices of morality. I hope I am not dictatorial in repeating here, that criminal tables and criminal statistics furnish no estimate of a nation's disorder. Culprits, such as they exhibit, are but the representatives of the mischief, spawned by the filth and corruption of the times. Were the crimes of these offenders the sum total of the crimes of England, although we should lament for the individuals, we might disregard the consequences; but the danger is wider, deeper, fiercer; and no one who has heard these statements and believes them, can hope that twenty years more will pass without some mighty convulsion, and displacement of the whole system of society.

Next, Sir, observe that our very multitude oppresses us; and oppresses us, too, with all the fearful weight of a blessing converted into a curse. The King's strength ought to be in the multitude of his people; and so it is; not, however, such a people as we must shortly have; but in a people happy, healthy, and virtuous: '*Sacra Deûm, sanctique patres.*' Is that our condition of present comfort or prospective safety? You have seen in how many instances the intellect is impaired, and even destroyed, by

the opinions and practices of our moral world; honest industry will decline, energy will be blunted, and whatever shall remain of zeal be perverted to the worst and most perilous uses. An evil state of morals engenders and diffuses a ferocious spirit; the mind of man is as much affected by moral epidemics as his body by disorders; thence arisè murders, blasphemies, seditions, everything that can tear prosperity from nations, and peace from individuals. See, Sir, the ferocity of disposition that your records disclose: look at the savage treatment of children and apprentices; and imagine the awful results, if such a spirit were let loose upon society. . . .

Consider, too, the rapid progress of time. In ten years from this hour—no long period in the history of a nation—all who are nine years of age will have reached the age of nineteen years; a period in which, with the few years that follow, there is the least sense of responsibility, the power of the liveliest action, and the greatest disregard of human suffering and human life. The early ages are of incalculable value; an idle reprobate of fourteen is almost irreclaimable; every year of delay abstracts from us thousands of useful fellow-citizens; nay, rather, it adds them to the ranks of viciousness, of misery, and of disorder. So long as this plague-spot is festering among our people, all our labours will be in vain; our recent triumphs will avail us nothing—to no purpose, while we are rotten at heart, shall we toil to improve our finances, to expand our commerce, and explore the hidden sources of our difficulty and alarm. We feel that all is wrong, we grope at noonday as though it were night; disregarding the lessons of history and the Word of God, that there is neither hope nor strength, nor comfort, nor peace, but in a virtuous, a 'wise and an understanding people.'

But if we will retrace our steps, and do the first works—if we will apply ourselves earnestly, in faith and fear, to this necessary service, there lie before us many paths of peace, many prospects of encouragement. . . .

Nor let us put out of mind this great and stirring consideration, that the moral condition of England seems destined by Providence to lead the moral condition of the world. Year after year we are sending forth thousands and hundreds of thousands of our citizens to people the vast solitudes and islands of another hemisphere; the Anglo-Saxon race will shortly overspread half the habitable globe. What a mighty and what a rapid addition to the

happiness of mankind, if these thousands should carry with them, and plant in those distant regions, our freedom, our laws, our morality, and our religion!

This, Sir, is the ground of my appeal to this House; the plan that I venture to propose, and the argument by which I sustain it. It is, I know, but a portion of what the country requires; and even here we shall have, no doubt, disappointments to undergo, and failures to deplore; it will, nevertheless, bear for us abundant fruit. We owe to the poor of our land a weighty debt. We call them improvident and immoral, and many of them are so: but that improvidence and that immorality are the results, in a great measure, of our neglect, and, in not a little, of our example. We owe them, too, the debt of kinder language, and more frequent intercourse. This is no fanciful obligation; our people are more alive than any other to honest zeal for their cause, and sympathy with their necessities, which, fall though it often-times may, on unimpressible hearts, never fails to find some that it comforts, and many that it softens. Only let us declare, this night, that we will enter on a novel and a better course—that we will seek their temporal, through their eternal welfare—and the half of our work will then have been achieved. There are many hearts to be won, many minds to be instructed, and many souls to be saved: *Oh Patria! oh Divûm domus!*—the blessing of God will rest upon our endeavours; and the oldest among us may perhaps live to enjoy, for himself and for his children, the opening day of the immortal, because the moral, glories of the British Empire.

This powerful speech met with the general applause of the House, and the motion was agreed to.

March 1st. — Last night brought forward my motion on 'National Education.' Whatever I received from the goodness, grace, and mercy of God, when I introduced my Colliery Bill, I received in a tenfold measure here. Hearts were prepared, opportunities furnished, success vouchsafed. The unanimity was wonderful; the feeling in the House still more so; it presented the spectacle of a Christian assembly, invested with mighty power for Christian objects. Could this have been effected a few years ago? Such a

speech would have been heard with cool indifference or shouts of derision! *novus sæclorum nascitur ordo*; if we will but seize the blessing that God Almighty, who has long waited to be gracious, now holds out in His lavish, inconceivable, and undeserved mercy, the country will not only be saved, but rise to loftier degrees of dignity, usefulness, and virtue!

What lessons does such success as mine offer to the weak in faith! And what a lesson to myself in all my doubts and misgivings and ungrateful perplexities! But this comfort I have, that it is in the hope and strength of God's word that I have laboured: the blessed words of our dear Lord have ever been before me, 'feed my lambs.'

5th.—I am more and more astonished by the success of my motion, and by the excitement of fervour and sympathy it has raised. It is wonderful how God gives us more than *we desire or deserve;—deserve* so much is wicked to think of; desire so much was beyond all conception. Graham behaved well, and rose immediately after me to catch (as he said) the House in its warm and generous temper. I was much struck by the spirit and feeling of John Russell; he spoke like a man deeply impressed by some strong conviction. They tell me that on Wednesday morning, shops and public-houses were thronged by persons anxious to read the papers. O God, in Thy mercy, grant that this be the grain of mustard-seed in the heart of the nation, which shall grow into a tree like the cedar of Lebanon, and stretch forth its branches unto the sea, and its boughs unto the river!

Why was it? About a quarter of an hour before I concluded, I stopped suddenly, lost the thread of my discourse, and nearly broke down! Was this the 'thorn in the flesh' lest I should be exalted beyond measure?

Thus ends this volume (of the Diary) with a triumph in my public career. To God in His mercy be all the honour, and may I have strength, and wisdom, and zeal, and power to persevere, and to see, and to do 'yet greater things than these!'

On the evening that Lord Ashley brought forward his motion, Sir James Graham stated that a Factory Education Bill was in course of preparation. On March

8th this Bill was laid before the House; it reduced the hours of labour for children from eight to six and a half hours per day, the whole of which was to be accomplished either in the morning or in the afternoon. Children were to be allowed to begin working at eight instead of nine years of age. "Young persons" between thirteen and eighteen were only to work twelve hours, and females were to be deemed "young persons" till twenty-one years of age. There were some other protective clauses, and joined to these there was a scheme of education, to some extent compulsory. The schools to be provided were each to be under the care of a clergyman, two churchwardens, and four elective trustees. To this provision, which evidently gave a preponderance to Church influence, the Bill owed its eventual destruction. The opposition of the Dissenters was roused, and soon became formidable. When the Bill was read *pro forma* on the 1st of May, Sir James Graham said: "The petitions which have been presented against the Educational Clauses of the Factories Bill, to which I am about to advert, have been numerous almost without precedent." Well might he say so, for, up to that date, 11,611 petitions, bearing 1,757,297 signatures—mainly those of Dissenters—had been given in.

May 11th. . . . Education scheme seems to languish; foes active, friends supine; indeed, it has but few zealous friends. Many acquiesce under the pressure of necessity; doubtless it is pushed to the *very verge* of principle; a hair's breadth in addition would render my acceptance of it impossible. Graham's interpretation of the teaching of the Scriptures is an exaggeration of the British and

Foreign system; it would preclude any doctrinal explanation whatever; confine the child to grammar and syntax, and leave him in full possession, humanly speaking, should he have them, of the grossest and most perilous errors. Yet I will take the Bill, because the whole Word of God is put into the hands of the scholar and is read by him. My poverty, but not my will, consents. God, I hope and pray, in compassion to our infirmities, will bless the use of His Book, notwithstanding the denial of the oral teaching of His minister. Three times a week, moreover, the child will be trained in the tenets and discipline, the Creeds and Liturgy, of the Church.

At the Annual Meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society (May 9th), Lord Ashley said, with reference to this question:—

The Government of this country have lately propounded a system of education, with a view of bringing within the pale of Christianity—for such it is—thousands, nay, more than that, hundreds of thousands, and almost millions of children and young persons who now live in a state of more than practical heathenism. Whether that system is the best in itself it is not necessary here to inquire, but the education propounded, I am sure, is the best that the Government, under the circumstances of the Church and nation, could propose. There are many points which may require correction, but the system, as propounded, is worthy of acceptance. Whether it will be accepted by the country or not, I do not know; but, if it be accepted, it will be our duty to co-operate in furthering the projects of the Government.

To meet the views of the Nonconformists, the Government introduced some modifications into the Bill, but it became increasingly evident that these concessions were of no avail.

In presenting the Amended Bill, Sir James Graham posed in the new attitude of a peace-maker, but not until he had effectually used his arts of irritation beforehand.

"I am aware—for the symptoms are too evident,"

he said, "that upon this question the waters of strife have overflowed, and that they now cover the land; this" (the modified Bill the Right Hon. Baronet then placed upon the table), "this is my olive branch. I tender it in the hope that the harbinger of peace ere long may return, with the glad tidings that the waters have subsided. On the part of the Government, I tender this peace offering in the spirit of concord and of Christian charity and goodwill."

But the waters of strife were not to be spoken down into calm by Sir James Graham. By the 15th of June the petitions against the clauses in their amended form were almost as numerous as those against the clauses in their original form; in the city of London alone, 55,000 persons signed a protest against the further progress of the Bill. On that date, therefore, Sir James Graham gave notice of the intention of the Government to abandon the Educational Clauses.

June 16th.—Graham withdrew, last night, the Education Clauses of the Factory Bill. The Government are right, it could not have been carried in the House except by forced and small majorities; it could not have been reduced to practice in the country, without fierce and everlasting collisions—as harmony was the object, so harmony must have been the means. The fierceness and strength of opposition, however, were not the sole reasons of withdrawal; at least, in my mind, the apathy of our own friends, lay and clerical, was a death-blow to any hope of immediate or final success. No one liked the scheme, though many acquiesced in it; all desired that it should not pass, because one part thought it would do real harm, and the other believed it would do no good. One result has issued to my conviction, and I dare say to that of many others. 'Combined Education' must never again be attempted—it is an impossibility, and worthless if possible—the plan is hopeless,

the attempt full of hazard. So I will never vote for combined education—let us have our own schools, our Catechism, our Liturgy, our Articles, our Homilies, our faith, our own teaching of God's word.

Another failure then; and yet I am not disheartened! 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shall find it after many days.' Blessed be that wisdom, and the gracious Fount from which it came; a few thoughts and regrets may be given (and pardoned) to those miserable thousands, who might have been brought within the pale of physical and moral regeneration! God be their helper!

June 17th.—Wrote on Wednesday to Peel, to relieve him from any obligation he might conceive himself to be under to me, to persevere in the Educational Clauses. I admitted his extraordinary and unprecedented difficulties. He returned a most thankful answer, and stated that, without my assent, he could not have withdrawn the Bill.

Sir Robert Peel's reply was as follows:—

Sir Robert Peel to Lord Ashley.

WHITEHALL, *June 16th*, 1843.

MY DEAR ASHLEY,—Your kind and considerate letter in respect to the Educational Clauses in the Factory Bill relieved the Government from the great embarrassment which they would have felt in abandoning those Clauses, if, after the part you have taken on the subject of Education, and the religious and social welfare of the manufacturing classes, and considering your high authority on any question relating to the improvement of their condition, your opinion had been decidedly in favour of perseverance.

My own opinion is, seeing what has passed, that there would be no advantage to the cause of religious education in trusting to the co-operation of the Dissenting body in the measure we proposed, and that the abandonment of it is preferable to failure, after religious strife and contention. It is but a sorry and lamentable triumph that Dissent has achieved.

Most truly yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

June 16th.—Wrote yesterday to urge perseverance in the remaining clauses. Wrote *most strongly*, because I suspected Graham. I pointed out, in fact, that the Government could not, with honour, retire. This evening received his reply in the affirmative, yet I think that, without my letter, they would have surrendered the Bill! The clergy are not to be blamed; they have agreed to concessions never before heard of, but in the hope of conciliation and peace. . . I never thought that I could have accepted such a scheme, and yet it was wise both to make it and receive it. Extreme necessity and extreme hope, acted on my judgment, and I did what I never did before and will never do again. All was gulpable, but when called on to adopt 'the teaching of the Bible,' as proposed by Sir James, the simple text without note or comment or word of interpretation, the grammatical sense and nothing else, the actual leaving, as the case might be, of a Socinian, in Socinian ignorance, of a Socialist in Socialist impurities, except so far as the grace of God might bless even the 'letter' of His word—I did feel a nausea, almost to faintness; nevertheless, for the sake of peace, I agreed to even *that*.

The letter referred to above was in these terms:—

Lord Ashley to Sir Robert Peel.

June 15th, 1843.

My dear Sir Robert,—Sir James Graham asserted this evening that the Factory Bill was so complicated with Education Clauses as to require very serious deliberation whether it could be proceeded with this Session.

Sir James's statement is tolerably incorrect, nay, I think, unfair; the Education Clauses were engrafted on a Bill found in the Home Office; a Bill which had been recommended by the Committee of 1841, of which I was Chairman, and introduced by Mr. Fox Maule.

This Bill contained the Six-Hour Clause, the limitation of time for children under thirteen years of age, suggested and propounded some months before your Government came into office.

The Bill, if shorn of its Educational Clauses, is a complete measure, and has the sanction of a Committee appointed to investigate and improve the state of the Factory Acts.

Surely you cannot withdraw the Bill now on the table; such a step would be a departure from what is due to the House, to the operatives, and, I may say, to myself. I urged the late Government for years, and at last persuaded them to partial justice; their Bill was lost by the Dissolution. It can scarcely be necessary that I should recall all the private and public communications I have had with your Government on this subject. Nothing was done in 1841; I expected something, and was disappointed, in 1842, but excuses were assigned, and I lived on the promise for 1843.

I must appeal from Sir James Graham to you. I cannot believe that you will allow such a wanton abuse of power, for such it would be. I have no following in the House, and no party to rest on; I am therefore at the will of those who have; but I still trust that some consideration will be shown, not to myself, but to these wretched people in whose cause I have now begun the eleventh year of anxiety and toil.

I am, very truly yours,

ASHLEY.

On the 19th Sir James Graham declared that the remainder of the Factory Bill would be proceeded with, and moved that it be committed. The Bill then passed through Committee, and in the course of the discussion Lord Ashley deplored the dissensions that had broken out. "Wherever the fault lay, one thing was quite clear—that the really suffering parties were the vast body of neglected children, who, as present appearances went, were now consigned to an eternity of ignorance." Ultimately the Government saw fit to abandon the measure altogether, promising, on July 31st, in reply to a question from Lord Ashley, to bring in another Bill early in the ensuing Session.

The introduction of Lord Ashley to the Opium Question is told by him in his Journal in these simple words:—

Feb. 13th.—On Saturday last Samuel Gurney and Mr. Fry called on me to lay the state of the Opium Trade with China before me, and request that I would submit it to Parliament, as a grand question of national morality and religion. I agreed in all they said, for I had long thought and felt the same; but doubted my fitness and capacity to undertake such a task—promised, however, to consider the proposition. They told me, and gave most excellent proofs of their correctness, that the Government were not averse to the abolition of the Opium Monopoly, though fully aware of its extreme difficulty; that the Board of Trade were actually favourable, and that Peel positively condemned the contraband trade.

This was the commencement of an official alliance with a cause which, for more than forty years, was to receive his advocacy. There can be little doubt that future generations of Englishmen will unhesitatingly condemn the policy that has so long been pursued with regard to this iniquitous traffic, and it will seem scarcely credible that in the nineteenth century, while British missionaries were preaching the Gospel in every quarter of the globe, and while British philanthropists were combating almost every known phase of evil under the sun, British statesmen could be found capable of defending, for the sake of the revenue, a system which has been again and again conclusively proved to be fraught with misery and ruin to tens of thousands of the Chinese people. Vainly have the best and wisest of Chinese statesmen opposed the introduction of the pernicious drug; English Ministers were determined that the revenues of our Indian Empire should not be curtailed, and did not scruple to secure, by fire and sword, the maintenance of the unholy traffic.

may assist to a clearer understanding of the issues involved in this momentous question if we very briefly state the salient facts in the previous history of the exportation of opium to China from our Indian dependencies.

Prior to 1773, some of the civil servants of the East India Company, in defiance of the rules which were supposed to regulate their conduct, had been enriching themselves by the cultivation of opium, and the sale of it to Dutch merchants and others, who found a market for the produce. In that year the Company took the monopoly into its own hands. Either directly, by the Company's agents, or by those persons to whom they disposed of it, the opium was clandestinely sold to the Chinese. Several of the wisest Indian officials deprecated the raising of the revenue by a system of smuggling, and the Directors in London did not fail formally to prohibit the importation of opium into China against the wishes of its rulers. Again and again, they advised against all illicit trade, but they calmly pocketed the proceeds, and spurred on their officials to increase the revenue. In one despatch, after condemning "illicit trade," they suggested a means of opening new markets for opium in the eastern ports of China. In 1796 fresh edicts were published by the Chinese authorities enforcing severer penalties on the importation of opium. The Company now forbade its servants to be concerned in the trade, but openly sold the drug in Calcutta to merchants who shipped it off to China. Once, if not oftener, the Company compensated merchants who

had suffered loss through Chinese interference with their traffic.

Notwithstanding Chinese expostulations and occasional active measures, the trade went on developing. Bribery and corruption were freely employed to procure connivance on the part of Chinese seaport officials. The intelligent ruling class in China saw that the nation was becoming weakened and enfeebled by the growing consumption of opium; vigorous efforts were made to prevent its sale, and the Emperor determined on a bold stroke for the suppression of its importation. Commissioner Lin came to Canton, seized 20,000 chests of the smuggled opium (worth three millions sterling), and had it all destroyed. England now declared war; defeated the Chinese in spite of their gallant resistance, and by the Treaty of Nankin, in 1842, five ports were thrown open to the British trade, twenty-one million dollars were paid by China as a war indemnity and as compensation for the destroyed opium, and Hong-Kong became a British possession. But in spite of all pressure brought to bear upon them, the Chinese steadily refused to legalise the opium traffic, although they saw that, for the present, it would be utterly useless to attempt to enforce the numerous laws and edicts which had been, from time to time, promulgated against it.

Such then was the state of things when Lord Ashley, Mr. Gurney, and Mr. Fry began the long crusade against the Opium Trade—a crusade that has not yet achieved its crowning victory.

March 15th.—Gave notice last night of a motion on the Opium Monopoly. I did it with fear, anxiety, and trembling. I shrink from the task, I dread the preparation, I quail before the execution of it. Yet it is the cause of Christianity and of God. I have not sought it; the thing has been forced on me, and I have not dared to refuse my labour in the cause. A deputation from several merchants made the request. Macgregor, a confidential officer of the Board of Trade, assured me of his assistance, and of the desire of the Government (privately) to receive an impulse. When I reflected on the enormous mischief and the enormous sin, I could not say 'no.'

March 23rd.—Prayer to begin, prayer to accompany, and prayer to close any undertaking for His service is the secret of all 'prospering in our ways.'

March 28th.—Have been in great anxiety—business crowded too heavily on me—I had in prospect for one week Opium, Factory Bill, and the defence of the Bishop of Jerusalem—by God's blessing relieved—Factory Bill postponed until after Easter; this, I am glad of, as Sir J. Graham had determined to postpone the Education Clauses. Alas! what a weak faith I have! I have never yet failed of God's aid and favour, and yet I am ever in doubt and difficulty. 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.' Oh, what a question is this Opium affair; bad as I thought it, I find it a thousand times worse, more black, more cruel, more Satanic than all the deeds of private sin in the records of prison history. O God, be Thou with me in the hour of trial, speak to me the words that Thou spakest to Thy servant Joshua, and touch my lips, like Isaiah's, with fire of the altar—but take to Thyself all the glory; blessed Lord in Jesus Christ our Redeemer. . . .

March 31st.—Escaped from a snare laid for me—had I fallen into it, I should really (however undeservedly) have 'sustained,' as Cobden said to me, 'a moral loss.' Joseph Hume, for what purpose no one can say, has resolved to move a vote of thanks to the Ministry on the Ashburton Treaty; he cannot find an open day, he called on the Government to give him an opportunity, he appealed to me to surrender my precedence on Tuesday next—both declined; then Sir James Graham, whether in concert with Joey or not is uncertain, writes to me and urges my compliance. I reply to him that I do not dare to treat the Opium Question as of a secondary character, one that may yield to the ordinary, or even

extraordinary, courtesies that I should wish to exhibit towards the Ministry. My own zeal in the cause, humanly speaking, saved me from the precipice—it did not occur to me until I reached the lobby of the House of Commons, that had I surrendered my day to serve the mere partisan objects of the Government, I should in vain have protested my sincerity, in vain my separation in these things from all Whig or Tory feelings! I should have been told that Party was the first object, principle the second.

As the day drew near for Lord Ashley to bring forward his motion on the Opium Question, he experienced—what he had so often felt before, and was to feel so often again, in prospect of any great Parliamentary effort—an intense depression, resulting from nervous anxiety. He knew of only one way in which relief was to be obtained, and that is indicated in the following entry:—

April 2.—Sunday. Lesson for the day at morning service, 3rd chap. Exodus, 'Come, now, therefore, and I will send thee,' 'Who am I that I should go?' These words were not without their consolation.

On Tuesday, April 4th, 1843, Lord Ashley brought the subject before the House of Commons by moving "That it is the opinion of this House that the continuance of the trade in opium, and the monopoly of its growth in the territories of British India, are destructive of all relations of amity between England and China, injurious to the manufacturing interests of the country, by the very serious diminution of legitimate commerce, and utterly inconsistent with the honour and duties of a Christian kingdom; and that steps be taken,

as soon as possible, with due regard to the rights of governments and individuals, to abolish the evil."

After presenting petitions against the Opium Trade from the Committees of the Wesleyan, Baptist, and London Missionary Societies, Lord Ashley referred to the war which had just come to an end, but with all its causes more ripe than ever. He had no hostile feeling towards the East India Company, he entertained the strongest esteem, privately, for the character of several of that body and, publicly, for many parts of their administration. "I am convinced," said the noble Lord, "that they have conferred very great benefits on the Empire they are appointed to govern; and, if there be any guilt in the system which I shall develop, the guilt is not theirs exclusively: it is shared by the Legislature and the whole nation; it is shared by the members of this House, which, in the year 1832, sanctioned by a law the revenue derived from the opium trade, commending the production of the drug, and actually approving its destination."

He quoted various authorities to show that this system of smuggling led to riot and disturbance, and that the Chinese people were naturally indignant when they saw native dealers in opium severely punished, whilst the foreign importer prosecuted his business with impunity. From the testimony of witnesses, he showed that all Chinese society, from the Imperial Family down to the lowest ranks, suffered from the baneful effects of the drug, that officials were corrupted and multitudes ruined, that with the traffic were associated in the

Chinese mind every sort of embarrassment and penal infliction, and that the trade was a source of danger, shame, and disgrace to all concerned, and was a hinderance to legitimate commerce. These were the causes of the war, and they still remained in full activity. The vessels engaged in the opium trade had to be armed; those engaged in peaceful traffic had no such need.

Such a state of things was not only inimical to peace and honourable intercourse with China, but it had operated most injuriously on our trade by substituting a pernicious drug for the produce and manufactures of Great Britain, "and this," he said, "had seemed to him a connecting link between himself and the question, because the extension of commerce and opening of new markets seemed akin to his previous efforts to promote the welfare of the working classes." He showed that no progress had been made in commerce with China, but, on the contrary, that we had gone back in our importations into that country, whilst our manufactures and products had neither deteriorated nor risen in price. It was not the fault of the Chinese; testimony was overwhelming that the Chinese were anxious for trade, but the opium traffic stopped the way. He then gave elaborate statistics showing how all legitimate commerce was swayed by the opium traffic, and stated his conviction that, if the temptation were removed, the Chinese would readily give their produce in exchange for our goods. He continued:—

But, Sir, another, and by far the greatest, consideration remains behind; that for which kings reign and princes decree justice, the

consideration of that which affects the moral welfare of whole nations. For what purpose, I ask, is all government instituted? I speak not of the practice—that is too often corrupt—but of the principle of government. For what purpose are all rulers invested with power, but to encourage religion and morality, to protect and advance the real interests of those committed to their charge, and to hold forth to their subjects, and to the world, the example of wisdom and virtue? Has it been so here? Has such been our conduct in this particular? Quite the reverse. I will venture to assert that our encouragement to this nefarious traffic has retarded the progress of Christianity, and impeded the civilisation of mankind.

Lord Ashley then proceeded to give a vivid description of the general effects upon its victims of indulgence in opium as a luxury—their physical, mental, and moral debility, their hideous disfigurement and premature decay—resulting in misery almost beyond belief, destroying myriads of individuals annually, and casting its victims into a bondage with which no slavery on earth could compare, and from which there was scarcely a known instance of escape.

There was immorality involved even in the cultivation of the plant, for such pressure was put upon the ryots that, in many cases, they were compelled to accept the Government grant and supply the needed quantity of poppy. In fact at every step the system was associated with evil, and only evil. Splendid regions were laid waste to supply the commodity (for poppies require a special soil); the trade was in the hands of desperate fellows who carried it on by fraud, violence, and oppression. It was an intolerable outrage to the feelings of the civilised and Christian nations of the world, that

this iniquitous trade should be part of the fiscal arrangements of the Government—an important part of the Imperial policy of India. The opium was grown by advances from the Imperial Government; carried down to Calcutta, and put up for sale under Government authority; shipped in opium clippers lying in the river, and the clippers supplied with arms from the arsenals of the Government.

Lord Ashley frankly admitted that, for the sake of the revenue, Parliament in 1832 sanctioned the opium monopoly. "I was in Parliament myself at the time," he said, "and I share in the responsibility; but I had not, at that time, the most remote idea of the enormities which the details of the system have since brought to light." Having now studied the whole question, the revelation of the facts of the case had filled him with horror. He saw that it stood in the way of the progress of society, the civilisation of man, and the advancement of the Gospel. It could never be that Opium and the Bible could enter China together; he was constrained to endorse the testimony of missionary agents, who asserted that "the proud escutcheon of the nation which declares against the slave trade, is made to bear a blot broader and darker than any other in the Christian world."

Lord Ashley enforced this conclusion as follows:—

I am fully convinced that, for the country to encourage this nefarious traffic, is bad, perhaps worse than encouraging the slave trade. That terrible system of slavery does not necessarily destroy the physical and moral qualities of its victims. It tortures and

degrades the man, but it leaves him susceptible of regeneration. But the opium trade destroys the man, both body and soul; and carries a hideous ruin over millions, which can never be repaired. You may abolish the evil this night, but you cannot restore the millions who have been tempted, by the proceedings of the Government of India, to indulge in the use of the pernicious drug.

Now, a fact has just occurred, than which nothing, I am certain, can reflect greater disgrace on all our conduct; it occurred on Wednesday last. The Baptist Missionary Society—a Society which has done a great deal in effecting the spread of the Gospel among heathen nations, and which has produced some most eminent and pious men—at a meeting last Wednesday, took into consideration the propriety of sending out missionaries to China; and it was decided to work through the agency of the American missions, because the public feeling in China was so strong against the English, that if the missionaries hoped to work at all, it must be through America, which had kept aloof, in a great degree, from the disgraceful traffic. And what was the result? Why the Baptist Missionary Society of England voted £500 to be put at the disposal of the American Missionaries for the propagation of the Gospel in China! So, Sir, it has come to this, that England, which professes to be at the head of Christian nations, is precluded by her own immoral conduct from sending her own missionaries to that part of the world which she herself has opened for the advancement of civilisation and the enlightenment of Christianity.

Having set forth the evil, with its causes and results, Lord Ashley demanded, in the first place, that Parliament should destroy the monopoly, which the East India Company possessed, of the growth and manufacture of opium in India, and thus abolish nine-tenths of the mischief; and in the next place, in order to remove another feature of the evil, that the cultivation of the drug in the territories of the East India Company should be prohibited altogether. In a series of masterly arguments he combated the opposition, which would

be raised to these proposals, and concluded in these words:—

This, Sir, is the statement on which I rely; and while I most sincerely thank the House for the kindness and indulgence with which they have listened to me, I may be allowed, perhaps, to express a hope that those who reply will answer me with facts and statements of equal authority. Now, Sir, let us make the case our own. What would be said, if any other nation were to treat us as we treat the Chinese? What would be said in this country, and what an amount of just indignation there would be in this House, if we were told that French buccaneers were ravaging our coasts, defying our laws, and murdering our fellow-subjects? Should we venture to act thus towards any other State that was bold enough, and strong enough, to make reprisals upon us? Certainly not. And in admitting this, we admit that our conduct towards the Chinese is governed by our pride and our power, and not by our own estimate of justice. . . . Do you know, or are you indifferent to, the opinions and language of foreign nations? Can you take up a single foreign journal without finding it full of sarcasm and contempt of our conduct and policy? Have you heard the honest, sober, and conscientious opinions of foreign statesmen? Do you value the sentiments of foreign historians? Here is the language of Count Bjornsterna, in his authentic work on the British Empire in the East, a work that is widely circulated on the Continent. 'Strictly speaking, the whole trade with India,' says the Count, 'rests at present on a highly immoral basis; on 15,000 or 20,000 chests of opium, of the value of £2,000,000 or £3,000,000 sterling, with which the Chinese are every year poisoned. Thus a country, which had for thousands of years accumulated the gold of the world, which is destined by nature to bear the finest fruits, and the dearest spices, which contribute to the enjoyment and refreshment of man, has been compelled in our days to bear a noxious drug, which spreads physical and moral debility among the millions of inhabitants of the Celestial Empire.'

If such accusations as these were unjust, I should altogether despise them; but, knowing that they were richly deserved, they are to my mind absolutely intolerable. Sir, although I may be animadverted upon, and perhaps rebuked, for having presumed to handle

so important a matter, I shall ever be thankful that I have acted as an instrument to lay this abominable evil before the eye of the public. I shall deeply regret to have given offence to this House, or to any individual; nevertheless, I shall rejoice in the disclosure, and the possible removal of the mischief. Sir, the condition of this Empire does demand a most deep and solemn consideration; within and without, we are hollow and insecure. True it is that we wear a certain appearance of power and majesty; but, with one arm resting on the East, and the other on the West, we are, in too many instances, trampling under foot every moral and religious obligation. I confess I speak most sincerely, though few, perhaps, will agree with me; but I do say—it is in my heart, and I will bring it out—if this is to be the course of our future policy; if thus we are to exercise our arts and arms, our science, and our superiority of knowledge over the world—if all these are to be turned to the injury, and not to the advantage, of mankind, I should much prefer that we shrink within the proportions of our public virtue, and descend to the level of a third-rate power. But a great and noble opportunity is now offered to us, of being just and generous in the height of victory. In such a spirit, and with such an aim, there is hope that we may yet be spared to run a blessed, a useful, and a glorious career; directing all our energies and all our vows—all that we have, and all that we shall receive—to that one great end of human existence, 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill towards men.'

This important speech occupied seven closely-printed columns of *The Times* on the following morning. It was the first great indictment of the Opium Trade uttered within the walls of Parliament, and it was felt to be unanswerable, even by those who thought it inexpedient to meddle with the question. A debate ensued. Mr. Brotherton, Sir R. Inglis, Captain Layard, and others supported Lord Ashley. A few members argued that his proposals were impracticable, and would not have the desired result. Sir Robert Peel, on behalf of the

Government, appealed to him to withdraw his motion, inasmuch as a vote upon it under existing circumstances would act prejudicially to the negotiations then pending in China. At the same time he indulged in a line of deprecatory argument, of which the gist seemed to be that, as we could not put down gin at home, we need not concern ourselves about introducing 20,000 chests of opium into China every year. Lord Ashley, in his reply, said that he would be the last man to act to the prejudice of negotiations now being carried on, and therefore acceded to the Ministerial request.* *The Times*, in commenting, a day or two afterwards, on the speech, said that "it was grave, temperate, and practical, well stored with facts, authorities, and arguments, and strictly confined to a consideration of those measures, which it might be possible and expedient to take, for the prevention of the growth of opium within the British dominions in India and its importation by British subjects into China." It was added, that Lord Ashley's speech was "far more statesmanlike in its ultimate and general views than those by which it was opposed," whose arguments amounted to this: "That morality and religion, and the happiness of mankind, and friendly relations with China, and new markets for British manufactures, were all very fine things in their way; but that the opium trade was worth to the Indian Government £1,200,000 a year; and £1,200,000 was a large sum of money, which it would not be easy to make up from any other source without offending somebody

* Hansard's Debates.

in India; and, upon the whole, that we could not afford to buy morality and religion, and the happiness of mankind, and friendly relations with China, and new markets for British manufactures, quite so dear." *

April 5th.—Last night, Opium! Though I did not succeed in carrying my motion, yet I made a sensible impression on the House, and through that, I hope, on the country. I was, perhaps, more master of myself than on any former occasion, yet down to the very moment of commencing my speech I was in dejection and uncertainty. God, however, I see was with me, and I reached the consciences, though I could not command the support, of several members. Spoke for nearly three hours, nevertheless the House listened to me throughout with patience and sympathy. . . .

Ministers wished to avoid speaking, and called on me early to close the debate. I refused to do so, not choosing that such a question should be lightly treated, and dismissed without a word from a member of the Cabinet. They put up Bingham Baring to move 'the previous question.' He was feeble, though some of his matter was not bad. He had one argument, touching British goods exported to India, which was somewhat specious, but utterly unsound. Hogg was clever, but audacious, affirmatory, and almost false. Peel was forced to rise at last, and certainly took a line for which I was not prepared. I had expected a fuller condemnation of the traffic, and a less positive and contented defence of the East India Monopoly. He *sneered* at our care for the health and morals of the Chinese, and altogether assumed the tone of a low, mercantile financial soul, incapable of conceiving or urging a principle, which finally disgusted me, and placed him in my mind much below the Christian level, and not any higher than the heathen. But as he stated that the negotiations on foot by the Government would be really impeded by such a motion as mine, I of course withdrew it. His speech was shallow and feeble. . . . . Very remarkable—not one person even *attempted* to touch the *morality* of the question; that seemed to be tacitly but universally surrendered. The prayer of the 28th was heard; the hand of the Almighty was with me. To Him, and to Him alone, be all the glory!

* *The Times*, April 6th, 1842.

April 7th.—I have since heard spiteful comments on my determination not to divide the House; argued as a defect of principle in me; a proof of insincerity. Ah, well! I must submit to such things. How could I venture to throw myself between the Executive Government and a just and profitable treaty? Peel, it is true, hinted that legalisation of the traffic (which my enemies assume I ought to condemn, and *which I do*) was within his view. I said in my reply that, 'probably, I should not concur in his conclusions.' This, however, was but a part, and the Minister moreover requested that the *whole* thing should be left in the hands of the Government. The House, too, would not have tolerated such a division; had Peel said nothing of the sort, I should have been very strong. After his declaration, my numbers would have been reduced so as to become ridiculous. . . .

The tone now is among my adversaries, 'A well-meaning, amiable sort of man, with no fragment of penetration.' This is the second stage of my public character!

In many of his undertakings, and now more especially in these two great movements—National Education and the Opium Traffic—Lord Ashley was brought into close and frequent communication with Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, and Sir James Graham, and the estimate he formed of their characters is given in the following entry, written shortly after the withdrawal of the Educational Clauses from the proposed Factory Bill:—

July 8th.—I have thought for some years that Peel and John Russell are the most criminal of mankind; they are invested with enormous powers of doing good to the human race, and they utterly neglect them. How, and by what means, from what cause, or what influence, have the Ministry so declined in public and private 'estimation'? That it is so, is shown by the papers, by conversation, by noise, by silence, by open attack and no defence, by the joy of the Opposition, by the dejection of friends, by the looks, they say, and

the language of the Government themselves. Their numbers are undiminished, and yet they carry nothing! They have committed no leading and palpable folly, and yet no one confides in their wisdom; no great and manifest crime, and yet who animates himself by conviction of their honesty? All is doubt, uncertainty, vain wishes, and disappointed hopes, much anger and discontent, personally and collectively, with present men, and yet an unwillingness to change them. I speak of the Houses and Clubs, for among the middling and other classes they seem irrecoverably ruined. It would not be easy for them to assign a definite reason, but they all feel displeasure, which would neither use, nor admit, argument at a general election. Compare the state of moral and political power they possessed in 1841, with what they possess in 1843; and it is as Lord Bacon to a baby! Among secondary causes a very principal one is the high expectations formed of the mighty contrast the Tories were to exhibit in comparison with the Whigs. Now, the contrast they have exhibited, and it is a beneficial one, is far less in what they have done, than in what they have not done. They have produced and carried but few things, but they have introduced no mischievous legislation and made no wicked appointments. This, however, is negative merit, which few can appreciate—their positive deserts are neither abundant nor showy.

The war in Afghanistan, which they denounced and terminated, has been succeeded by one quite as unjust, which they began and now sustain. Lord Ellenborough boasted of the pacification of India, and censured, in a proclamation, the conduct of his predecessors; he has become involved in a new and probably longer strife, and committed the same criminal folly he imputed to Lord Auckland! The Cabinet, nevertheless, retain him! They are parties, therefore, to his policy, and thus form the first equation with the expelled officials. Why did they not recall him, when he showed his character by that absurd and almost impious proclamation about the old timbers of Somnauth! Gladstone writes free trade articles in the reviews, and makes close trade speeches in the House of Commons! 'Does Peel concur?' asks every suspicious corn grower. 'Not yet,' it is replied, 'but his mind is that way.' Be it true or not, distrust, when once excited, is not very easily allayed, and it always leaves, in some degree, a sentiment of indifference.

I concurred in his Corn Bill, and even his Tariff, but I cannot

overlook the truth that it took many by surprise, and infused the thought into some minds that, had they been foreseen, Peel would never have obtained such a majority at the elections.

Then comes a notion that they adopt the measures that they hotly and 'conscientiously' resisted, and withhold those that they proposed. Reasons may be assigned, no doubt, but an explaining party has always a disadvantage!

Graham is Home Secretary, and consequently more frequently and intimately in communication with magistrates and members of Parliament than any other official. He has contrived to render himself so thoroughly odious that I cannot find one human being who will speak a word in his behalf. He has done very much to injure the Government; for though he is clever, and discharges his business well in the House of Commons, he cannot persuade a single soul, nor produce the least effect by his most emphatic and solemn appeals. He is universally distrusted; and this by every one, from a prince to a beggar. Mainly by his influence the Ten Hours Bill has been refused, and the amendment of the Factory Act delayed. Nothing has had a more decided effect on the estimation of the Government by the working classes; the Ministers know it not, and would be prepared to deny it. Many, who would not have been benefited by the enactment, regarded the conduct of Government in this particular as the measure of their goodwill towards the labouring people. They gained nothing by their shuffling in the cause of the Colliery Bill; and this year they lost something, in the affections of a few, by their language on the Opium Traffic. The fact is, the disappointment is general; men looked for high sentiments, and heard small opinions; for principles, and were put off with expediency; the world may have been exacting and unjust, but you cannot reason with it. Peel has committed great and grievous mistakes in omitting to call his friends frequently together, to state his desires and rouse their zeal. A few minutes and a few words would have sufficed; energy and fellowship would have been infused: men would have felt that they were companions in arms; they have now the sentiment of being followers in a drill. Half the mischief a Ministry sustains is from the dissatisfied tones, and dissatisfied looks, of their own supporters; it spreads, like an infection of the atmosphere, unseen and unfelt, except in the result, and no one can say how. This half of the mischief, Peel, had he been less proud and less frigid, might have converted

into positive and effectual good. Extreme and perpetual caution is not true and constant wisdom—free men will not, and cannot, be ruled by it; nothing is given to generosity, nothing to faith, nothing to the warm and self-denying impulses, which, even in our fallen state, lead oftentimes to noble actions and discharge apparently, for the moment, the work of religion. The Whig Government understood the value of popular feeling; the least difficulty was sufficient for them. They soon collected their troops, put the Minister on the rostrum, and acquired strength from the confession of their weakness.

So much for human reasons; but surely there are higher and more painful causes. I have inquired in vain, and felt, as it were, the pulse of the Minister. It seems to me that self-dependence and self-righteousness are his hope and joy. I see nothing of faith, and a vast deal of policy; much nice weighing of odds and ends of conduct; great reverence of capitalists; a mighty desire to reverse the rule of the Apostle, and be first peaceable and then pure; nothing that indicates a solemn and exalting belief of the text, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Doubtless other Ministers have been actuated by sentiments as worldly, and yet have prospered; but times, I am sure, have changed, and God will demand a more open and constant acknowledgment of His providence.

The third great addition to the labours of Lord Ashley at this period was the Ragged School Question. For some years the condition of the waifs and strays, the vagrants and outcasts of London, had been a source of considerable anxiety to him. It seemed as if they were utterly neglected, and were left to perish, body and soul. He was completely at a loss to know how the difficulty of reaching them, or, after reaching them, of retaining any hold upon them, could be met. Meantime, he saw with daily increasing sorrow, that there was growing up in London an enormous population of thieves and vagabonds, and, as far as he could

ascertain, no effort of any kind was being made to reclaim them. They lived in filthy dwellings or under arches; they begged or stole; they grew up in horrible ignorance of everything that was good, and with a horrible knowledge of everything that was evil; and sooner or later they became acquainted with the jailer or the hangman. The sense that something ought to be done, and must be done, to check this growing mischief, was so borne in upon Lord Ashley's mind that it haunted him night and day, but, in the midst of the pressure of other things, and in the absence of any practical scheme to grapple with the difficulty, he was obliged to let the matter rest.

One day, however, in February, 1843, when glancing over the pages of *The Times*, his eye fell on the following advertisement:—

RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Field Lane Sabbath School, 65, West Street, Saffron Hill.

The Teachers are desirous of laying before the public a few facts connected with this school, situated in this most wretched and demoralised locality. It was opened in 1841 for instructing (free of expense) those who, from their poverty or ragged condition, are prevented attending any other place of religious instruction. The school is under the superintendence of the District Missionary of the London City Mission, and is opened on Sunday and also on Thursday evening, when the average attendance is seventy (adults and children). The teachers are encouraged by the success which, under God, has attended their efforts, as manifested by the increased numbers, and altered conduct of some of the scholars. This appeal to the Christian public is made to afford permanency to a work of charity, commenced and supported by a few laymen, whose means are inadequate to the expenses necessarily attendant upon the enlarged state of the school. Any lady or gentleman willing to assist as teachers will be cordially welcomed.

Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Rev. P. Lorimer, 12, Colebrooke Row, Islington; W. D. Owen, Esq., 43, Great Coram Street; Mr. S. R. Starey, Treasurer, 17, Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Road; or by the Secretary, Mr. P. Macdonald, 30, Great Sutton Street, Clerkenwell. Left-off garments sent to the school will be carefully distributed.

"I never read an advertisement with keener pleasure. It answered exactly to what I had been looking and hoping for," said Lord Shaftesbury, when narrating the circumstance to the writer. "I could not regard it as other than a direct answer to my frequent prayer."

Lord Ashley did not lose any time in replying to the advertisement, and his was one of the first, if not the very first, reply received. A deputation waited upon him forthwith, and fully explained the scope and objects of the Society, and the views and hopes of the promoters. The scheme was exactly what Lord Ashley had been long anxiously waiting to see originated, and it seemed to him to be the best possible means of helping the neglected and destitute children of the metropolis. He threw heart and soul into the movement, and from that time forward, to the close of his life, he was the champion and leader of every effort in behalf of Ragged Schools.

It was not long before he made himself personally acquainted with the work and the neighbourhood in which it was carried on. Field Lane was the name of a district not far northward from the foot of Holborn Hill. It was one of the most disreputable localities in

London, and West Street, where the Ragged School was situated, was in one of the most disreputable parts of Field Lane. It was in the heart of what was known as "Jack Ketch's Warren," so named from the fact that a great number of persons who were hanged at Newgate came from the courts and alleys hereabouts. "The disturbances which occurred here were of so desperate a character, that from forty to fifty constables would be marched down with cutlasses, it being frequently impossible for officers to act in fewer numbers, or unarmed."* For a century previously, this district had been the resort of the most notorious evil-doers. Some of the houses were close beside the Fleet Ditch, and were fitted with dark closets, trap-doors, sliding panels, and other means of concealment and escape, while extensive basements served for the purpose of concealing stolen goods, and, in others, there were furnaces used by coiners, and stills for the production of excisable spirits. On the north side of the street were a number of tenements fearful to approach, called Black Boy Alley, and these, in the reign of George II., were a terror to the whole city. The method pursued by the inhabitants, who were called the "Black Boy Alley Gang," was to entice the unwary by means of prostitutes; then gag them so that they should not give the alarm; after which it was the practice of these nefarious wretches to drag their victims to one of their depositories, and, having robbed and murdered

* "Notes and Narratives of a Six Years' Mission," by R. W. Vanderkiste.

them, to throw the dead bodies down into the ditch. These atrocities, however, became so notorious that special steps were taken by the Government to pursue the offenders, and no fewer than nineteen were executed at one time.*

Such were the traditions of the place, and up to 1843 it had held its own bad pre-eminence. It was exactly the kind of locality in which Lord Ashley had wished to see religious and philanthropic efforts undertaken, and it was not long before he became almost as familiar with the district of Field Lane as with the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square. If the outcasts were to be gathered in, it could only be done by providing the means of rescue in the midst of their daily surroundings; and if they were to be reached at all, it could only be achieved by the self-denying labours of those who would close their senses to the sickening sights and sounds and smells of these loathsome haunts.

It is difficult to realise, in the present day, what self-denial was involved in such an enterprise as the establishment of a Ragged School. Charles Dickens has thus described his visit to the scene of Lord Ashley's early labours in this field:—

"I found my first Ragged School in an obscure place called West Street, Saffron Hill, pitifully struggling for life under every disadvantage. It had no means; it had no suitable rooms; it derived no power or protection from being recognised by any

* "London," by David Hughson, LL.D.

authority; it attracted within its walls a fluctuating swarm of faces—young in years, but youthful in nothing else—that scowled Hope out of countenance. It was held in a low-roofed den, in a sickening atmosphere, in the midst of taint, and dirt, and pestilence; with all the deadly sins let loose, howling and shrieking at the doors. Zeal did not supply the place of method and training; the teachers knew little of their office; the pupils, with an evil sharpness, found them out, got the better of them, derided them, made blasphemous answers to Scriptural questions, sang, fought, danced, robbed each other—seemed possessed by legions of devils. The place was stormed and carried, over and over again; the lights were blown out, the books strewn in the gutters, and the female scholars carried off triumphantly to their old wickedness. With no strength in it but its purpose, the school stood it all out, and made its way. Some two years since I found it quiet and orderly, full, lighted with gas, well whitewashed, numerously attended, and thoroughly established."

It would be out of place here to give a detailed history of the Field Lane Ragged School. It will be enough to say that no sooner had Lord Ashley taken it under his protection than it began to develop, and its usefulness to increase, until within ten years the committee were able to report, "It has established a free Day School for infants; an Evening School for youths and adults engaged in daily occupation; a Women's Evening School, for improving character, and extending domestic usefulness, thereby making better

mothers and more comfortable homes; Industrial Classes, to teach youths tailoring and shoemaking; employment in the shape of wood-chopping, as an industrial test for recommendation to situations; a Home for boys, when first engaged in places, apart from unwholesome contamination; a Night Refuge for the utterly destitute; a clothing society for the naked; a distribution of bread to the starving; baths for the filthy; a room to dry clothes, worn in the rain during the day; Bible Classes, under voluntary teaching, through which nearly 10,000 persons of all ages, but of one class, all in a state of physical and spiritual destitution, have heard set forth the glad tidings of salvation during the past year; a separate Bible Class for mothers and other women; a refuge prayer meeting; a Teachers' prayer meeting; quarterly conferences for committee and teachers, for minute examination into the detailed working of our institution; a School Missionary, to supply the spiritual wants of the sick, to scour the streets, to bring youthful wanderers to the school, and to rescue fallen females from paths of sin; and a Ragged Church for the proclamation of the Gospel and the worship of God!"

To all of these progressive movements Lord Ashley lent important aid.

Having taken the matter in hand, he at once proceeded to get a firm grip of it by seeing for himself everything that was to be seen in connection with the work, and hearing for himself all that was to be heard. He went into the vilest rookeries, and became acquainted with the most ignorant and depraved; he visited the

few Ragged Schools that were in existence at that time, and inspired hope and courage in the teachers by his presence; he took his place in the school beside them, and spoke kindly words to the wondering listeners. A strange sight was a Ragged School audience in those days. There were to be seen "the cunning expression of the cadger; the sharp, acute face of the street minstrel; the costermonger out of work; the cropped head of the felon who had just left gaol; the pallid and thinly-clad woman, weakened by long-continued sickness and penury; the spare form of him who, once in affluence, 'had wasted his substance in riotous living.'" And among this motley assembly Lord Ashley would sit with his calm eyes gazing sorrowfully upon them, and his pleasant voice trying to utter words of hope.

It was obvious to him, however, that those who were under Ragged School influence were but as a drop of the bucket in comparison with the vast number in the metropolis, and other large cities, who were totally uncared for, and his heart bled for them. Happily, not *his* heart only; there were other workers in the field; and, in the following year, these were all drawn together in one band of brotherhood, known as the Ragged School Union.

There was one who laboured on behalf of the Ragged Schools in a different sphere, but with no less zeal, and for whose efforts Lord Ashley always expressed the warmest appreciation. That man was Charles Dickens. A characteristic and hitherto unpublished letter of his to Mr. S. R. Starey, who drew

up the advertisement we have quoted, and who was one of the earliest workers in this great movement, will probably be read with interest:—

Charles Dickens to Mr. S. R. Starey.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT, *24th September*, 1843.

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to ask you a few questions in reference to that most noble undertaking in which you are engaged, with a view, I need scarcely say, to its advancement and extended usefulness. For the present I could wish them, if you please, to be considered as put in confidence, but not to the exclusion of the gentlemen associated with you in the management of the Ragged School on Saffron Hill. It occurred to me, when I was there, as being of the most immense importance, if practicable, that the boys should have an opportunity of washing themselves before beginning their tasks. Do you agree with me? If so, will you ascertain at about what cost a washing-place—a large trough or sink, for instance, with a good supply of running-water, soap, and towels—could be put up? In case you consider it necessary that some person should be engaged to mind it, and to see that the boys availed themselves of it in an orderly manner, please to add the payment of such a person to the expense.

Have you seen any place, or do you know of any place, in that neighbourhood—any one or two good spacious lofts or rooms—which you would like to engage (if you could afford it) as being well suited for the school. If so, at what charge could it be hired, and how soon? . . .

I return to town on Monday, the second of next month. If you write to me before then, please to address your letter here. If after that date, to my house in town.

With a cordial sympathy in your great and Christian labour,

I am, dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

We have broken the continuous thread of the personal history in order to give clearness to the action of Lord Ashley in the three great movements which signalised this year. We must now go back to the Diary to gather up some of the entries which have been omitted.

Good Friday.—Ramsgate. With thousands and tens of thousands of people in this Christian (!) land, this day will pass over without a notion that it is anything different from other days. Factories will run; apprentices will groan; coal mines explode; gin shops absorb and vomit forth; the labourers in absolute ignorance, the masters in practical infidelity, of God's saving truths!

To the parish church; heard a sermon from a gentleman of the new school—cold, declamatory, without unction or comfort. I find fault with him not for what he *did* say, but for what he *did not say;* it was a discourse of omissions. He could not fail on this day to speak of our Lord; but his whole sermon was in the style of a French *éloge!*

The reader bowed his head at every mention of the name of Jesus, whether it were in the lesson, the epistle, the Gospel, the creeds, or the sermon. This is the novel practice, and I think a very superstitious one. He took no notice of the name 'Christ,' though perhaps the higher name of the two. This is an affected obedience to the text in Philippians, 'that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow,' affected, I think, because if they really desired a *literal* obedience in the belief of a *literal* command, they would resort to a genuflexion instead of a reverence. But the text cannot be taken *literally;* the whole context is adverse to such an interpretation; it is said 'That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven,' &c., &c. Now what things in heaven have a knee to bow with? They can and do offer spiritual homage and reverence, but they do not, and cannot, offer any bodily worship. Neither do they listen to and adore 'a name' as pronounced by human lips, but they contemplate and revere and extol the power, glory, and essence of the Saviour of mankind, and herein they set us an example, and in this way alone can we on earth join in simultaneous

worship with the hosts of Heaven. The repeated bowings, where the name frequently occurs, savours of idolatry, not unmixed with a spice of the ridiculous. Why then bow at the name of Jesus in the creed? Because it is an old and long-established practice, conformed to, and understood, by all members of the Church, and one which it would be as unwise and unnecessary to change, as it is to introduce the other. To bow, when making the confession, is a representative homage of all that is due at all times and in all places to the authority, glory, majesty, and dominion, temporal and eternal, of our blessed Lord, for this is the true meaning of His '*name*' as is set forth in many passages of Scripture.

April. Easter Sunday.—The parish church, where we attended divine service on Good Friday, is infested with Puseyism, so to-day we went and took the sacrament at St. Lawrence, a small village distant much less than a Sabbath day's journey. No show, 'no form nor comeliness,' but at least health in the service! The little church of St. Lawrence is crammed and choked with high gawky boxes that they call pews, the common people are fairly elbowed out; the gentry and middle classes sit as if they were packed for security. I do dislike pews, they are always ungainly, and, in parish churches, *unjust*. The parishioners of the poorer sort are altogether excluded from their rights, and if they go to church at all, go, as it were, by sufferance, and for the chance of a sitting. Strangers, too, who walk in, are not sure of an hospitable reception; they must very often stand up, or walk out. This is not the House of God. There may be something to be said in respect of proprietary chapels, or other places of worship built, not for the masses, but for private accommodation; these are different from parochial churches. We have, it is a very sad thing, rendered pews indispensable in many places for the maintenance of the clergyman; they are a vile, painful, and only source of revenue.

Minny and I, through God's mercy, took the sacrament together: had afterwards, towards evening, a solitary walk on the seashore (while the blessed children ran about the sands); and recalled the past and anticipated the future, in faith, and fear, and fervent prayer.

April 26th.—The issue I have long foreseen is approaching;—a collision between the Clergy and the mass of the People. The Church will destroy itself. Undoubtedly a struggle of some sort is

at hand. Sir George Grey expressed a wish that these violences and consequences of Puseyism should be noticed in some debate. He is right, and please God, I will do it.

April 27th.—The Popish aggressions in Tahiti have not contributed to render Puseyism popular among us. What a scene of fraud and violence is that, and yet can *we* complain? The same post brings us an account of our tyranny in Scinde. Power guided by no principle, restrained by no apprehensions, but stimulated by a sense of profit, influences and oppresses all mankind alike. . . .

April 28th.—My birthday. I am this day forty-two years old, more than half my course is run, even supposing that I fulfil the age assigned by the Psalmist to fallen man. 'A short life, and a merry one,' says the sensualist's proverb; a long life and a useful one, would be more noble and more Scriptural; but it is spoken to the praise of Solomon, and by God himself, that he had not asked a long life; neither then will I; but I do ask, for to this we have the warranty of the Holy Word, that the residue of my years be given to the advancement of the Lord's glory, and to the temporal and eternal welfare of the human race. Surely I may also pray to see, and even to reap, some fruit of my labours, to discern at least some probability of harvest, although to be gathered by other hands! The Factory Bill drags along—ten years have witnessed no amelioration—the plan for Education is defeated; the Opium effort is overthrown. On the Colliery Question alone have I had partial success, and that even is menaced by evil and selfish men.

Early in January, Lord Londonderry had invited the formation of a league to obtain the repeal of the Colliery Bill; and by February there had been a "mighty stir in Scotland" to effect this end; while in Ireland there had been organised hostility to the Chimney Sweepers Act. It seemed in truth that there was a fatality attendant upon these measures, but as it proved the Colliery Act was yet to be added permanently to the list of successes.

May 16th.—Just returned from House of Commons. Cumming Bruce attempted a repeal of the Colliery Act. He called it a

modification of a clause; but such tampering is suspicious and full of danger. I resisted his bringing in the Bill, and beat him by 137 to 23. God be praised! No one was thoroughly odious but Roebuck, who I thought was with me. He entered into a long and laboured argument about the interference with the rights of labour; and maintained all the positions that ignorance and heartlessness are so fond of taking up. The Government was cordial. I had many cases of benefit to show as having occurred in England, and thus to infer that, were the law obeyed, similar results would ensue in Scotland.

May 21st.—Brocket.* Found Melbourne better than I had expected. He looks older, and perhaps weaker; nevertheless, his intellects are clear, though his temperament almost seems subdued. With care he may yet do well.

May 22nd.—A murderous and almost military movement near Manchester. Certain brickmakers, in number about 300, having ground of quarrel and a very ancient grudge with their employer, armed themselves with every sort of deadly weapon, and proceeded to attack his works and his house, in full purpose of destruction and even murder! He, of course, prepared for defence. Several shots were fired. Night and inexperience prevented slaughter, and the whole passed off without the loss of life, but giving a sad indication of new feelings, and a new system among English rioters.

May 25th.—Bad news again from Manchester. The mob and the soldiers have united to assault the police. These riots are alarming symptoms—the females, as usual, foremost in the affray.

I do believe that if one were to pluck from me my knowledge and hope of a future state, nay, less than that, my constant and immediate desire of it, I should be 'of all men most miserable.'

The state of the Churches in the year 1843 was very remarkable. In England the Tractarian movement was advancing rapidly; in Ireland it was the "Repeal" year, and the Roman Catholics were making

* Brocket belonged to Lord Melbourne, and came, after his death, to Lord and Lady Palmerston. Lord Lawrence at one time rented it. It now belongs to Lord Cowper, Lady Palmerston's grandson.

capital out of the political agitation; while in Scotland it was the year of the Disruption, and, on May the 18th, some five hundred Ministers of the Church of Scotland, under the leadership of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Candlish, seceded from the old Kirk and initiated the Free Church.

May 30th.—Dr. Pusey has preached a sermon at Oxford so strongly savouring of Popery that the Vice Chancellor demanded a copy, and submitted it to the judgment of a Theological Board. The wisdom of this course will, in the opinion of most people, be determined by the result. Had they seized on Tract XC. and condemned it, the course would have been easier, clearer, safer. The means of evasion, in a discourse on such a subject, are far greater than in a treatise so bold, false, and unprincipled. Curious state the country is in—Ireland rent by Popery, within a hair's breadth of rebellion; the Papists hearty, united, furious—the Protestants cold, discordant, indifferent—their bishops, clergy, and laity all as one man! ours as a multitude;—Scotland with her Church torn asunder, urging religion, but really sowing democracy, and preparing a forward movement—England with Popery in her Universities; her chapels, churches, societies rent in the midst; with nine-tenths of the people arrayed against the Ecclesiastics—if an aggressive movement be made by the Dissenters (and what more likely?) where is our power of resistance? All is gloomy, there is no dawn; it seems like a preternatural darkness—it fills me with grief and anger to hear the language, and watch the supineness, of the wealthy and great. 'You have said the same thing for the last twenty years,' 'you have got out of difficulties before, and you will do so again,' 'there is nothing in it,' 'all flourish,' 'never mind,' and so forth. Ah, well! a man who has recovered from four attacks of fever, might just as well conclude that he shall certainly recover from the fifth; every additional access of the disease must find him weaker. But thus we shall go on chewing a moral opium, every one seeking to delude himself, and enjoy the passing hour. The deluge came on the world in its moments of feasting and thoughtlessness; the world has not changed, nor will it. . . .

June 3rd.—Pusey's sermon condemned and himself interdicted to preach for two years; this is good, simply as showing that we are

not all of one complexion; but it will not operate as a check, all is running into confusion, the Low Church are becoming lower and talk of Dissent, the necessity of abolishing the Catechism, the Prayer-book, the everything. Mother Church will soon be eviscerated, Esau and Jacob are striving within her bowels, yet she consults not the Lord! . . .

June 6th.—Contradictory people, fierce Whigs, and Liberal Opinionists now as hot against the judgment of the Vice-Chancellor as before against Pusey! The fact is the University must be attacked somehow or other. I fear his Worship has acted unadvisedly in neither giving his reasons nor indicating the objectionable doctrines; his reasons he might have withholden, but the heresies he was bound to specify, both for Pusey and the public. . . .

Grand battles by the Indian mail, grand victories, and still grander injustice! Wrong and robbery on a splendid and successful scale are sure to be hushed up, if not applauded. I shrink with a combined feeling of terror and nausea from our national sins . . . . Whither are we going? Oh, England! England! *Magna luis commissa*, yet there is no repentance, no shame, no self-abasement; in vain God's ancient people, by their history and by their prophets, exhibit the peril and point out the refuge. 'I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus: Thou hast chastised me, and I was chastised, as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; turn Thou me, and I shall be turned, for thou art the Lord my God.' . . .

July 10th.—Every day adds to my burthen. I have just received a long treatise, by a medical man, written in defence of the Factory system. This will have its weight, and, humanly speaking, add another obstruction to the enactment of remedial measures.

Lord Ashley, it need hardly be said, had many friends, and, in the midst of the anxieties which, rather than the work, made the burden of life, he found help and encouragement in the counsel of those whose opinion he could value at once for its wisdom and sincerity. Among those for whom he entertained great esteem and affection was Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, who wrote to him at this time as follows:—

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry to Lord Ashley.

UPTON, *7th Month 10th*, 1843.

DEAR LORD ASHLEY,—We were sorry not to see thee and thy dear children on the 8th, as the weather cleared here, and we therefore expected you, but we hope it is only a pleasure delayed, and that I may now have the satisfaction of seeing Lady Ashley also. My husband and myself are anxious for you to propose an early day to bring your children to pay us your country quiet visit. I do not know of our having any engagement this week of an evening except on the 12th inst., therefore any day but this we should be glad to receive you to dinner, as proposed, at half-past four o'clock. I felt thy observations, dear Lord Ashley, as to the little we appear to accomplish in our labours for the good of mankind. I observe that we do not at once see what we desire, but I feel assured that if in our labours we seek to do all unto the Lord, our labour will not be in vain in Him. Remember there is a seed-time as well as a harvest, and sometimes the seed remains long in the earth before it appears above ground; this I have found the case frequently in works of charity. I observe what thou saidst upon our remembering thee in our prayer; I did do it yesterday particularly, and was enabled earnestly and in faith to commend those who loved the Lord to His holy keeping, and to pray for their being firmly fixed and established on Christ the Rock of Ages, and that they might be so strengthened to adorn His doctrine and live to His praise, as to be instruments in drawing others who were far off near unto Himself.

With kind regards to Lady Ashley,

I remain, with Christian esteem and love, thy friend,

ELIZABETH FRY.

July 15th. . . . . Have sat for three days, now concluded, on the Durham Election Committee; in the chair; unseated Lord Dungannon.* I am resolved, whenever I have the opportunity, to run breast-high against all cases of bribery. This is a perilous, a wicked system; it is corrupting our people, and spreading moral and political mischief in all directions!

* Lord Dungannon, Conservative, was returned at the election for the city of Durham, by a majority of 101 over Mr. Bright, of the "League."

Hurried beyond all precedent; never a moment to myself; just now got an evening, and here I am alone, trying to think of past, present, and to come; but I have lost all power of consecutive meditation—all must be like my daily life, broken by interruptions.

Read and said, God be blessed, some of old Bacon's godly prayers, beautiful and comforting.

18th.—Met to-day, at Freemasons' Tavern, to consider best mode of combining the laity in one general movement against Puseyism; it was an unanimous and hearty assemblage. 'Not many mighty, not many noble.' We numbered but myself, Sandon, and Grosvenor, among Lords; Colquhoun, Sir G. Rose, among the M.P.'s; my brother William, and Frankland Lewis. This is a sad time; great dangers and no courage, much subtlety, and moderate penetration; great need, and very little activity; vast public hazard, and abundant self-seeking. Meroz would be a pattern of promptitude and self-denial to the religious and political patriots of our day. They shun trouble, they fear responsibility; they cannot hazard rebuke, or comment, or even observation. They will give wishes and praise, but no co-operation, at least, while the thing is uncertain—'it is better not to be committed,' 'are you quite sure?' 'have you plenty of names.' Many rejoice that the thing should be done, but prefer that it should be done by others. And yet in zeal, in faith, and fear, and full hope, we signed the Memorial to the Powers of the University (I, leading as chairman), and consigned it for execution to a committee. And now may the God of all truth and love, bless it and prosper it to His glory, and to the service of 'the faith once delivered to the saints.' We several times nearly ran aground on the shoals of caution, expediency, and delay; but we were saved from shipwreck. . . .

July 27th.—All in a hurry; about to start for Antwerp by the steamer. The residence and regimen of Carlsbad is recommended for Minny.

Many things left undone. Cannot bear to leave the Session when I might be useful; but the season will not wait, we are already behind the proper time. Parted from the younger children—this is a sad and sickening drawback to any pleasure. May God, in His mercy, goodness, and power, protect and bless them, and restore us safe and happy to each other in Jesus Christ our Lord! Got in my Agricultural Bill, God be praised.

Following the course he had pursued in his foreign tour, ten years previously, Lord Ashley took with him a book, in which he recorded, from day to day, the principal incidents of the journey, and the impressions produced upon his mind by what he saw and heard. Every page in the Journal is interesting; but as it is only one of four such Journals we must content ourselves with giving brief extracts from it here.

Arrived at Antwerp, his first visit was—

To the citadel to survey the scene of useless carnage and unwarrantable violence. Why did old Chassé bombard a defenceless quarter, and destroy the buildings, and ruin the inhabitants? A mere spirit of revenge. Why did the King of Holland cut open the dykes, and sluice a whole region of fertile lands? From the same motive. Why, above all, did he attempt a resistance to the combined forces of England and France, and hope (or rather pretend to hope) to hold the fortress in the face of such an army as never before laid siege to a place of such dimensions? It was a proud, wanton, shameless waste of human life.

The cathedral is unimpressive. No monuments of ancient champions in sword or spirit; no dim religious light; few recollections and few anticipations. The perpetual succession of shrines to the Virgin and to the saints, glittering with tinsel, and in a style of architecture altogether discordant with the architecture of the edifice, is unfavourable to solemnity of feeling. One nauseates the rivalry of these canonised sinners; disgust is excited in the heart of true Protestants, and unity of worship must be impossible to the devotion even of a Roman Catholic. . . .

The city of Antwerp he considered—

Exceedingly pretty, very clean and gay; houses all white. Everything picturesque; the dresses of the inhabitants, the trappings of the horses, the form of the carts, the outline of the houses.

It was natural to him, however, to look at cities, as

at events, in the light of the lessons they teach, and he adds:—

Contrast the city with what it was once, and with what Napoleon intended that it should be; and see the vanity of human wishes. Let us Englishmen take warning, and, while we quote our imports and exports, the amount of our tonnage and the number of our capitalists, call to mind that Antwerp, in her palmy days, could boast of a trade with half the world; count at one time two thousand five hundred vessels in her harbours, and exhibit on her 'Change five thousand merchants, whose business demanded their presence there no less than twice every day! 'O Lord,' well may our nation say, 'make me to know the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live!'

All went well with the travellers at Antwerp, Liège, and Verviers, but, at Aix-la-Chapelle, they were for some days detained by the indisposition of Lady Ashley, which gave Lord Ashley ample leisure to see the place, and also for quiet reading and meditation.

Saw the cathedral; parts of it ancient, little, I think, to impress the mind. The long high lancet windows are very grand; but there is a sad medley of architectures. Under the dome is the inscription, 'Carolo Magno;' there was his body, and there is now his memory. Death brings the rich and the poor to one level; the resurrection will disturb that level, and raise many of the poor above the rich. The widow and her mite may carry it over Charlemagne and his churches. . . .

Have been reading Seeley's abridgment of Wilberforce's Life. How many things have we felt alike, what similar disappointments, misgivings, and disgusts! Pitt comes out to advantage as a patriot, a worldly man of high sentiments and high actions, with a full and rich amount of heathen virtues and elevated philosophy! but as a man of piety and religion, as a Christian man, he is like an unbaptised person. Policy and expediency were 'a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path;' he had no other, and they led him into many a quagmire.

Aix has an air of comfort among the people that is highly agreeable. I walk through all the streets and see no shoeless, shirtless paupers. The houses are clean and well built, the streets sufficiently broad, and fountains in abundance. The children look plump, and the natives easy and tranquil. Popery here does not wear a very degrading and superstitious aspect; it must always be in unfavourable relief compared with Protestant countries, but these parts, if estimated by the standard of Italy or of Ireland, enjoy a form of religious freedom.

When the health of Lady Ashley was sufficiently restored, the journey was resumed in easy stages, and Cologne was the next resting-place.

August 4th.—What a hotel the 'Belle Vue!' the rooms looking on the Rhine and the city; all is life and cheerfulness, and apparent friendliness. The Germans always pleased me; I like their origin, akin to ours; I like their history, their character, their social life. I like their patriotism, their depth of intellect, their powers of perseverance and research; I hope mighty things from their fervour of spirit, their capacity for affection, their disposition to piety. What an union for the honour of God, and the best interests of mankind, might be formed between England and the German people!

Of the cathedral he says:—

Interior very splendid, architecture of the choir, equal in lightness and purity to anything in the whole world—gold and frescoes and painted windows without stint; the church, when completed, in all its similar details, will be, perhaps, excepting St. Peter's, the finest temple in the universe erected to the worship of God; but so long as it is disgraced and profaned by those intrusive Saints and Madonnas, it will be little better than a Pantheon. It has gained exceedingly in splendour by these renovations in gold and purple, but it has lost in venerableness. The hand of time is effaced, and everything you see is from the hand of man. I could not help thinking, as I walked out through the old grey pillars and dusky aisles, that there was more to stir the heart and the imagination in

these sober and time-honoured solitudes, than in the gay and gorgeous surface of the youthful choir—'New lamps for old!' . . . .

Such a night, and such a view along the river, the scene for hundreds, nay thousands almost, of years, of ambition and patriotism, of attack and defence, of blood and violence, of public wars and private feuds, of untold sins and some few rude virtues, now all still and abounding in peace. 'Give peace in our time, O Lord, because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God.' War is erected into a science, and its professors enjoy, and will continue to enjoy, a prodigious share of the admiration and applause of mankind. It will be curious (may we use such a term?) to observe the estimate and measure of such heroes as Napoleon, &c., &c., when weighed, hereafter, in the balance of the world to come.

From Frankfort, the travellers continued their journey, by road, in their own carriage.

Much apparent change of character in people, after passing frontiers of Bavaria. Good-humoured, but slovenly, and less clean. Country rural and agreeable. Poplar-trees quite magnificent. Passed through several avenues of them; one must have been at the least two miles long. Several detached specimens really unequalled. More trouble in Bavaria with passports, &c., than elsewhere.

In those days steam was a novelty, and at Eselbach—

They complained, as others do elsewhere, of railways and steamboats, that these conveyances had abstracted large bodies of travellers. Mr. Sigar, of the Hôtel de Russie, said that they threw upon him such vast and sudden companies that he could not entertain them. So it is everywhere; all tends to ruin the small and simple proprietor, and swell the already enormous possessions of the great capitalist.

But whatever the drawbacks of steam might be, travelling by post was certainly not free from difficulties.

At Hardtfeld detained by want of horses at inn (The Anchor), which is also the Post. Manifestly a pre-determination on the part

of the landlord to keep us all night. As manifest a determination on our part not to be kept. Various negotiations; alternately dignity and coaxings. Kruse (the tutor) paid several visits to shopkeepers and peasants. They promised frequently, and as frequently started from their promises. Excuses plenty as blackberries. We asked for oxen; promised, of course, and then told it would be a disgrace to Bavaria. At last two horses were procured. . . .'

Bamberg is a handsome town, and so is Baireuth. Germany, like Italy, presents many specimens of ancient magnificence, formerly imperial, now provincial. Divided, as these countries have been, into many separate and independent governments, they offer, on the same extent of surface, a far greater amount of the works of art than is found in countries long united under the same capital. Bamberg possesses a noble cathedral, highly ancient and of a most dignified simplicity. There are few buildings in Europe to compare with it for majesty and reverence. The series of monumental brasses is unrivalled, and will repay a whole day's study. There are fewer of those intrusive saints here than in popish churches generally; that's a relief, and adds to its imposing and venerable aspect. The prince-bishops all lie in the crypt, their resting-places marked by a stone only. This is striking. A long line of eighty-two ecclesiastical sovereigns, who were content to be 'splendid in life' without being 'pompous in the grave.' In bed very late at Bamberg. Scarcely slept a wink. As I lay awake, heard the cock crow. I wonder how often that ordinary and rustic sound recalls to the mind of the hearer St. Peter's presumption and his fall. It struck me forcibly that *all* perhaps must say, with the cruel Bishop Gardiner, whenever they listen to that note, 'I have sinned with Peter, but I have not wept with him.'

On the 12th August the party arrived at Carlsbad, of which Lord Ashley remarks, "The place is far prettier than I expected to find it. The air is good, and all cheerful." This first impression more than a month's residence entirely confirmed.

Aug. 14th.—Dined at the Saxischer Saal. Drank coffee *sub jove* on the esplanade by the Wiese. Foreigners certainly surpass us

in the nature and variety of their social enjoyments. What could surpass the simple and cheap luxury of a pretty scene, a splendid day, delicious air, well-dressed company, green trees, and coffee and milk enough to satisfy five persons, for about a shilling? Good, very good, if that were all. But I myself could not stand it. Such a facility and such a character of amusement would prove my ruin; I should fall like Hannibal's soldiers at Capua, and surrender all sense of duty, all effort for mankind, to the overwhelming fascinations of ease and selfishness.

There are many Jews here in their costume. They seem in comfortable circumstances, but separated from the Gentiles. I have bowed to several to show my respect for the nation. I shall next open a conversation with some of them. They are not oppressed here, but manifestly avoided. The veil is upon the hearts of the Gentiles in respect of that people nearly as much as it is on their hearts in respect of the Gospel. Blessed will be the day when it shall be taken away from both!

Aug. 17th.—What heavenly weather! Days of Paradise, and nights too! It sounds sometimes like freedom or affectation to say 'God be praised for this,' and 'Thank God for that,' which men may consider a mere trifle; yet I cannot but feel it. And surely every moment of innocent pleasure, every moment of averted mischief (His *unknown* mercies are endless), affords new cause of thankfulness, of joy. If, in addition to these delights, the soul be lifted up to communion with the spirits above, there is the foretaste of another life, and, so far, a preparation for it. I can never see a fine prospect, or a sun setting in glory, without blessing God for the wonders and beauties of His creation.

At Carlsbad Lord Ashley, as well as Lady Ashley, drank the waters, and he makes frequent allusion to them in his Journal.

Aug. 14th.—Saw Dr. Hochberger. Agreeable man. Asked his advice about drinking the waters. Sensible reply: 'You need not have come here to drink them, but, being here, you may do so, and you will, I think, derive benefit from them.' And so I shall begin my goblets and promenade to-morrow morning.

Aug. 16th.—The waters again from goblets. Felt half ashamed to

drink them in my comparatively vigorous health, but really one need not entertain such delicate conceptions. Saw robust and muscular men, in full swig, who could sustain or undertake a siege, walk or eat for a wager. Took courage and affected as much necessity as they did. Baths and springs exhibit very few apparently sickly people. Seem bent on society and dissipation quite as much as on cure. Aug. 21st.—Advised by Dr. Hochberger to take seven goblets. It is the life of a whale! . . . 23rd.—The waters seem to produce on me neither good nor evil; a hogshead of the Thames would be quite as effective.

Aug. 27th.—Sunday. Psalms of the day contained that beautiful CXXII. with its touching prayer and promise, 'Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love Thee!' I rejoice that I bear this blessed inscription on my right hand, in a ring carved at Jerusalem, and by the only Hebrew there who possessed such skill. It is rudely done; but that enhances the sentiment which arises from the discovery of genuine, though perhaps uninstructed piety, under a coarse and unpromising surface. I prize the ring; it was sent me (that is the stone) by the Bishop of Jerusalem. I do not say that I wish it to be buried with me, that would be ascribing to it a talismanic effect; I would rather wish it to be worn by generations of my descendants, like Urim and Thummim on the breast of the High Priest, on which they might, hour by hour, cast their eyes and read the mind of the Lord!

Aug. 29th. . . . Walked to Freundschafts Saal with Galitzin, and a Russian colonel, a good-natured chap, but the veriest coxcomb I ever saw—the victim of his own charms, a martyr to the admiration and love his accomplishments had begotten. The whole world, all the English lords, a Devonshire, a Buccleuch, Jersey, &c., &c., had all taken him by force and *compelled* him to stay either six weeks at Chatsworth or two months at Middleton, or take a sail in a yacht; he could not resist, not he; like Saturn he was eaten by his own children!

Sept. 1st.—Walked up the hill to enjoy the view, day beautiful. I love these open prospects; give me always an expanse of sky, I value not a handful of it. I then can fancy the dawning glories of the Second Advent. 'Behold He cometh with clouds!' Oh that it were so in the providence of God that the intervening 'days should be shortened' and a speedy and a closer limit be set to the sins, and coming sufferings, of mankind!

Sept. 5th.—Saw the most perfect and beautiful rainbow I ever beheld; so thought Minny, who was with me. 'Behold I do set my bow in the cloud;' one could almost, without either revelation or tradition, infer that so much loveliness and grandeur were speaking truth and comfort to men. . . . Reading Jeremiah with Minny, how forcibly was the 15th v. of Chap. VIII. applied in my heart to the administration of Sir Robert; 'we looked for peace, but no good came; and for a time of health, and behold trouble!' Never did Minister accede to office with such a force of moral power; never has Minister disappointed so many hearts.

Sept. 7th. . . . One must buy presents for one's friends as reminiscences. The occasion enhances the value; you could not for thrice the money in England do so civil a thing. Yet the choice, &c., takes as much time as though I were set on a grand political movement.

There is much amiable simplicity and good humour about the people here of all classes; I am not disappointed in my expectations of finding the working classes, here as elsewhere, alive to kind words and willing, nay anxious, to be obliging and courteous. They are very engaging, and the children are quite darlings.

On Sept. 14th, after a pleasant visit of five weeks, during which Lord Ashley had only seen two English newspapers ("never read one without injurious consequences; find in it a variety of things to excite imagination and stir bile"), he thus takes leave of Carlsbad:—

. . . Walked up the hill with Minny to enjoy final look of the sweet scene and offer up final prayer. The country has received me hospitably, treated me kindly, and dismisses me in peace. We delight in the scenery, and love the people, who are honest, civil, intelligent, and grateful. I can render them no service, but I wish them well, and beseech God to give them peace on earth and peace in heaven.

The next halting-place was Prague.

Sept. 17th. . . . The Church of St. James, handsome and heavy. Prague is full of Protestant recollections, *læta tristia, ambigua manifesta.* Here began and here ended the terrible Thirty Years' War. Hardly a step can be taken, or a wall inspected, or a stone turned, without some reminiscence of faith or violence. Here have been piety, fanaticism, honour, fraud, valour, meanness, all that can ennoble, all that can disgrace, human nature. Popery now sits enthroned, but not triumphant; it has expelled Protestantism, but it has not struck deep the roots of the Papacy. Will no heaven-sent gust of wind soon arise to blow down the lifeless plant in the city of John Huss and Jerome of Prague?

If the scenery through which Lord Ashley passed incited him to piety and devotion, the haunts of men no less excited his benevolence and compassion. He could not bear to pass a public institution for the benefit of the poor or the sick, without looking in to see whether he could not gain some hint that would be of benefit to the institutions in which he was personally interested, or give some suggestions from his own experience that might be helpful to them. Thus at Prague he visited the Hospital of Elisabetines, kept and administered by an order of Sisters of Charity, and noted that in such an institution were to be seen the good points of Popery, those excellent works being done openly and in corporations, whereas in Protestant lands, and in England especially, they are done privately and by individuals.

In the lunatic asylum at Prague he found in existence a system he had longed wished to introduce into England, namely, the reception of some patients at the public expense, and others at their own, but all under public inspection.

For the first time in the course of this travel-diary

the events occurring in the political world at home are referred to.

Sept. 21st.—Vienna. Dined with Sir R. Gordon. Denison* sat with me for an hour before bed-time. My letters give hopes that Address† 'will not be a failure.' Already, they say, three thousand or four thousand signatures, but that is nothing; it must be multiplied by one hundred. So Mr. Maurice, of Guy's Hospital, has assailed me for my share in promoting the Address. I am neither surprised nor displeased. He is one of those who must be ranked, according to old Foxe's definition, as 'neither sound Protestant nor true Papist.' . . He once did excellent service in the cause of the Jerusalem Bishopric. This covers a multitude of sins, and if it gives him pleasure or does him good to assail me, he is welcome.

With Lady C., Denison, Minny, &c., to see the Jewel House. Splendid collection of beautiful things and precious stones; everything that can decorate and delude and cover the nakedness of human life. All brilliant and interesting, but most of all the Crown and Regalia taken from the tomb of Charlemagne, at Aix; very amusing for us, but very wrong in them. Who did it? What right had any one to plunder the receptacles of the dead? None, I suppose, and yet we do it every day. Our collections would be scanty enough were this scruple pushed very far. At what period then, after burial, are the dead put beyond the pale of the law? We should be commended for despoiling the tomb of Alexander, but the whole world would cry out if we scattered and exhibited the bones and grave-furniture of Napoleon. However, be that as it may, these jewels belong to the German nation, and not to the Emperor of Austria. They ought to be placed in the keeping of the Diet, at Frankfort.

. . . Sir R. Gordon called, and Prince Esterhazy. Received a very kind note from Metternich, desiring to see me at any convenient hour of the morning. Went to his villa; very friendly reception and highly complimentary. He retains his old habit of haranguing rather than conversing; seems far better in health than I had anticipated; hair very white. Talked of A, B, and C; the only thing I

* Afterwards Speaker.

† Oxford University. See page 496.

remember as of political interest was, 'Moi je suis fort Anglais ; mais il faut que je vous dise que l'Angleterre a peu d'amis en Allemagne.' Alas, it is too true; fools that we all are on both sides of the water. Saw the Princess; she bears the remains of beauty; but I do not think that I should have recognised her without assistance.

Sept. 23rd.—Wandered about alone to examine old haunts; cannot decide in which of two houses I lived eighteen years ago. So it is; after an interval of eighteen years I find myself once more at Vienna, a married man with seven children! What a change since the time I first arrived here; yet I do not mourn over my *past*, but my *misspent* youth! Ill-directed feelings and wasted hours flit before me in long array; nevertheless, they were not without fruit, and, by God's blessing, good fruit; experience of various kinds was purchased by folly, though without criminality. . . . God in His mercy grant to me and mine (we ask Him not 'for long life') that the years which He shall give may be years of usefulness; and that they present not, at the Great Account, a mere record of things received, but of things hoped and done in His worship and service.

Sept. 25th.—Dined with Gordon; sat next to Major Moore, lately from India, an agreeable man. Drank tea with the Princess Schönbourg; necessarily silent and stiff. I have no doubt that these parties might become very intimate and pleasant. To Princess Metternich. Nothing can be more gracious or kind. Metternich complains of the weight of affairs; unquestionably they must be heavy, but I smiled to think of his burdens compared with those of a House of Commons Minister in England.

Sept. 28th. . . . I feel more and more like Ulysses:

'Towards his loved coasts he rolled his eyes in vain.'

The *heimweh* is so strong upon me that I am in a fever to be off. I rejoice in this as a healthy symptom, for the allurements of this place are such as would lead a man to a still, stagnant life of ease and sensuality, forgetfulness of duty and honourable toil; the more seductive and perilous because apparently permissible and harmless. What an extraordinary population is this of Vienna! What a power of enjoying existence! Their digestions must be strong and their circulations perfect. A placid, self-satisfied expression is diffused over all their features and actions; they sit together by hundreds

like a warm statue-gallery. You may hear a pin drop among them after the claims of the stomach are gratified for the moment; it is almost the effect of a contented conscience, a life well spent, 'a good man's latter days.' Never have I seen, and never have I read of a place more fatal to religious activity; it is Laodicean to the heart's core. . . . To Pottendorf, a villa of Prince Esterhazy's. Esterhazy's very kind and hospitable.

Sept 30th. . . . Visited a cotton and flax mill near Pottendorf belonging to an Austrian company, and under an English director. Found the people as everywhere, pale, yellow, and greatly fallen from their just position of strength and vitality. Hours of labour for all ages from 5 in the morning till 9 at night; no time allowed for breakfast, half an hour for dinner, and one hour for the education of the children! Children to be educated in the midst of 14 hours' daily labour. Oh, the pious humbug, the hypocritical spirituality! Both the directors, one who had been there forty-five years, and the other a young Englishman, three years ago from Manchester (who informed me he read the *Morning Chronicle* every day), assured me that the labour was far too long and oppressive. . . . The Austrian Government prides itself on being 'paternal,' and yet it knows and permits these things!

The mills on the whole not very bad; I have seen far worse in England; some of the spinning rooms, however, very filthy and close. Children never beaten. . . . All the dwellings of the work-people are on a fine dry soil, an open plain, well ventilated, and in every respect most favourable. If such, then, be the evil results in such a locality, what must they be in the crowded, undrained, filthy towns of Manchester, &c.?

October 1st.—Sunday. To cathedral to view the High Mass. What a sensual and alas! successful endeavour to stifle the heart by satiating the eye! Bells ringing, priests dancing, incense rising, fiddles playing, nothing calm or stationary but the worshippers, who remain there like fellows looking at a balloon. Half the world seems to think that to have seen the priest is an act of acceptable adoration. I cannot feel moved by this exhibition; there is neither rational devotion nor hot-headed enthusiasm; nothing to satisfy your judgment nor stir your sympathies. Great God, save Thy Church of England from such vain and silly babblings, and grant her grace yet to speak forth the words of truth and soberness!

One of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasure of Lord Ashley in foreign travel was the "Continental Sunday," especially in great cities. Vienna, and all places like it, he found to be fatal to Sunday contemplations and Sunday habits and feelings.

I could not bear to remain here. Give me my happy, precious, useful Sunday evenings in London, when one can surrender one's whole time, mind, and heart to thoughts of higher and better things. I wish increasing and unbounded happiness to all the inhabitants of Vienna; I pray, I would labour, for their welfare; I entertain a lively sense of their kindness, of the good-humoured courtesy of all classes, but I do not desire to reside among them. A man's virtue here would be no more proof against their seductive modes of thinking and living than a hot-house against a battery. And yet, thank God, I begin to feel 'bored.'

Oct. 3rd.—Linz. . . . The appearance of the Austrian villages is very pleasing: the houses are well-built and white as snow. . . . This country contrasts singularly well with Bohemia; it seems to contain a rustic and a happy people. Cattle by far the most beautiful I ever beheld. Minny in raptures, and ready to set aside half her pins for many years to purchase a herd of them. . . .

It is a very displeasing characteristic of these countries, and principally in Bohemia, the general and abundant employment of females in all departments of labour. I have seen them in the fields, on the roads, and engaged in buildings; dividing, in their numbers and their exertions, the toil with the men. We Englishmen have no right to comment on this misusage of the female race; the horrors of the mines and collieries have put us, for a generation at least, out of court; all that we can urge is that these things were transacted in darkness, and hid from the public eye; but such would not now be the truth, nor any excuse if it were so. The commercial spirit has gotten hold of us, and had the remedial Bill stood over to another year the public would have tolerated the degradation of the women. The Austrians have this superiority that, though they employ, they do not appear to *maltreat*, their working females.

. . . We are now at last travelling homeward; our faces are

set every day to the west. We have enjoyed the tour, and I hope that, by God's great blessing, we have also derived much benefit to body and mind, to be used hereafter in His service. I confess the kindness and hospitality of the people in Vienna, and all its varied attractions; but I am rejoiced to turn once more to my own precious land, the abode of all I hold most dear, and the field of all my duties. Amusement is well, but protracted to great length and much diversified, it is generally pernicious, and often tiresome. . . .

Oct. 6th.—Ratisbon. Walked through the fair, interesting to see the humours and products of the country. The town, nevertheless, is like a graveyard, full of stones and recollections, with a few people wandering through it, as the shorter cut to some other point. Its solitude is overwhelming—narrow streets, empty squares, dark, silent, dismal, old houses, each bearing on its face the traces of a fortress or a dungeon; few or no vehicles of any kind; a foot-passenger here and there, no groups of talkers, no voices in the streets. A judgment seems to rest on it; it shall be more tolerable for Sidon in the Day of Judgment than for a city that can produce, or rather that must face, such records of sin and cruelty as are displayed in the prisons of the Council-House. My whole heart quailed, and even my stomach sickened, at the sight of these enormous devices of human nature against beings formed by the same God, and redeemed (for these wretches pretended to talk of Redemption) by the same Saviour! The darkness and ferocity of the Middle Ages were concentrated for the antagonists of the Reformation; political and religious hatred have each had their day in these frightful chambers. . . . These times may yet return; the heart of man is not changed; it is, as it ever was, 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.' If such be Thy will, give us, blessed Lord, the spirit of ancient days; the glorious aspirations and courage of those holy martyrs 'of whom the world was not worthy,' who fought a good fight, who kept the faith, and who received a crown of righteousness. . . .'

. . . Drove to see the Valhalla. A strange name for the purpose. The great of Germany are classed together in a heathen Paradise; notoriety, not virtue of any kind, is the sole requisite for a niche. Goethe, Schiller, Alaric King of the Goths (the scourge of God!), Genseric King of the Vandals, Handel, Odoacer, Hans Holbein, Frederick the Great, all cheek by jowl. Luther is excluded from this hodge-

podge of merit, and the bigoted, ignorant Papist who sits on the throne of Bavaria, and built this gorgeous stable of fat and lean cattle, believes that he has degraded such a prodigious mind by refusing it a place alongside the Huns and the Heruli of ancient barbarism! . . . A tablet in a Christian church, a bust in a great public institution, a periodical eulogium at some University, any glorification of such a kind, might be complimentary, if not a full satisfaction to ambitious hopes; but to be thrust, head and shoulders, into this receptacle of barbarian spirits; to be enrolled among the furies who placed all their bliss in swigging mead out of the skulls of their enemies; to be ranked with ignorance, not with civilisation; with Odin and not with Christ, is a singular reward, and founded on Satan's opinion that it is 'better to reign in hell than serve in Heaven.' The best thing to be said in defence of the king (and it assigns an admirable motive), is that he makes an effort hereby in favour of German nationality.

Oct. 8th.—Sunday. Nuremberg. Fallen from its high estate, and yet a great city. Why has she thus fallen? She pays the penalty of cruelty and injustice, of violence and oppression towards God's ancient people, whom no one has ever afflicted without smarting for the sin. She banished them from her borders. She 'left, too, her first love,' and in the days of persecution and savage ungodliness, refused to open her gates to the conscientious Protestants fleeing from the revocation of the Edict of Nantes! May God, in His goodness, give her space to repent!

In Nuremberg all the churches were visited, and in them all, but especially in St. Lawrence's and St. Sebald's, Lord Ashley was chiefly struck by the exterior signs of a Romanist establishment, in the midst of a Protestant population. Referring to this he says:—

The Reformation was introduced and confirmed here without noise or violence; no plunder, no destruction; every image is erect, the Virgin presides over every corner, the saints rejoice in their niches. Crucifixes in abundance. This may be tolerated, but

I am offended to see those intrusive demi-gods in possession of their shrines and side-altars, though no longer worshipped. Why were they not ordered to give place, and their pictures and decorations transferred to galleries? . . . Was the Reformation at Nuremberg a sincere and heartfelt movement? Did the promoters and subjects of it clearly perceive, and sensitively acknowledge, the errors and evils of Romish heresy? I cannot combine this belief with the fact of their extreme tolerance of the daily and visible abuses of Popish superstition. Nothing has been removed and denounced as 'Nehushtan;' the adored images of the Virgin crowd their churches, and still represent her as 'Queen of Heaven;' the side-altars to saints require only the priest, and all would be found ready to his hand; the clean napkin is yet spread every week on each table! Truly, the zeal of God's house has not eaten them up! . . . .

Oct. 10th. . . . Entered Wurtemberg; no Douane, no passports; the triumph of common-sense. This I understand is the result of the Zollverein on all those States which have joined it. . . .

The watchman here, as he goes his rounds, sings at each hour, some words of moral or religious wisdom. The voice may be harsh, and the notes without melody; but the stillness of the night, the lateness of the hour, and the truth of the counsel, give them grace and power. Many ears may be closed and hear them not, but one or two restlessly awake, in sickness or sorrow, may catch and may apply the heaven-sent wisdom. 'In a dream, in visions of the night when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then He openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction; that He may withdraw man from his purpose and hide pride from man.' At eleven o'clock the watchman sang, that we should remember the parable of Our Blessed Lord, and even at the eleventh hour, enter with confidence into His vineyard. At twelve he announced the close of the cycle of one day, and admonished all to bethink themselves 'whether they should live to see the close of another.' Here is the sum and substance, the beginning and the end, of all real wisdom; all the rest is but vain jangling, not to be carried out of this world, and utterly useless to disembodied spirits. Listen to it, ye wiseacres, neologists, philosophers, savans, saints and sinners, old men and young, prince and peasant, and sit down in humility at the feet of such a Gamaliel!

Oct. 11th.—Heidelberg. Went to see the palace. It is one of the many standing monuments of the oppressions perpetrated by the French monarchy on Germany and mankind. This gorgeous residence was first desolated, when the most polished villain that ever possessed and prostituted the gifts of God, sent forth an army to ravage the dominions of his enemy, the Palatine. Fire, the sword, with their necessary results—starvation and disease—laid waste towns, plains, and villages. Thousands of men, women, children, who had never offended, even in thought, this unprecedented monster, experienced the most horrid sufferings, and died by the most cruel deaths. Which is the more hateful in the sight of God, the wretch who perpetrates these crimes, or the authors who bepraise him? The great day of judgment will exhibit some fearful reckonings. If Herod be arraigned for his Massacre of the Innocents, so will King Louis the Fourteenth, for the blood of the numberless children whose souls are still 'under the altar,' crying for inevitable vengeance.

Oct. 12th.—Frankfort. Thus have we finished our tour in a circle, not having retraced any line until our return to this city. For the last few days I have been reading to Minny, and Minny has been reading to me, 'Russie en 1839, par le Marquis de Custine.' The condition of things in that vast edifice of power and ambition, if estimated by our proportions of feelings and opinions, is one below the condition of slavery. The picture of man, as there exhibited, is not the picture of a thinking being, but of a machine, or of an animal purely sentient. He is prompted and limited, even in his pleasures, by the rule of functionaries. '*Amusez vous, mes enfans,*' said the affable Dey of Algiers, '*et s'il y a quelqu'un qui ne s'amuse pas, il sera empalé de suite.*' The Russian people, prince and peasant, would obey and assume an artificial satisfaction—the only one possible to them. What a surprising, prodigious, and irritating description of a whole empire! Sixty millions of men subjected to the caprice and the fancies of a single creature, and such a creature as the heartless monster who now sits in the torture chamber of the ancient Czars! Civilisation and refinement add an extreme sensibility to the perceptions of tyranny. The ferocity of the Shah of Persia is far less distasteful to the rude and ignorant Asiatics, than the insolent prying, material, and mysterious oppressions of the Emperor would be to us.

Oct. 19th.—Ostend. A little woman has been singing under our windows on a guitar, and very nicely. We gave her some francs.

I love to encourage street music; it pleases the people and softens them; indeed, unless they get it in the street, they get it nowhere. To-morrow we embark for England.

Oct. 20th.—London. Thus has terminated our tour of nearly three months' duration, and, in all this time and all this movement, there has scarcely occurred a single thing to cause even a momentary embarrassment. Minny was ill at Aachen, and God's goodness restored her. Excepting that event, not one of us has had a day's sickness, nor a bruise, nor a fright. The carriage even, faithful after thirteen years of service, lost not a pin, nor required a smith. We have seen much, heard much, I hope, too, profited much, especially the boys. It has been amusement, but amusement, God grant, combined with instruction. Health we have certainly attained, Minny particularly, for whose sake the journey was undertaken. Now let us pray that all may be turned to greater, more zealous, more fruitful service in the cause of our Lord and Redeemer.

On the last page of this Diary there is the following note, written in characters as firm and flowing as in the preceding pages:—

August, 1880.

Until this month have never, I believe, re-opened this book; a space of 37 years! Since it was written, three of the blessed ones mentioned in it, and their deeply, and still-beloved mother, gone to their rest. It recalls a hundred memories, none more touching and consoling than the record of a profound, constant, and ever-increasing solicitude for the welfare and safety of the children in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Immediately upon his return to London, Lord Ashley resumed the Journal of his busy public and private life.

Oct. 21st.—Found immense accumulation of letters and papers. Waded through many before going to bed last night. Old story of postmen, knockers, bells, visitors, business, questions, answers, hopes, fears, doubts, difficulties. Saw Crabtree. Newspapers. Ministers

have proceeded against O'Connell for sedition! Why, he has been guilty of sedition for twenty years. I cannot judge; it seems to me the energy of feebleness—an acquittal on a trumpery charge, will give him power—one on a serious and well-grounded charge could not entail contempt.

My heart sank within me as I walked to the Carlton. Reminiscences of toil, vexation, and broken promises, hopes raised, and efforts disappointed. Saw Bonham—in the dumps—Conservative candidate (an excellent one, by-the-bye) Thomas Baring, defeated by 127. Triumph of the Anti-Corn-Law League! . . .

Oct. 26th.—St. Giles's. Arrived here yesterday with the whole cavalcade of brats and nurses. To be once more here *in statu quo* makes one feel as though the interval had been a dream. Can hardly believe that we have travelled over the half of Germany. . . .

Oct. 27th.—Walked yesterday to my post on the Downs above Brockington Avenue, and there thanked God, on the very spot where I had besought Him to bless my thoughts and prosper my undertakings. As He prospered me according to His wisdom and mercy in the last Session, so I again implored Him to prosper me in the next one. As yet, though much seed has been sown, no harvest has been reaped; the tree, indeed, has scarcely put forth blossoms; much less has it borne fruit; but let me confide in His blessed Providence, and be content that I am called even to the proposal of good things.

All the children with me, not without a tinge of melancholy. Probably, the last family walk before Antony * goes to school, possibly (for who can forsee all) the last that we may ever take together.

'Keep us, oh, keep us, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings.'

Oct. 28th.—The *Times* of the 25th contains a good and true article on our Indian policy! Right follows might, ambition squared with principles, principles being first contracted within the views of ambition. Afghanistan was a bad case, but Scinde is worse. . . .

Oct. 30th.—The last day that Antony will pass with his family before he enters on his new state (for such it is) of life. During many

* His eldest son.

years I have passed every morning with him, hearing and reading the Word of God. I cannot bear to part from him; were I not deeply, entirely convinced, that the plan is for his real welfare, I should be miserable; 'I commit him to God and to the word of His grace.' *Eleven o'clock at night.*—It seems to me almost incredible that I am about to surrender my Reuben to the care of a stranger. I have watched every moment, weighed every expression, considered every thought, and seized every opportunity to drop a word in season. All will now be left to an 'hireling;' will he care for the sheep? O God, be Thou to him a guide, an instructor, and a friend! Probably, the course of his affections may be stopped, or made to run in another channel; they will not, at any rate, flow on in their clear and early simplicity. Yet *he* must be gradually introduced to the world; and *we* gradually severed from him. This is the order of Providence (and since it is His order, wise and good), that the children shall imbibe new loves, and form new connections, while the parents are left by the receding tide, stranded like sea-weed on the shore, their time being come for decay and transmutation. This seems to be painful, and probably is so, but here is not our permanent treasure, or our final resting-place. If we have trained up a faithful servant of the Lord, to go forth and fight His battles, vigorous and young, while we are flickering at home, 'I therein do rejoice, yea and will rejoice.' . . .

Nov. 1st.—Why was not a syllable uttered by our rulers in behalf of the Chaldean Christians? We have suffered them to be butchered without a voice in their defence. Yet *Palmerston* spoke for the Jews at Damascus! . . .

Nov. 22nd.—Russia is the political Rome; she is to the politics of nations what Rome is to their spirituals, she seeks the same ends, and uses the same means. The Jesuit works by all instruments, at all times, and on every feeling; he is, according to his opportunity, an Absolutist, a Constitutionalist, a Democrat, an Anglo-Catholic, a Dissenter, an Infidel—so is the Russian Empire, having but one object, and ten thousand means. Universal dominion! . . .

Lord Ashley's philanthropic labours did not, as his Diaries abundantly indicate, meet with unqualified and universal approval. On the contrary, he was often

attacked even by those upon whose support he had a right to count, as well as by those who differed with him in principle and policy.

His chief opponents, however, belonged to that party which appeared to look for a social millennium, to be brought about by the rigid application of the dogmas of political economy, and who considered that he was endeavouring to limit freedom of contract, and in other ways unduly to interfere between capital and labour. Miss Harriet Martineau may be quoted as the exponent of the views of this party. They either knew nothing of the relations between Lord Ashley and his father, which supplied the key to the whole situation, or thought it best not to appear to do so, that they might be able to represent the direction of Lord Ashley's philanthropy as strange and questionable. "His residence," says Miss Martineau, "was in an agricultural county where the labourers were reduced to the lowest condition then known to Englishmen. It was so on his father's estates; on the estates to which in the course of nature he was to succeed; yet he did not take under his protection his nearest neighbours, with whose needs he was, or ought to have been, best acquainted; but constituted himself the champion of the Lancashire operatives, whose families had been earning £3 a week, while the peasant families, his neighbours, were earning from eight to ten shillings per week, living on food too mean and scanty to support strength, and sleeping under rotten thatch which let in the rain. Lord Ashley was agitating for the personal safety and for the education

of the class, which was actually the most enlightened and the best able to take care of itself, of any working class in England, while the agricultural labourers of his own county were in a state of desperate ignorance and reckless despair, which demanded all his efforts to redress. Knowing nothing of 'the manufacturing system,' as it was called, he had to depend for information on persons from Lancashire and other mill districts; and it is notorious that his informants were not always respectable, and that he was largely duped; while he need but have gone into the hovels of his father's peasantry to have seen misery and mental and moral destitution *which could not be matched in the worst retreats of the manufacturing population.*" *

The foregoing quotation is mild in comparison with a further statement giving currency to malicious reports concerning "*proofs* that came to light with regard to the bad character and unjustifiable procedure" of Lord Ashley's correspondents and visitors; and referring especially to a certain letter said to have been dropped by Lord Ashley at his Club, from a Lancashire correspondent of his, who wrote, as it was asserted, that there was no hope of carrying Lord Ashley's measure of that Session, but "by blackening the character of four millowners of the very first order"—"men," says Miss Martineau, "who had provided schools for the children of their operatives, who had built model houses for their people, opened lecture and reading rooms, and baths, and places of recreation; who had spontaneously

* Harriet Martineau's "Thirty Years' Peace," vol. ii., p. 553.

spent many thousands of pounds in the largest liberality towards their industrial neighbours, and were ordinarily on terms of strong goodwill with them."

It is not intended here to "defend" Lord Ashley against attacks, which Time, and his own bright deeds, have long since silenced. They are quoted merely to give a specimen of the nature of the untruths that were freely circulated, even by those who should have been more jealous over their own reputations, than to endorse idle stories invented by political partisans to help out weak arguments. It may be mentioned, however, that Lord Ashley was by nature extremely sensitive, and that these repeated attacks caused him much pain and vexation.

In November of this year took place the annual dinner of the Sturminster Agricultural Society, in Dorsetshire, and, in reply to Lord Grosvenor (afterwards Marquis of Westminster), who proposed his health, he made the remarkable speech to which the following extract alludes:—

> Dec. 1st.—Last night took chair of meeting at Sturminster. About one hundred and eighty to dinner. Very friendly and even enthusiastic. Spoke in giving thanks for my health. Wonderfully well received, though I uttered some strong truths respecting wages, dwellings, truck, delay of payment, and exclusion from gleaning.

Unhappily, this speech brought him into collision with his father, who only was responsible for any neglect of the peasantry on the family estate in Dorsetshire. The speech dwelt upon "the obligations which alone can sanctify the possession of property, and render its

tenure a joy to all classes, alike honourable, beneficial, and secure." In the course of it, Lord Ashley drew attention to the stigma attaching to the county of Dorset. He said:—

The county of Dorset is now in every man's mouth—every paper, Metropolitan and Provincial, teems with charges against us; we are within an ace of becoming a byword for poverty and oppression. As Englishmen, as human beings, and as Christians, we ought to examine these accusations, refute whatever is untrue, and remedy what cannot be denied. I do not think that your task will be very difficult; for these charges, though somewhat founded in truth, have been pushed, by other parties than those who first made them, with woeful exaggeration; that which is only partial is assumed to be universal; all that is good is suppressed, all that is bad most zealously produced; and the owners and occupiers of land in this county are represented as guilty of much that they have never done, and of much that they cannot control. . . . Gentlemen, are we prepared to look these charges in the face, discuss their justice, repel what is false, but correct what cannot be gainsaid? Do we admit the assertion that the wages of labour in these parts are scandalously low, painfully inadequate to the maintenance of the husbandman and his family, and in no proportion to the profits of the soil? If we are able to deny this statement, we shall also be able to disprove it—let us do so without delay; but if the reverse, not an hour is to be lost in rolling away the reproach. I do not pretend to give advice as to the precise mode of doing these things, I am not sufficiently practical, or conversant with the hiring or payment of labour; but this I know, that if a larger self-denial, an abatement of luxuries, a curtailing even of what are called comforts, be necessary to this end, let us begin at once with the higher and wealthier classes—it must be done; there is neither honour, nor safety, nor joy (setting aside all higher considerations), to dwell in a house, however fair the outside, which rests on such rotten and crumbling foundations. . . .

And now, gentlemen, notwithstanding the openness with which I have spoken to you, I hope, nay, I believe, I shall obtain your forgiveness; it would have been easy to take a safer course, hold a

more flattering language, and, by suppressing the reality, indulge the imagination; but I should not then have done either my duty to you, or had respect to the consistency of my own principles. You ought to know and reflect on these things; and I ought not to be lynx-eyed to the misconduct of manufacturers, and blind to the faults of landowners. . . . Set yourselves to mitigate the severity of the poor-law; its greatest supporters admit that it is severe; but that severity may be mitigated or increased by the mode of its administration; begin a more frequent and friendly intercourse with the labouring man—we have lost much in departing from the primitive simplicity of our forefathers; respect his feelings; respect his rights; pay him in solid money; I say it again, emphatically, pay him in solid money; pay him in due time; and, above all, avoid that monstrous abomination which disgraces some other counties, but from which, I believe, we are altogether free, of closing your fields in the time of harvest; give to the gleaner his ancient, his Scriptural right: throw open your gates, throw them wide open, to the poor, the fatherless, and the widow.

The effect produced by this speech was considerable, and the consequences to Lord Ashley were in the same proportion annoying. Frequent reference to these are made in the Journals.

Dec. 11th.—St. Giles's. *Times* anxious to be malevolent, but unable to find pretext against speech at Sturminster; *Herald* very kind and contrasting it with Cobden's, who, at that very time, was sneering at me in Covent Garden Theatre, declaring that, though he had always believed my honesty, he should cease to do so, unless I (did that which no one could do) brought a motion before Parliament to regulate wages for the county of Dorset!

Received yesterday letter from a Mr. Crofts to say that he and others (who greatly admired me) were oftentimes perplexed to defend my consistency, &c., &c., and then to quote the state of the schoolhouse at Woodlands, and certain other cottages. Alas, too true! yet how can I prevent it? . . . God knows I have long mourned over these things, and long resolved on every self-denial, rather than not remove them. These unhappy facts will pass into hostile hands, and be used against me. I appeal to a higher than Cæsar; I appeal

unto God. *Half-past* 11 *at night.*—I am awfully posted between two forces: the Anti-Corn-Law League on one side; my father on the other. He broke out to-night in severe reprehension of my speech; abstained from violent language or violent manner, but told me 'I was exciting the people; inducing them to make extortionate demands; they were not easily put down, when once up,' &c.; 'they got on very well, he did not know how, with seven and even six shillings a week; that their wages' (and he then passed through all the arguments) 'could not be raised; that I was inexperienced,' &c. 'As for their dwellings, it was very easy to point out the evil: where was the remedy? He, at least, could not afford it' (my speech had only dealt in generals); 'had been engaged all his life in gradually abating the mischief; these things cost too much.'

What can I do? If I suppress the faults of landed proprietors, I rouse the accusations of the League; if I rebuke them, I stir the resentment of my father. But God be with him—open his eyes and touch his heart! . . .

Dec. 14th.—I think my long and violent attacks of illness are the *accompaniments* and *consequences* of a stirring question hotly opposed.

Dec. 19th.—Memorial has been presented to Vice-Chancellor and well received. It has now passed from my charge; now begins the responsibility. I suppose I shall be roasted! Been unwell of late; good deal of pain. To Salisbury to consult Coates; somewhat better to-day, thank God! Cannot, however, take much exercise; sorry for it; shall go to town unseasoned for the campaign. . . .

Dec. 24th.—The *Examiner* observed, one day, in an article upon me, and not ill-naturedly, that 'this Lord must expect, if he go about telling every one the plain truth, to become odious.' I see the dawn of accomplishment. . . .

Christmas Day.—'This is the day that the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it.' Rose before six to prayer and meditation. Ah, blessed God, how many in the mills and factories have risen at four, on this day even, to toil and suffering! Equal laws and equal rights in this free country, or, at least, the equal administration of those we possess; yet what a shameful and cruel disparity here! There is the mockery of an enactment which we cannot enforce, and which, year after year, we vainly endeavour to strengthen. . . .

Towards the end of the year, the painful intelligence was received that there had been a massacre of Nestorian Christians. To many the news came, as much of the news from the East was wont to come, merely as an item to excite momentary curiosity, and to be dismissed as one of the many matters of difficulty always arising in the East among men of different nationalities and conflicting creeds. But to Lord Ashley, who was waiting anxiously day by day to know what steps were being taken for the protection of the oppressed Nestorians, suspense became intolerable, and he wrote to Lord Aberdeen, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, as follows:—

Lord Ashley to the Earl of Aberdeen.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *December 19th*, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD,—Is it not possible, nay more, is it not absolutely right, that some effort should be made by the British Government on behalf of the Nestorian Christians? Lord Palmerston interposed in aid of the Jews at Damascus, and won golden opinions by such a becoming and manly policy. Surely an Administration, founded on such principles as those we profess, should be forward in the assertion of every claim of justice and humanity.

Had these unhappy Christians been willing to acknowledge the supremacy of Rome, they would have obtained (I cannot say enjoyed) the protection of France; is it to be endured that a power like Turkey (which in our folly we have saved from the grasp of Russia), 'the very form and pressure' of ignorance and cruelty, should be allowed so to reward our exertions and uproot Christianity from the soil of her dominions? For God's sake, my dear Lord, do something before the meeting of Parliament.

Yours truly,

ASHLEY.

To this letter Lord Aberdeen sent the following reply:—

The Earl of Aberdeen to Lord Ashley.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *December* 21*st*, 1843.

DEAR ASHLEY,—Sir Stratford Canning interfered on behalf of the Nestorian Christians some time ago, with the best effect; and he is now engaged, in consequence of the recent excesses, in following up similar endeavours, I hope with equal success. He has already received instructions on the subject; and these shall be repeated. You may be assured that all shall be done which can properly be attempted.

If the case were only between the Porte and its Christian subjects, their protection would be simple enough; but you are to recollect that the rival Christian sects delight to torment each other, and are animated by a hatred more intense than that which they entertain against the Turks themselves. It is sometimes not very easy to tell who is the real oppressor. I do not mean that this applies to the massacre of the Nestorians; but it is too often the case in the East.

Ever most sincerely yours,

ABERDEEN.

A few days later a further communication was received from Lord Aberdeen, enclosing despatches from Sir Stratford Canning to announce that the Nestorian Christians were "being attended to," and that inquiry would be made into the causes which had led to the disturbance, with a view to their future protection. While thankful for what had been done, the warm heart of Lord Ashley shrank from the negotiations of "a frigid diplomacy" in any case where suffering and oppressed fellow-Christians were concerned, and he acknowledged Lord Aberdeen's letter in the following terms:—

Lord Ashley to the Earl of Aberdeen.

ST. GILES'S HOUSE, *December 28th*, 1843.

MY DEAR LORD,—Many thanks for the information you have so kindly communicated to me. May God bless your efforts in this righteous cause!

But, my dear Lord, are you tied, in such a matter as this, to all the tedious and hypocritical details of a frigid diplomacy? Would Russia allow her Greeks, or France her Papists, to be thus insulted and rooted out? Surely there is such a thing as an unjust and perilous discretion?

But God bless what you have done, and advance it still further.

Yours ever,

ASHLEY.

Dec. 27th.—Wrote a few days ago to Lord Aberdeen in behalf of the Nestorian Christians. Received a kind answer. 'He had interfered and would do so again.' He is a worthy man, but very timid and very slow. Why did he not interfere before? He might have averted the second massacre. So it was with Tahiti; a few words in the year preceding would have saved the island from the French and upheld the Protestant religion. . . . Walked to-day to talk with Friend, the farmer at Brockington; a blessing to have such a man on the estate: honest to his landlord, good to the labourer, a pious man, a sensible man, a just man! . . .

END OF VOL. I.

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